THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]ST

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Volume 200, Number 11

SEPT. 10, '27

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Beginning

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

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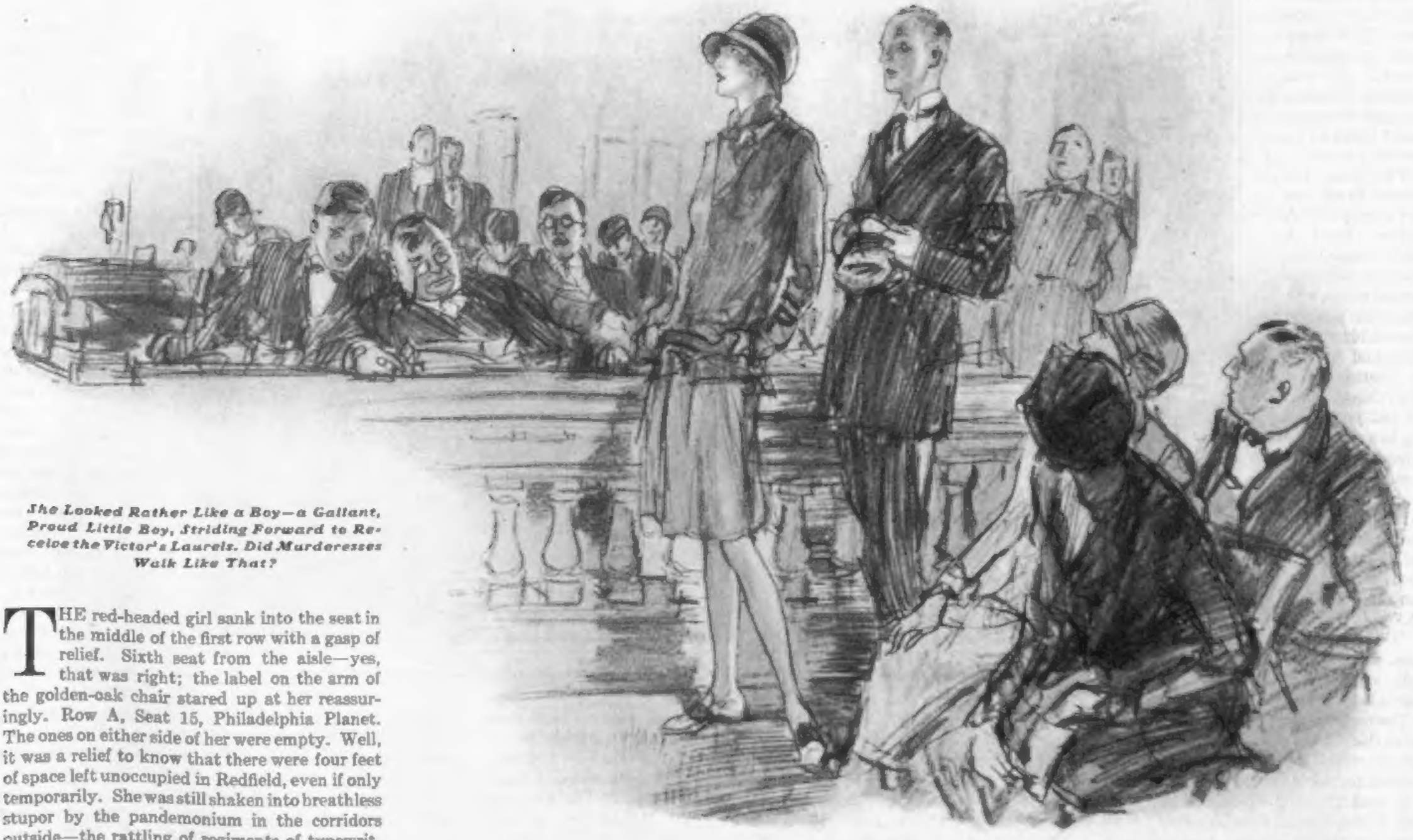
THE BELLAMY TRIAL



She Looked Rather Like a Boy—a Gallant, Proud Little Boy, Striding Forward to Receive the Victor's Laurels. Did Murderesses Walk Like That?

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE red-headed girl sank into the seat in the middle of the first row with a gasp of relief. Sixth seat from the aisle—yes, that was right; the label on the arm of the golden-oak chair stared up at her reassuringly. Row A, Seat 15, Philadelphia Planet. The ones on either side of her were empty. Well, it was a relief to know that there were four feet of space left unoccupied in Redfield, even if only temporarily. She was still shaken into breathless stupor by the pandemonium in the corridors outside—the rattling of regiments of typewriters, of armies of tickers, the shouts of infuriated denizens of telephone booths, the hurrying, frantic faces of officials, the scurrying and scampering of dozens of rusty-haired, freckled-faced insubordinate small boys, whose olive-drab messenger uniforms alone saved them from extermination; the newspaper men—you could spot them at once, looking exhausted and alert and elaborately bored; the newspaper women, keen and purposeful and diverted; and above and around and below all these licensed inhabitants, the crowd—a vast, jostling, lunging, hungry beast, with one supreme motive galvanizing it to action—an immense, a devouring curiosity that sent it surging time and time again against the closed glass doors with their blue-coated guardians, fragile barriers between it and the consummation of its desire. For just beyond those doors lay the arena where the beast might slake its hunger at will, and it was not taking its frustration of that privilege amiably.

The red-headed girl set her little black-feathered hat straight with unsteady fingers. She wasn't going to forget that crowd in a hurry. It had growled at her—actually growled—when she'd fought her way through it, armed with the magic of the little blue ticket that spelled open sesame as well as press section. Who could have believed that even curiosity would turn nice old gray-headed ladies and mild-looking gentlemen with brown mustaches and fat matrons with leather bags and thin flappers with batik scarfs into one huge ravenous beast? She panted again, reminiscently, at the thought of the way they'd shoved and squashed and kneaded—and then settled down to gratified inspection.

So this was a court room!

Not a very large or very impressive room, looked at from any angle. It might hold three hundred people at a pinch, and there were, conservatively, about three thousand crowding the corridors and walking the streets of Redfield in their efforts to expand its limits. Fan-shaped, with nine rows of the golden-oak seats packed with grimly triumphant humanity, the first three neatly tagged with the little white labels that metamorphosed them into the press section. Golden-oak paneling halfway up the walls, and then whitewashed plaster—rather dingy, smoky plaster, its defects relentlessly revealed by the pale autumnal sunshine flooding in through the great windows and the dome of many-colored glass, lavish and heartening enough to compensate for much of the grimness and the grime.

Near enough for the red-headed girl to touch was a low rail, and beyond that rail a little empty space, like a stage—empty of actors, but cluttered with chairs and tables. At the back was a small platform with a great high-backed black leather chair, and a still smaller platform on a slightly lower level, with a rail about it and a much more uncomfortable-looking chair. The judge's seat, the witness box—she gave a little sigh of pure uncontrollable excitement, and a voice next to her said affably:

"Hi! Greetings, stranger, or hail, friend, as the case may be. Can I get by you into the next seat without damaging you and those feet of yours materially?"

The red-headed girl scrambled guiltily to the offending feet, unobtrusive enough in themselves, but most obtrusively extended across the narrow passage, and turned a flushed and anxious countenance on her cheerful critic, now engaged in folding himself competently into the exiguous space provided by the golden-oak chair. A tall, lanky young man, with a straight nose, mouse-colored hair, shrewd gray eyes and an expression that was intended to be that of a hard-boiled cynic, and that worked all right unless he grinned. He wore a shabby tweed suit, a polka-dot tie, had three very sharp

pencils, and a good-sized stack of telegraph blanks clasped to his heart. Obviously a reporter—a real reporter. The red-headed girl attempted to conceal her gold pencil and leather-bound notebook, smiling tentatively and ingratiatingly.

"Covering it for a New York paper?" inquired the Olympian one graciously.

"No," said the red-headed girl humbly; "a Philadelphia one—the Philadelphia Planet. Is yours New York?"

"M'm—h'm—Sphere. Doing color stuff?"

"Oh, I hope so," replied the red-headed girl so fervently that the reporter looked somewhat startled. "You see, I don't know whether it will have color or not. I'm not exactly a regular reporter."

"Oh, you aren't, aren't you? Well, if it's no secret, just exactly what are you? A finger-print expert?"

"I'm a—a writer," said the red-headed girl, looking unusually small and dignified. "This is my first as-assignment." It was frightful to stammer just when you particularly wanted not to.

The real reporter eyed her severely. "A writer, hey? A real, honest-to-goodness, walking-around writer, with a fountain pen and a great big vocabulary and a world of promise and everything? Well, I'll bet you a hot dog to a soup plate of fresh caviar that about four days from now you'll be parading through these marble halls telling the cock-eyed world that you're a journalist."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare. Do all of you call yourselves journalists?"

The reporter looked as though he were about to suffocate. "Get this," he said impressively: "The day that you hear me call myself a journalist you have my full and free permission to call me a - — Well, no, on second thought, a lady couldn't. But if you ever call me a journalist, smile. And if you solemnly swear never to call yourself one I'll show you the ropes a bit, because you're a poor ignorant little writing critter that doesn't know any better than to come to a murder trial—and besides that you have red hair. Want to know anything?"

"Oh," cried the red-headed girl, "I didn't know that anyone so horrid could be so nice. I want to know everything. Let's begin at the beginning."

"Well, in case you don't know where you are, this is the court room of Redfield, county seat of Bellechester. And in case you'd like to know what it's all about, it's the greatest murder trial of the century—about every two years another one of 'em comes along. This particular one is the trial of the People versus Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy for the willful, deliberate and malicious murder of Madeleine Bellamy."

"A murder trial," said the red-headed girl softly. "Well, I should think that ought to be about the most tremendous thing in the world."

"Oh, you do, do you?" remarked the reporter, and for a moment it was no effort at all for him to look cynical. "Well, I'll have you called at about seven tomorrow morning, though it's a pity ever to wake anyone up that can have such beautiful dreams as that. The most tremendous thing in the world, says she. Well, well, well!"

The red-headed girl eyed him belligerently. "Well, yourself! Perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what's more tremendous than murder."

"Oh, you tell me!" the reporter urged the girl persuasively.

"All right, I'll tell you that the only story that you're going to be able to interest every human being in, from the President of the United States to the gentleman who takes away the ashes, is a good murder story. It's the one universal solvent. The old lady from Dubuque will be at it the first thing in the morning and the young lady from Park Avenue will be at it the last thing at night. And if it's a love story too, you're lucky, because then you've got the combination that every really great writer that ever lived has picked out to wring hearts and freeze the marrow in posterity's bones."

"In Case You'd Like to Know What it's All About, it's the Greatest Murder Trial of the Century"

"Oh, come! Aren't you getting just a dash overwrought? Every great writer? What about Wordsworth?"

"Oh, pooh!" said the red-headed girl fiercely. "Wordsworth! What about Sophocles and Euripides and Shakspere and Browning? Do you know what The Ring and the Book is? It's a murder trial! What's Othello but a murder story? What's Hamlet but five murder stories? What's Macbeth? Or the Cenci? Or Lamia? Or Crime and Punishment? Or Carmen? Or ——"

"I give up," said the reporter firmly—"or no, wait a moment—can it be that they are murder stories? Quite a little reader in your quiet way, aren't you?"

The red-headed girl ignored him sternly. "And do you want me to tell you why it's the most enthralling and absorbing theme in the world? Do you?"

"No," replied the reporter hastily. "Yes—or how shall I put it? Yes and no, let's say."

"It's because it's real," said the red-headed girl, with a sudden, startling gravity. "It's the only thing that's absolutely real in the world, I think. Something that makes you reckless enough not to care a tinker's dam for your own life or another's—that's something to think about, isn't it?"

"Well, yes it is," said the reporter slowly. "Now that you put it that way—yes, that's something to think about."

"It's good for us, too," said the girl. "We're all so everlastingly canny and competent and sophisticated these days, going mechanically through a mechanical world, sharpening up our little emotions, tuning up our little sensations—and suddenly there's a cry of 'Murder!' in the streets, and we stop and look back, shuddering, over our shoulder—and across us falls the shadow of a savage with a bloodstained club, and we know that it's good and dangerous and beautiful to be alive."

"I rather get you," said the reporter thoughtfully. "And strangely enough, there's just a dash in what you say. It's the same nice, creepy, luxurious feeling that you get when you pull up closer to a good roaring fire with carpet slippers on your feet and a glass of something hot and sweet in your hand and listen to the wind yowling outside and see the rain on the black windowpanes. Nothing in the world to make you feel warm and safe and sheltered and cozy like a good storm or a good murder—what?"

"Nothing in the world," agreed the red-headed girl; and she added pensively, "It's always interested me more than anything else."

"Has it indeed? Well, don't let it get you. I'd just keep it as a hobby if I were you. At your present gait you're going to make some fellow an awfully happy widow one of these days. Are you a good marksman?"

"You think that murder's frightfully amusing, don't you?" The red-headed girl's soft voice had a sudden edge to it.

The real reporter's face changed abruptly. "No, I don't," he said shortly. "I think it's rotten—a dirty, bloody, beastly business that used to keep me awake nights until I grew a shell over my skin and acquired a fairly workable sense of humor to use on all these clowns called human beings. Of course, I'm one of them myself, but I don't boast about it. And if you're suffering from the illusion that nothing shocks me, I'll tell you right now that it shocks me any amount that a scrap of a thing like you, with all that perfectly good red hair and a rather nice arrangement in dimples, should be practically climbing over that rail in your frenzy to find out what it's all about."

"I think that men are the most amusing race in the world," murmured the red-headed girl. "And I think that it's awfully appealing of you to be shocked. But, you see, my grandfather—who was as stern and Scotch and hidebound as anyone that ever breathed—told me when I was fourteen years old that a great murder trial was the most superbly dramatic spectacle that the world afforded. And he ought to have known what he was talking about—he was one of the greatest judges that ever lived."

"Well, maybe they were in his day. And you said Scotch, didn't you? Oh, well, they do it better over there. England, too—bunches of flowers on the clerks' tables and wigs on the judges' heads, and plenty of scarlet and gold, and all the great lawyers in the land taking a whack at it, and never a cross word out of one of them ——"

"He used to say that it was like a hunt," interrupted the red-headed girl firmly, "with the judge as master of the hounds and the lawyers as the hounds, baying as they ran hot on the scent, and all the rest of us galloping hard at their heels—jury, spectators, public."

"Sure," said the reporter grimly. "With the quarry waiting, bound and shackled and gagged till they catch up with him and tear him to pieces—it's a great hunt all right, all right!"

"It's not a human being that they're hunting, idiot—it's truth.

"Truth!" The reporter's laugh was loud and long and free enough to cause a dozen heads to turn. "Oh, what you're going to learn before you get out of here! A hunt

for truth, is it? Well, now you get this straight: If that's what you're expecting to find here you'll save yourself a whole lot of bad minutes by taking the next train back to Philadelphia. Truth! I'm not running down murder trials from the point of view of interest, you understand. A really good one furnishes all the best points of a first-class dog fight and a highly superior cross-word puzzle, and that ought to be enough excitement for anyone. But if you think that the opposing counsel are honestly in pursuit of enlightenment ——"

A clear high voice cut through the rustle and clatter.

"His Honor! His Honor the court!" There was a mighty rustle of upheaval.

"Who's that?" inquired a breathless voice at the reporter's shoulder.

"That's the tallest and nicest court crier in the United States of America. Name's Ben Potts. Best falsetto voice outside the Russian Orthodox Church. Kindly notice the central hair part and spit curls. And here we have none other than His Honor himself, Judge Anthony Bristed Carver."

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" chanted the court crier. "All those having business before this honorable court draw near, give your attention and you shall be heard!"

The tall figure in flowing black moved deliberately toward the chair on the dais, which immediately assumed the aspect of a throne. Judge Carver's sleek iron-gray head and aquiline face were an adornment to any court room. He swept a pair of brilliant deep-set eyes over the court room, seated himself and reached for the gavel in one motion.

"And he'll use it, too, believe you me," murmured the reporter with conviction. "Sternest old guy on the bench."

"Where are the prisoners—where do they come from?"

"The defendants, as they whimsically prefer to be called for the time being, come through that little door to the left of the judge's room; that enormous red-faced, sandy-haired old duffer talking to the thin young man in the tortoise-shell glasses is Mrs. Ives' counsel, Mr. Dudley Lambert; the begoggled one is Mr. Bellamy's counsel, Harrison Clark."

"Where's the prosecutor?"

"Oh, well, Mr. Farr is liable to appear almost anywhere, like Mephistopheles in Faust or that baby that so obligingly came out of the everywhere into the here. He's all for the unexpected —— Ah, what did I tell you? There he is now, conferring with the judge and the defense counsel."

The red-headed girl leaned forward eagerly. The slender individual, leaning with rather studied ease against the railing that hedged in the majesty of the law, suggested a curious cross between a promising light of Tammany Hall and the youngest and handsomest of the Spanish Inquisitionists. Black hair that deserved the qualification of raven, a pale regular face that missed distinction by a destructive quarter of an inch, narrow blue eyes back of which stirred some restless fire, long slim hands—what was there about him that wasn't just right? Perhaps that dark coat that fitted him just a shade too well, or that heavily brocaded tie in peacock blue —— Well, at any rate his slim elegance certainly made Lambert look like a cross, red-faced baby, for all his thatch of graying hair.

"Here they come!" Even the reporter's level, mocking voice was a trifle tense.

The little door to the left of the judge opened and two people came in, as leisurely and tranquilly as though they were advancing toward easy-chairs and a tea table before an open fire. A slight figure in a tan tweed suit, with a soft copper silk handkerchief at her throat and a little felt hat of the same color pulled down over two wings of pale gold hair, level hazel eyes under level dark brows, and a beautiful mouth, steady lipped, generous, sensitive—the most beautiful mouth, thought the red-headed girl, that she had ever seen.

She crossed the short distance between the door and the chair beside which stood Mr. Lambert with a light, boyish swing. She looked rather like a boy—a gallant proud little boy, striding forward to receive the victor's laurels. Did murderesses walk like that?

Behind her came Stephen Bellamy, the crape band on his dark coat appallingly conspicuous; only a few inches taller than Sue Ives, with dark hair lightly silvered, and a charming, sensitive, olive-skinned face. As they seated themselves he flashed the briefest of smiles at his companion—a grave, consoling smile, singularly sweet—then turned an attentive countenance to the judge. Did a murderer smile like that?

The red-headed girl sat staring at them blankly.

"Oh, Lord!" moaned the reporter at her side. "Why did that old jackass Lambert let her come in here in that rig? If he had the sense that God gives a dead duck he'd know that she ought to be wearing something black and frilly and pitiful instead of stamping around in brown leather Oxfords as though she were headed straight for the first tee instead of the electric chair."

"Oh, don't!" The red-headed girl's voice was passionate in its protest. "You don't know what you're talking about. Look, what are they doing now? What's that wheel?"

(Continued on Page 114)

"But Love Had Made Her Reckless and She Came, With a Black Cloak Flung Over Her White Lace Dress, and Silver Slippers That Were Made for Dancing on Feet That Were Made to Dance"

THE COMEBACK OF EUROPE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

A YEAR ago Europe was a vast cross — I should say double-cross—word puzzle. Upon the solution depended a considerable degree of world peace and prosperity. In this gigantic game played, as it were, on the map of the Continent, nations instead of individuals sought to supply the missing key. The one word persistently lacking was the synonym for real cooperation.

It was not a heartening picture despite the growing desire for economic solidarity as expressed in the trustification of German and, to a lesser extent, British industry. The Locarno spirit was degenerating into a phrase. Customs barriers reared by blind nationalism impeded trade traffic. Coal spelled chaos in England and the franc meant frenzy in France. More than 5,000,000 unemployed reflected bitterly on the checkered course of events. Only four currencies were actually stabilized. But this was only a part of the baffling puzzle. The Balkans were back on the job as trouble fomenters because Italian aspirations in Albania irked Jugo-Slavia. Jazz diplomacy still ruled, although conference joy-riding from spa to spa had ceased. The German-Polish frontier tangle bristled with potentialities for actual conflict. Bolshevik intrigue, which reached from England to China by way of Mexico, was doing business at the old red stand.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY INSTITUTO NAZIONALE LUCE

Left to Right: Prince Potenziani, Governor of Rome; Augusto Turati, Secretary General of the Fascist Party; Cornelio di Marzio, Secretary Overseas Fascisti; Premier Mussolini and Ambassador Fletcher. This Interesting Group Was Snapped While Mussolini Was Making a Speech to the American People Through a Microphone in the Garden of the Villa Torlonia, His Summer Residence in Rome

Though the dollar remained the principal life preserver thrown out on those troubled fiscal waters, Uncle Sam's name was a hissing and a byword in various quarters. The war debts rankled and a far-reaching propaganda reiterated European "impoverishment." From the debtor countries rose the refrain of incapacity to pay. Everywhere the vital issues of reconciliation and *rapprochement* were obscured by selfish motives.

Regeneration

TODAY the spectacle is somewhat different. Financial and political stabilization have been achieved to a large extent. The French franc and the Italian lira, for example, rose to such heights that, figuratively, weights had to be attached to keep them down. Instead of the costly and familiar postwar flight from currencies, there is a steady repatriation of capital, notably in France, where confidence has wrought a miracle of regeneration. Enlightened self-interest has succeeded economic chauvinism. It means that the instinct for self-preservation has begun to triumph over animosity. In place of unreasoning nationalism there is a widening internationalization of industry.

A drive to level trade barriers, whether tariffs, prohibitions or restrictions, was launched by the Economic Conference at Geneva and reënforced at the International Chamber of Commerce sessions at Stockholm. The idea has finally soaked into the European consciousness that the world must be made safe for business.

PHOTO, BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, PARIS

Colonel Lindbergh Being Acclaimed at the Hotel de Ville, Paris

Politics has likewise caught the fever of coördination. Jugo-Slavia accepts Italy's protectorate over Albania, and Balkan unrest is abated—for the moment at least. Germany and Poland are trying to compose their frontier differences. Britain's break with Moscow dealt Bolshevism a staggering blow, while her new Trade Disputes Act outlaws general strikes and puts the ban on union intimidation.

Uncle Sam Again

LABOR peace looms. The new Italian Charter of Labor gives the state an iron control of production and penalizes industrial strife. The German Reichstag has renewed the embargo on the former Kaiser's return to the fatherland, which keeps the club of royal exiles intact. Interallied military control ended in Germany, removing a thorn from Teutonic pride. The new Anglo-French accord growing out of President Doumergue's state visit to London indicates revival of a balance of power that writes an insurance policy for peace. Mussolini is rounding out the fifth year of his regime more strongly intrenched than ever before. War psychology is sterilized and the inferiority complex is passing. The Versailles omelet may yet be unscrambled.

Nowhere is the altered state of mind more significant than in relation to the debts to America. The realization deepens that Uncle Sam is not a Shylock seeking his pound of flesh, but merely the steward of the whole American people, who are the creditors of the Allied countries. Typical of the turn about is the voluntary payment by France of two installments of $10,000,000 each on what she terms the "political debt" to America without waiting for ratification of the Mellon-Berenger agreement. This money has been accepted "without prejudice" by the United States Treasury.

French intention to face the facts, although ratification is still a live political issue, was crystallized by our aerial ambassadors, chiefly Colonel Lindbergh. Those intrepid long-distance flyers have done more to restore friendly international relations than a whole flock of conferences. American pride in the feats has been met by European respect and admiration. If Europe still maintains that she won the war, she has had to admit that we were the first to conquer the Atlantic.

On the face of these returns—and I have touched only the high spots—Europe is coming back. The facts disclosed warrant the first

PHOTO, BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Doctor Stresemann, German Minister for Foreign Affairs

semblance of optimism since the Armistice. But optimism, like prophecy, is a dangerous commodity even in the best Continental circles. Following the conclusion of the war, Europe acquired a sort of quicksilver quality in that she refuses to stay put. The moment you believe everything is set for a grand concert of coöperation somebody spills the beans and all harmony bets are off.

I intrude this precautionary statement because any appraisal of contemporary Europe, even in the cheering hour of understanding, must be qualified. I have trodden those beaten paths of investigation so long, and seen so many signs fail even in the fairest of political weather, that I have learned to put the facts as I find them and make as few deductions as possible. The unexpected element for discord always lurks around the corner.

Let me illustrate. In 1929, when the so-called standard annuity of 2,500,000,000 marks under the Dawes Plan becomes effective, the chances are that Germany will set up a plea for revision of terms, although she has all along proved her ability to meet the reparation obligations. In that event France will undoubtedly object and a crisis will develop. If the indemnity problem becomes a live issue again, it will inevitably precipitate another debt upheaval.

Der Tag

AT ROME, Mussolini, in an amazingly frank talk, told me that 1935, like that long-awaited German *Tag*, will be the coming critical year for Europe and that he must have an army of 5,000,000 men ready to meet any emergency. He picked 1935 because it will mark the end of the military occupation of Germany. But this is far off, and "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I cite these two possibilities to show that beneath the apparent serenity of things forces for grave future disturbance are shaping.

One thing is certain, however. To a greater degree than has obtained since the world began to catch its breath after the whirlwind of stupendous war dislocation, the European outlook is hopeful. It inspires the belief that the way to normalcy is finally open. There is nothing altruistic in this evolution. It is merely a long-deferred return to sanity. The instinct of self-preservation has asserted itself after years of self-imposed misery and persistent misunderstanding. Most of Europe's troubles have been of her own seeking.

This normalcy, born of so much travail, is of vital concern to us. Because of the debts, we have a huge stake in Europe. Putting it in another way, the Allied and other countries which we financed are like immense corporations in which hundreds of thousands of American Liberty Bond holders are stockholders. The interest paid by the various governments may be likened to dividends on shares.

For Dear Life

EVERY investor has the right to know the fiscal condition of the concern in which his money is employed. The present series of articles, therefore, will be somewhat akin to the reports issued by any big business. This is peculiarly applicable to England, France, Belgium and Italy, our principal debtors. In the case of Germany, the financial kinship on a big scale also holds. Since the Dawes Plan went into effect in 1924, we have placed loans there that reach an aggregate of $800,000,000. There is another reason why the European status affects the American pocketbook. Although we have marched to new commercial authority in other parts of the world, Europe remains our biggest overseas market. In 1926, 48 per cent of our total exports, valued at about $2,310,000,000, went across the Atlantic, as compared with some 12 per cent, valued at $524,000,000, to Asia and 9 per cent, or $443,000,000 worth to South America. The European preponderance is not confined to raw materials, because Europe takes more than 28 per cent of the total exports of our finished merchandise.

In this and the succeeding papers a first-hand summary of Europe will be disclosed, with the underlying idea of showing capacity to pay. This, in turn, involves a diagnosis of both the political and the economic conditions. The ethics of the debts have no part in the narrative. All that is finished business. Ignorant and sentimental uplift on one hand and unwarranted attempts at evasion on the other have failed to divert the tenor of a resolute and reasonable settlement of obligations.

You will learn, among other things, that instead of being impoverished the annual incomes of England, France and Germany exceed those of prewar years; that France has the second gold reserve in the world; that Germany last year created enough new capital more than to pay the Dawes annuity; that all budgets have been balanced; that every currency has been stabilized or revalorized on a sound basis; and that the standard of living has been raised. With restored money has come an orgy of high prices, as every traveling American can well attest. But it works both ways. As Punch aptly remarked, "The Allies now know what was meant when they were told during the war that they were fighting for dear life."

PHOTO, BY F. H. JULLIEN, GENEVA

The Bolshevik Delegation at the Economic Conference

You will also see at close range the figures that dominate the European scene and who are making the history of these shifting times. They include, first of all, the masterful Mussolini, at the peak of his astounding power, who holds the balance of war or peace; Stresemann, who made the Locarno Pact possible and brought about the return of Germany into the family of European nations; Poincaré, the Foch of the franc, creator of the confidence that has enabled France to find herself.

PHOTO, BY F. H. JULLIEN, GENEVA

The Economic Conference in Session at Geneva

Divorced

SINCE most of Europe's after-war ills have been rooted in politics—every practical question from reparations down was perverted into a campaign issue—it may be well to get a bird's-eye view of what has happened politically during the recent months.

The first cheering fact is that business and politics appear to be divorced, although the final decree has not been handed down. There is a degree of moral mobilization—a sort of mental disarmament, so to speak—that presages a new

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BOSTON

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

But Men Went Only Once to the East—When They Were Young

FROM his countingroom in the second story of the brick block that largely occupied India Wharf, Nicholas Elliset could see, above the masts of the shipping, the semaphoric telegraph on the observatory that crowned Central Wharf. At one time the signaling had been done with flags; the present arrangement with two arms was a vast improvement. Nicholas Elliset was now looking for news of his barque Celestina; she was more than three months overdue out of China; but there was no sign that the Celestina had been sighted off Nantasket.

It was April, but bitterly cold, and there were two fires of cannel coal in the countingroom. Two long high desks accommodated eight standing clerks each; the room was still except for the scratching of pens and the sputter of the fat coal; and Elliset returned to his secluded office. He was a spare man with an evenly brown face, a high-bridged imperious nose and a determined mouth, handsome but hard-bitten; and it was evident that he was nearer fifty than forty. A handsome cold man who walked with a firm alertness and had a notable gleam in his gray eyes.

His position and importance in Boston were clearly evident; it was a question if at that time there was a merchant in the city more characteristic of all that was held to be desirable. A flavor of humor, however, a satirical habit of speech, saved him from being merely autocratic; and he was so successful, his family had always been so successful, that a pleasant ease tempered the exact demands of his temper. This, however, did nothing to correct the certainty of his opinions and views—his prejudices. He wasn't, socially or mentally, flexible. Nicholas Elliset, the truth was, hated flexibility. He hated uncertainty as well; all mental foggery he classed with the fogs that endangered the progress of his ships; that in his youth had made his own problems of navigation both difficult and dangerous.

There was, for example, no present doubt in his mind about the course to be pursued by his younger son Ambrose. None in the world. He had told Ambrose to come to India Wharf at eleven, and at five minutes after eleven he would explain what life was to hold for him. He had been, he considered, very patient with Ambrose—why, the boy had passed twenty. Ambrose was graduated from Harvard a year ago. Boys were different now from those of his own youth—different and nothing like so able. Still, he had no doubts of Ambrose's fundamental qualities; damn it, he was both an Elliset and a Bradwick. He would have to be correct. The elder Elliset, though, was glad that he had been himself, instead of Ambrose. It was his secret opinion that Ambrose was having a devilish poor time out of life. Over twenty and on shore! In Boston! Nancred, his chief clerk, came to the door.

"Mr. Ambrose Elliset is here," he announced. Ambrose entered immediately afterward.

He was tall and fair-haired and delicate; he, too, had a high-bridged nose, but it was thin and supersensitive; his eyes were gray in color, but totally without a satirical gleam. His whole countenance, his entire being, were passionately serious.

"Good morning, father," he said, and sat down. It was plain that he was nervous.

"Good morning, Ambrose," his father replied. "It is pleasant to see you here. Ambrose, I have said nothing to you in the past few months in reference to the future, because I was waiting for some declaration from you. There has been none and so I am obliged to make it." He referred to a paper beside him. "It is arranged for you to sail on the Fannie Bradwick for the West Indies the end of the month. Supercargo. That will bring you back in time to prepare for China in the fall. I shall want you to stay at Canton, with Perkins and Company, for a year at least."

"Thank you," Ambrose said firmly, "that is all very thoughtful, but I can't do it. I can't do any of it." He stopped, gazing fully into his father's questioning eyes. "If you will allow me I'll explain why." Nicholas Elliset agreed that it might be wise. "I hope," his son added, "you will not think I am only impertinent." Elliset nodded shortly. "I do not," Ambrose spoke decidedly, "want to go into a mercantile career. I don't believe in it. I'd be no good. I don't, to be really honest, approve of such a life. I don't approve of the present organization of society, specially as it is in Boston, on that base."

What then, Elliset asked, did he approve of?

"I am coming to that," Ambrose proceeded. "Perhaps I had better explain at once that I am going to Brook Farm. I have entered my name and had a long talk with George Ripley. He was very kind to me. That is what I mean by disliking commerce. If you will forgive me, it is nothing better than organized piracy. You are a pirate, our families have always been pirates. I am not criticizing this, but only explaining as much of myself as you will care to hear."

"Brook Farm," the elder repeated. "Is that the socialistic colony at Roxbury?" Ambrose assented. "Well, since you have been so frank with me," Nicholas Elliset went on, "I must be equally truthful with you. Brook Farm is a sort of feeble nuisance, a refuge for futile and dissatisfied preachers. I have, naturally, heard of it, just as I have heard of this Emerson and a Miss Fuller and Alcott. People, I understand, who write books or poetry or some such thing. Writing people. They must, I take it, exist; poetry exists; but what connection it has with us escapes me. Anyhow, it is impossible for me to regard this seriously. My dear Ambrose, you will sail on the Fannie Bradwick, I am sure."

"I am sorry, I won't," Ambrose asserted. "I tell you I hate the life the way it is. It's all horribly wrong. Rotten. Society is growing worse and worse. The individual is being destroyed. There almost are no individuals left. No one, today, can breathe. The world is utterly material and selfish. There has to be an escape. An escape and a return. Emmanuel Kant has shown us the way and it only remains for us to follow him. The soul must be expressed," Ambrose declared. "It must be free. Unitarianism has failed; Ripley made that plain; the immensities and eternities have been forgotten. There must be a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor; the thinker and worker will have to be combined in the same

persons. We must guarantee the highest mental freedom, away from the fatal pressures of competitive institutions."

"No competition?" Nicholas Elliset asked reasonably. "That would mean no fast ships, no beautiful ships, and no remarkable voyages. The Columbia, then, wouldn't have carried our ensign around the world. America would never have fetched a cargo of pepper from the Fijis. My dear Ambrose, there would have been no Revolution, no America at all."

None of that, Ambrose replied, was important. "Men and not nationalities are what we require. In your world the spirit has been debased. You live on a system of slaves, physical and spiritual and intellectual. The government is nothing more than your countinghouse. You are not a shade more enlightened than Hamilton or George Washington. You are not even a Federalist, but a Tory. That is to say a political tyrant."

When Ambrose, in a stiff and flushed dignity, departed he left Nicholas Elliset in a state of meditation. The severity of his countenance, of his mood, was as usual marred by the satirical shadow on his lips. He wasn't, he hoped, anything so ordinary as the conventional outraged parent; he wasn't, the further truth was, very highly incensed at Ambrose; he could still allow for the vagaries of youth. Of youth, but not of an Elliset. That was the main difficulty in the present situation—Nicholas Elliset's requirements for his sons, few and rigid, lay within the circle of family tradition. It was not now a question of accomplishment, but of a maintained position. It wasn't, for example, absolutely necessary for Ambrose to sail as supercargo on the Fannie Bradwick; nothing would happen to their preëminence if he failed to spend a year at Canton with Perkins and Company. It wasn't the form, the actual observance, of these things that was imperative, but an adherence to a principle. There was an infinity of occupations open to Ambrose: Political, in the way of diplomacy; marine insurance or admiralty law; he could occupy in London the place held by his elder brother William in Marseilles or, indifferent to all this, he might be merely a gentleman and follow the newly developing occupation of ocean racing.

Nicholas Elliset had spoken of the supercargoship simply because it had been most obvious, in the direct line of the family endeavor. Following the sea for a short time would at once harden Ambrose and give him a period of freedom, the widest possible horizon, before marriage and Boston—Elliset and Sons—closed around him. His own youth, Elliset remembered, had been wide and free: In 1812, the year of the naval war, when he was fifteen, he had sailed on the brig Recovery for the northwest coast and China—the Cape Verdes and Falklands, Galápagos and the Marquesas. In spite of the swivel guns on the bulwarks and four cannon heavily shotted with lagrange, Indians had killed five of the crew in Nootka Sound. He, Nicholas, had fought with a musket and then a boarding pike. He remembered peaceful California harbors, sweet with the bells of Spanish missions, where they traded illegally and drank native wine with the cheerful fathers. They secured, in those days, magnificent black sea-otter skins in return for strap-iron trade chisels, jew's-harps, buttons, colored duffels and pocket mirrors.

The names of fragrant and far-off places returned to Nicholas Elliset: Callao and Concepción, Coquimbo and Benkulen and Analabu. At seventeen—that would be in 1814—he had commanded the brig Charlotte to the Caribbean Sea, and under twenty taken the Hesperides, two hundred and ten tons, to China—Hawaii and Luzón and Formosa, Lintin Island and pirate junks, Portuguese lands, the Bogue forts and the Pagoda Anchorage at Whampoa. That had been an easy passage, but the return was stiffer, with head winds off Borneo and apparently all the treacherous water in the world under his ship's bows. The bitterness of gales, pinching weeks of short provisions, however, had been mitigated by flowery harbors. The trace of a smile touched his set lips—the singing girls of Zamboanga! Nicholas Elliset very much doubted if Ambrose would ever dance on the beach of Owhyhee with charmers in garlands to a primitive music mingled with the surf loud on the coral reef and the trade wind in the nipa palms. He did indeed. He couldn't, somehow, even see Ambrose in such a situation.

But that, of course, was very much in Ambrose's favor. Looking back on his youth Nicholas couldn't regard it with entire approbation. Minute enameled girls in gold headdresses, and warm white wine. No, he really couldn't recommend his course to Ambrose, but then everything, even the sea, had changed since he was young. It was now practically safe and entirely moral. Adventure had departed from the East. The world, trade, resembled himself, grown middle-aged and cautious. The earlier years would not have been suitable for Ambrose. His thoughts returned to the problem presented by his son:

He didn't actually mind Ambrose's attitude of rebellion; he was merely afraid that, under the pressure of youth, he would forget the necessities, the dignity, of his position and future. He might become committed to some idiotic formula that would permanently affect his soundness. Together with William, four years his senior, Ambrose would come into a very great deal. He would be a recognized power on the continents and islands and seas of the earth. In view of that Nicholas Elliset didn't want him to start, even for the shortest tack, on a wrong course. His own acts, however reprehensible they might appear now, in Boston, were all part of his major advance and interests; when, at twenty-six, he had retired from the sea, he had brought himself under a sharp moral discipline; he had, he felt, fully met his responsibilities.

His success had been almost entirely satisfactory—the one element which evaded him was the deep habit of humor, of skepticism persisting in the whole face of Boston. He was at once secure in the fact of his preëminence and doubtful of its importance. Boston he considered to be the greatest city in America, in the world, and yet, at moments of weariness and detachment, he derided its complacency, its pretensions and habits. Because of that, Nicholas Elliset realized, he wasn't universally esteemed by his own narrow and powerful class. His satirical habit of speech was at once admitted and deplored. Especially by women. He was, he knew, regarded in some quarters as unbearably cold and even vain. The elaboration of his life—the love of luxury gained in the East—was criticized.

That, though, the public reception of his failing, didn't disturb him; he was concerned only by its implications in himself. His doubt he looked on as a corruption in his blood, the evidence of an aging and worn strain, the payment exacted for generations of pleasure and success. In Ambrose, apparently, this had taken another and slightly more dangerous turn; Ambrose, unsalted by any humor, had rebelled against all society. He had reached the point of threatening to desert it: an act, Nicholas Elliset considered, as fatal as the desertion of a ship. Whatever his son's deductions were, they must be kept within the bounds of a necessary discipline, restricted to no worse than occasional comment. On the positive and hopeful side he was, naturally, quite wrong; nothing could be done for people, for society, in general. Nothing, that was, beyond providing them with a firm and wise government. People must be dealt with fairly and courageously, and with understanding.

There always had been, there always would be, classes the preferred and the deficient, the rich and poor. The inherent poor were not fitted by experience or qualities to be rich, and he'd be damned if he could see why the rich, the

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"She Only Answered That I Was Nothing But a Boy"

UNTERSEEBOOT

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

It Had Been a Rough Initiation. They Had Had Storm After Storm, Following Gales That Brought the Ocean Into the Ship Over the Stern

DAYLIGHT was coming upon the sea—a chill dawn. The streak in the east, like a white stripe upon a black hull, grew wider; the black sky began to fade to gray, and the black sea beneath faded with it. It was a lonely, empty sea; deserted, save for one black shape, clumsy, lumping, rusty, that slapped from one swell to the next, rolling sluggishly and sending the seas streaking white from its forefoot. The steamer West Quincy, seventeen days from New York, laden with divers munitions of war and a deckload of trucks. She carried no lights, for she was in the zone, and Fritz in his tin fish might be abroad. Ugly and dark, she wallowed along, dipping to the swell, slamming her blunt nose into the seas, then raising it toward the lightening sky, then slamming it down again. She was old, a three-island tramp of the late 90's, dragged from a peaceable existence on the Florida West Coast to carry the sinews of war to the impatient armies. They drafted ships as they drafted men, and sent them forth to strange duties and unknown tasks for which their maker had not intended them.

There were four men on the West Quincy's bridge: A short man in a cap; another, younger, taller, in a naval officer's cap and watch coat; and two sailors, one, from his wind-proof jumper, a Navy man, and the other, from his nondescript cap and oilskins, a member of the ship's regular crew. The naval officer searched the horizon with his glasses, the man in the cap puffed at his pipe, and the two sailors looked over the wind screen at the sea.

The pipe smoker was Captain Welch of the West Quincy, and the naval officer commanded her armed guard. His name was Graham. Responsibility lay heavily upon the latter, for this was h a first cruise and his first command. It had been a rough initiation. They had had storm after storm, following gales that brought the ocean into the ship over the stern, cross seas that carried away the temporary decks that had been built to protect the trucks, that broke boats and took life rafts out of the strongest lashings. The trucks, hub to hub in the well decks, forward and aft, had been under water most of the time and would furnish work for some time to motor-repair units to put in shape again. They had feared at one time that the pounding of the deck load would start the hatches, and all aboard, even gun crew and cook, had sweated themselves into steam and torn their hands to shreds rigging additional lashings. No space had been preserved between the bulwarks for the passage of water, so that every sea that came aboard had ample time to swish about the trucks and still be knee-deep when the next one came leaping over the forecastle. The weather had moderated, however, two days before. They had cleared away the staved boats, repaired a broken door or two, taken up the lashings on the deck load again, and dried out their clothes.

"I think I've picked up the light, sir," said the naval officer suddenly.

The captain shook out his pipe and took the proffered glasses.

"About three points on the port bow," proffered the young officer.

The captain took a long look. "Damn if it ain't," he said finally. He stumped to the binnacle and squinted at the bearing.

"I'm improvin'," remarked Captain Welch. "Now last v'yage we seen the French coast first, and then worked back. I like it better like that, some ways. A man's liable to run into them cliffs if he comes onto that rock too close. I wasn't fixin' to pick up that rock right now. I musta made a mistake. Maybe not figured enough drift. There's a offshore set here, where the tide runs out the Channel. See any signs of anything looks like a convoy?"

"No, sir," answered Graham.

The captain stepped to the telegraph and shoved the indicator to Slow.

"That'll give us steerage way," said the captain. "Joe, tell that wireless feller to send out a call for a convoy. I ain't going any nearer alone."

The lieutenant regarded the captain with astonishment and seemed about to speak. The captain probably guessed what he was about to say, for he grinned, and drawing out a plug of tobacco, began to shave chips from it into the palm of his hand.

"We'll wait," said he; "I been at this longer'n you have, son. I know you're crazy to get a shot at a sub, but I ain't anxious to have one take a shot at me."

The bell on the foremast clanged four double strokes. As if in answer to a signal, the edge of the sun came over the sea, lighting the West Quincy's superstructure with a warm glow. Two hooded Eskimolike figures moved across the sun on the forecastle, and were replaced by two more in watch caps. A man mounted the ladder to the crow's nest and another came down. Graham stepped to the weather wing and, turning aft, saw the watch change on the gun. Doors banged. Feet clattered on the ladder and there were voices below the bridge, where the wheel was being relieved. Faint song and pans clattering came from the galley. Graham turned back. Well, this was the last day at sea, thank God, and he would sleep that night ashore, in London's best hotel, with never a thought of sheering rivets or loosening deck load. Ah, what a joy to sleep for once without waking with a shock to the crash of the boarding seas!

"We oughta pick up a destroyer or somethin'," said the captain suddenly. "What say, Mr. Graham? We go out to sea awhile, shall we? We're in a little close, seems to me, to be all alone."

"I wouldn't, sir," replied Graham. "Let one of 'em show himself. We'll fix him. Just think, you'd get the right to wear a star on your stack for having sunk a sub."

The captain scratched his beard reflectively with a thumb nail. A strange man came on the bridge—the second mate, whose watch it now was.

"Morning, cap'n," said the newcomer. "First mate says we ain't got no replies yet from requests for convoy."

"Well, I'm goin' out," said the captain decisively.

Graham's heart sank. Another night on this tub would kill him. He wanted to protest, to point out that he and his armed guard were aboard for just this contingency, that harbor and safety were only beyond that light. This old trembler was for heading out to sea again! He was no sailor anyway, an old barnacle lured from Snug Harbor by the wartime wage ——

Whe-e-e-e-e! Kechung! A white column leaped suddenly on the West Quincy's beam, then fell back in foam. All regarded it stupidly.

"What the hell was that?" muttered Graham. The watch below, in the act of undressing, appeared at the forecastle door. Again that long, moaning whistle kechung! Another column of water. Aft Graham could hear someone calling the gun crew; the watch below came out, all barefoot, and mounted the forecastle ladder. Still those on the bridge looked stupidly at the sea, at a patch of foam, boiling green.

"What the hell is that?" cried Graham again, seizing the captain's arm. The captain jumped and seemed to recover from a daze.

"Them's shells," he said. "It's a sub; he's shellin' us"

"Aloft there!" roared Graham through the megaphone. "See anything?"

"No, sir!" the reply came faintly back. Graham seized his glasses and began to sweep the sea with them.

"He'll be in the sun," said the captain. "Yuh can't see him. Well, I'm damned. I knew this trip was unlucky. An' after all our work with them trucks. We coulda broke 'em all overside an' saved ourselves that much worry an' toil."

Another shell screamed overhead and plunged astern into the wake. The captain put his pipe into his pocket and stepped to the telegraph. Clang! The needle swung over to Stop. He moved toward the ladder.

"Where are you going?" cried Graham excitedly.

"Goin'? Why, to pack my things. Have 'em swing out the port boats, Cummins, an' we'll get ready to leave."

"Are you crazy?" demanded Graham. "What do you mean—leave? What's the grand idea of shutting down the engines? You aren't going to give up this ship without a fight, are you?"

"Fight? Fight that German? Son, I'm a older man than you. If he's come up to shell us, it means he knows there ain't no one around to bother him. He'll come alongside an' put bombs in us. I been through this before, in 1915. Them Germans ain't bad fellers if you don't get 'em mad. We'll go away in the boats an' be ashore for dinner."

"We'll play hell!" cried Graham. "You're captain of this ship and old enough to be my father, but I'm going to put up a fight and take my chances on any court you want to run me for!" He jumped to the telegraph, slammed the handle all the way down to Full Ahead, and yelled into the speaking tube to the wheelhouse, "Zigzag her like hell!"

"Aft there!" he roared through the megaphone. "Look sharp! Foc'sle! Sing out if you sight him!" He turned to the sailor. "Hop to the wireless and be sure he keeps the S O S going. Report position and that we're being shelled by a sub. Keep it up."

"You'll get us all killed!" objected the captain. "He'll break up all our boats an' sink us just the same, an' them that ain't killed will drown. I got a wife an' kids!"

"Well, that's a chance we take," snapped Graham. "I didn't come on this ferryboat to go overside the first time a sub fired at us. We've got a gun as well as he has."

The captain looked helplessly at the second mate, but there was no sympathy there. The captain had authority, but who would back him? And the husky gobs of the gun crew would be with their officer to a man.

"Well, suit yourself," said he.

There was a sudden chorus of shouts from all those that lined the foc'sle or had climbed on the trucks in search of the enemy. They could see him. The red sun was now well above the horizon, but to the north was a gray bank of fog. From this fog came a yellow spark, a flash like a scratched match. Silence for a long time, then the heavy thud of a gun, and the scream of the shell. It went dangerously close, and cut a funnel stay in two with a vicious whing.

Slam! went the after gun. Graham watched for the burst, and with a shock saw the column of water leap halfway between the fog bank and the West Quincy. Short. Well, they had sense enough to increase range. But could they see the target?

Mark! came faintly from the gun.

Mark! Mark!

Slam!

The burst was still short. Graham swept the edge of the fog with his glasses, but could see nothing.

The captain was at the speaking tube giving directions to the wheel. "So'east a quarter east!" he yelled. He jumped to the engine-room tube and exploded a lungful of air down it. The resultant whistle at the other end brought the second engineer.

"Rattle her down!" commanded the captain. "Call the chief an' tell him we've got a sub after us! For every extra turn you get out of her I'll give ye a drink!"

Again the yellow spark in the fog, but the shell made a hole in the sea far to starboard.

"Ha!" yelled Graham. "Fooled him! And I can see him, the son! I can see him!"

The after gun spoke again. Evidently the gun crew could see him too. Their first two shots they had probably fired either at the flash of the other gun, or at the edge of the fog for ranging.

Not, as Graham had first thought, in the fog, but some distance from it, was the submarine. He could just make out the conning tower, like three steps of a stairway, long wires that led from it seemingly into the water, and some kind of movement just forward of it. Another spark came from the center of this movement. Ah! That was the gun! The shell went through the West Quincy's stack. The gun on the after deck replied and again a futile column of water leaped out of the sparkling sea, excellent for direction, but still five or six hundred yards short. The gun captain began waving his arms toward the bridge, and the sailor there waved his in reply. Then ensued a short conversation consisting of raising, lowering and diving of hands across the body with all the grace and sinuousness of a swimming trout.

"Gun captain reports, sir," said the sailor, "enemy out of range."

"Tell him to wait a few minutes for the next one," replied Graham. "Fritz will catch up with us a little and then we can let him have one in the eye."

The West Quincy began to gather speed and the trembling of the bridge from the increased effort of the engines

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"Ahoy!" Hailed Someone in Perfect English, But With a Queer Metallic Accent. "Who's the Commanding Officer?"

THE DRY PARTY

"Listen, Pat, You Can't Have Liquor and Me in This Apartment. You and I Don't Get Along When You're Drinking, or When I Am"

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE basis of the trouble was that in Anne's home her mother had always mixed the drinks. There was no cellarette or cocktail shaker in that house, but there was always the glass bottle labeled Brandy in exactly the same bold type as the other bottles were marked witch hazel or bay rum. If Mrs. Vivian saw her husband with a chill, or Aunt Mary had one of those attacks of pain which left her white and shivering, she put the teakettle on first and then went for the bottle and a spoon. Then, with boiling hot water and sugar—to take the bitter taste away—she mixed a drink. So, except for what Anne picked up in school about alcohol stunting the growth of the young, that was practically all she knew about the subject when she entered on an era of prohibition. To be sure, she had been accustomed to hear her mother's faintly caustic remarks after the night of the annual Bar Association banquet, which was her father's only stag affair; and when old Mrs. McBride served homemade cherry cordial, as she always did when Anne and her mother went to call, Mrs. Vivian used to exclaim:

"Well, I'm sure I don't know, Mrs. McBride, whether I'm going to be able to walk home after that!" She always did walk home, of course, as firmly and gravely dignified as ever, but Anne got some idea of mysterious potencies, although she herself was not offered cherry cordial until she was eighteen years old.

It really was not much of an equipment for marrying Pat Crawford. But neither Pat nor her mother realized what she might need in the line of equipment. Pat only felt some part of him which came from a long line of ancestors who had needed to offer reverence and devotion, crying out insatiably for Anne. Mrs. Vivian saw the adoration in Pat's face and was inclined to trust it. She knew that his parents were respectable and that he had a profession, and when he told her what he was earning, which was more than the late Mr. Vivian had ever earned in a year by being a respected member of the bar, she gave Anne her wedding clothes, two dozen sheets, plenty of pillowcases and bureau scarfs, a reasonable amount of damask table linen, hemmed so exquisitely that the stitches hardly showed against the fine weaving, and her blessing.

The first time that a man burned a cigarette hole in one of those damask tablecloths Anne was sick at heart. The tablecloths were full three yards long and had been slowly bleached in some pleasant Irish field. But she soon got over that, because she had to. Pat had promptly whisked his wife away to a city where everything had not been dead for fifty years, as he aptly described it. He and Anne were fellow townspeople, but for years Pat had not worked at being a local citizen. He only came to his old home for vacations, first from school and then from college and finally from work, stopping long enough on the last holiday to acquire Anne. They were to live in a city where there were a number of new apartment houses, some of them done in Spanish style with bright-blue iron balconies and occasional window boxes, a live chamber of commerce and a pyramid of younger married sets. The Crawfords got in pretty well up on the pyramid; not, of course, at the top, where the Cyrus Jenningses and two or three other couples came to an apex with multimillions, but well above the middle, for Pat had a way with him, as well as a very good legal connection, and Anne had plenty of charm and a Daughter of the American Revolution heredity.

They took a four-room apartment in one of the Spanish apartment houses, and it was not long before Anne discovered that her marriage, like Gaul, was divided into three parts. There was the delicious part of belonging to Pat and being adored, of being more than one person and yet less than two, of sharing jokes and dreams as they had never been shared before, of meeting people as Pat's wife and being loved like that. That was the part she had expected, only it was nicer. There was, however, the second part, which had to do with the fact that being married was incalculably expensive and that every time she turned around a bill seemed to come in for it. And there was the third part, which was liquor. At first Anne could not believe that was a division of marriage. She thought the first time that it was an unfortunate incident, and the second time that it was only another slip. But after the fifth incident, she began to see that liquor was a part of what she had let herself in for, what she had chosen, what she desired. She did not stand off in horror. She began to slice limes and lemons and to have things ready when Pat got home a little late and people were coming in for dinner. Once she did question the system, at least as to its inevitability.

"Do we really have to serve that tonight, Pat? It costs so much—more than all the rest of the dinner put together."

"Well, I'd hate to try to hold the crowd together on rain water," remarked Pat, and that was all there was to the discussion.

They did not try rain water. They tried, instead, that method of Will Douglas', who arranged for one of the crowd to send a man over to Winnipeg every fortnight, turn and turn about. It was expensive, but it was safe; and you couldn't be too careful, said the men, with a great deal of reminiscence, which seemed entirely to justify any additional expense in sending a bootlegger three hundred miles now and then. Custom is so persuasive a thing.

Anne turned out to be a good drinker. In spite of having been brought up on nothing stronger than the sight of the medicinal brandy bottle, she soon could take her quota of cocktails before dinner and be aware of everything that was going on and able to run the show if necessary. She was a far better drinker than Pat, who carried his liquor as his

Irish ancestors carried theirs, and was at first exceedingly merry and so generous that Anne used to say that she had to nail down the furniture to keep him from giving it away, and later irritable and sure that someone was trying to insult him. Before she got used to it, that bothered Anne. She went around trying to make up for some of the things he said to people, and then discovered that nobody paid any attention to him.

"Why, my dear," said Katie Vaile, receiving Anne's apology, "he was a little lit, that was all. When a man's like that he says anything. I just thought it was terribly funny. You better be thankful, Anne, that he doesn't act the way Charlie Barnes does. One gill of gin makes Charlie believe that he's the reincarnation of Lothario!"

Anne stopped apologizing. She grew used to that mood of her husband's which came on about eleven-thirty or twelve in a gay evening. Not that she was patient with it. In spite of carrying her liquor admirably, she found that it sharpened her nerves and her tongue, and she lashed out at Pat now and then. Their late evening quarrels were part of the general comedy, like Charlie Barnes' indiscriminate love-making.

So there were the three parts of marriage. Waking on a May morning, Anne loved her own happiness. With that sweet sense of possession which comes to women who have recently made a home, she admired the low oak beds and the arched windows and the placid little picture of the Madonna, who fitted so well into her quasi-Spanish setting.

"Pat," she called, "you've got to get up! You told me you were due in court at 9:30 and wanted to get to the office by nine. Don't you remember?"

That was a fraction of her part in earning their living—to get him started at it. Pat was cheerful. He always was in the morning, when there had not been a party the night before. While she was plugging in the percolator and making waffle batter, he was splashing about and dressing. It was a gay breakfast that morning. Anne poured the waffle batter from a red Italian pitcher and made them on the table. The cloth was pale yellow and there were yellow tulips in the middle of the table. Anne used to pick them, at her mother's home. Now she bought them, twelve at a time, for two dollars and a half. She had to have flowers, especially in that austere dining room.

Pat was good-looking. Besides the capacity for adoration and the inability to carry his liquor well, and a quick wit and a shrewd head for the law, his ancestors had thrown in a fine, lithe body and well-poised head for good measure. He and Anne always found it very agreeable to look at each other over the yellow cloth, and Anne made good waffles. There was none of the comedy cook about Anne. Mrs. Vivian had taught Anne how to make a smooth white sauce when she was ten and thus given her a sound basis for all cooking.

"Going to be a big day," said Pat. "Old Judge Morrow was looking for blood yesterday."

"Your blood?"

"He didn't really care whose it was—just so there was plenty of it."

"You're going to win, aren't you, Pat?"

"I'm going to make an awful stab at it."

"And it's your first big case. I think it's wonderful, your doing it all alone."

"I wouldn't be, if any of the senior members were in town. But they had to turn it over to me, the way things broke."

"Well, show them," she urged, "what you can do."

She made him another gold-brown waffle to fortify him, and watched him eat it, happy to contribute that much to the law. At times like this Anne felt that life was a good thing and that they were using it well. She hoped they were the kind of people who were making the world more of a world. And marriage was altogether delightful. She forgot the way Pat had jumped on her at the Sloans' the other night when he was tight. She forgot other things.

But they had a way of reminding her that they existed Pat went off to work and Anne cleaned up. She thought of what they would do when Pat was rich. She dreamed of being the wife of Judge Crawford. She speculated on the kind of house they would build and quarreled with herself over whether it would be Spanish or English. About that time the mailman came and she looked over the letters. It was May, fine and mellow outside—about the twenty-seventh of May, when department stores send in their accounts before anyone else can get around to it. She opened the three envelopes that came from the big stores and frowned over each one. That was impossible. She hadn't charged that much. This must be somebody else's bill, this largest one.

But as she looked over the items they sounded extremely familiar. She had forgotten those shirts she had bought for Pat. It had seemed better economy to get the five-dollar ones, but six of them did make a big amount when it was added in like this. And that ice-cream mold how those kitchen things did cost; but she had to have another sharp knife, and that aluminum dish with compartments was wonderful to bake in.

These drugs on the other bill were absolutely necessary. Anne could defend the purchases, every one. It was a question of clean teeth and soap that wasn't gritty, and such necessities. The thing that made this bill so large was last month's balance. She had meant to pay that, but somehow her bank account had been too low all month. The other bill was for the bedroom rug. Not all of it, but about two-thirds of it. Standing on the third of the rug that might be technically said to be hers, Anne regarded it admiringly. It was more than they should pay, but a good rug lasted. Only, she reflected, so did the bill for it.

It was worrying. Pat gave her money when she asked for it, but she knew that sometimes it came hard. There were the payments on the car that had to be met, and the rent

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Then They Had Gone Out on the Lake Drive. What Had Been Done to Destroy the Hours Since, Anne Scarcely Knew

Keeping Up With Jonesville

Boosterism in its More Blatant Forms May Have Antagonized More Than it Hypnotized

By JOHN F. CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

CITIES still fight, as they always have fought, for trade; only their weapons change. When Venice and Genoa grappled for control of the Oriental commerce, the key industry of their heyday, they fought it out by land and sea with pike and sword. When New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Alexandria joined battle for dominance of the Western trade, the great new industry of the early nineteenth century in America, their weapons first were turnpikes, then canals, and finally railroads.

Even since the World War the transportation equilibrium of half the United States has been upset unexpectedly and drastically by the Panama Canal.

At the moment there are no great industries, old or new, to be snatched away by superior highways, water or rail transport, yet the currents of commerce continue to shift and be shifted and the scramble of the cities to turn the streams their way is more brisk than ever. The newest weapons in this ancient warfare are national advertising, semipublic financial aid and a municipal stock taking that is known as an industrial survey. As an Industrial Engineer in the thick of the fighting, I see much noisy and wasteful barking up empty trees.

Nearly every American industrial city has vacant factory plants and endless plant sites, and this condition will continue for some years. There has been a surplus of buildings since the postwar deflation; consolidations have left other plants vacant; and in addition to all this, improvements in machine tools, conveying machinery and planning systems steadily increase output per square foot of floor space.

Capital and the Human Factor

RELATIVELY few industries—certainly none of the larger ones—are thinking of moving. There may be a general shuffling and redeal geographically in industry fifteen or twenty years hence, when a painstaking study has been made of so complex a problem. Pure chance has had much to do with the location of industrial plants and groups. Cheney Brothers, one of the great manufacturers of silks, for example, operate in South Manchester, Connecticut, because the Cheneys originally were Connecticut farmers and when they turned to manufacturing they located in the nearest town. The same is true of hundreds of important plants, and the result, no doubt, often has been uneconomic. In the past, with a virgin country walled in by a protective tariff, American manufacturing has been rife with wasteful practices. If we are to continue to compete with a poverty-disciplined Europe for world markets, it will not be done by hauling freights two miles where one mile will serve. Such a mass redistribution of industries, however, is a purely theoretical ideal for the present and improbable at any time. Meanwhile the business that moves usually is in trouble. Of the endless inquiries I have seen, few have offered a fundamental manufacturing disability as a reason for the intended change; the bulk complain that they need new capital and cannot get it where they are. The news spreads among chambers of commerce and the bidding begins.

More often than not the move is not justified. The mere physical shifting of a plant one mile or a thousand miles is a heavy charge, and unless the gain in manufacturing advantages is assured and immediate, the move increases the probability of failure. It rarely is possible for an employer to induce the bulk of his labor to move with him; they are anchored where they are by property and ties of sentiment and habit. The training of new labor takes much time and money. The rearrangement of machinery usually is a dead loss.

The cry for new capital frequently is to be suspected. Statistics have reiterated so often that lack of capital is the first cause of business failure that it has come to be accepted as gospel. I know that it is not so. It is infinitely easier to find money for your business than to find brains. The old human factor is, always has been and always will be the fundamental cause of failure. Unfortunately, it is the most elusive quantity in business to predict.

The theory of industry chasing is that every pay roll added to a community means that much more business and a larger life for everyone and that these are tangible assets worth the effort. It is a perfectly sound theory. Boosterism in its more blatant forms may have antagonized more than it hypnotized, but fatalism is a doctrine for philosophers, not for cities. In practice however this theory is qualified by several factors.

There are two general ways of seeking new industries The right way can wait, while the hypothetical city of Commercia illustrates the wrong way. Sixty years or so ago Commercia was caught up on one of the successive tides of migration from East to West and lifted from a trading post to a city. As the tide passed on, the place settled to a conservative stride, unaggressive and self-complacent. Similar cities are to be found East and West, North and South. In recent years several industries have been lost through consolidations and the bidding of rival cities. There have been a few failures, as well, but the losses have been screened by the normal growth of the healthy concerns. The government census has continued to show a moderate gain decennially, but it has been unearned increment, and fifteen cities have passed Commercia in population since 1890.

The Revolt in Commercia

LIKE every other self-respecting American community larger than a village, Commercia has maintained a chamber of commerce for years. A paid secretary, with the aid of two stenographers, answered inquiries with sonorous generalities and such readily available data as the post-office receipts, bank clearings, building permits, miles of paved streets, etc. He was a type of secretary widely distributed in the Booster Age, a man without technical or any special education who had failed in business on his own, but had a certain gift of geniality and gab—a glad-hander and cheer leader.

The revolt was launched by a little group of younger, more progressive citizens, the immediate cause being the news that Centropolis, once the joke town of Commercia vaudeville, had captured another desirable industry. It was launched much in the spirit of Mrs. Elm Street opening a drive for a fur coat or a new car equal to or better than Mrs. Maple Avenue's: pride rather than profits.

Banding together, they enlisted the ever-ready sympathy of the newspapers, descended on the next regular meeting of the chamber, swept up the handful present in their enthusiasms, and got a Greater Commercia drive under way.

They knew what they wanted—more pay rolls and the money with which to buy them; otherwise they had no plan. They set a goal, unselfishly dropped their own businesses for the time and went out to raise money by the hurrah or hysterical method. There was opposition. There were business men who were satisfied with Commercia as it was, or not so dissatisfied as to spend money to change it. There were other business men irritatingly curious as to exactly how the money was to be spent. More disturbing, there were large numbers of more obscure citizens who were indifferent to hostile to their own city; they continued to live in Commercia, seemingly, only to point out how much more desirable and energetic other cities were. Yet by high-pressure evangelism, including coercion, wrecking crews and similar modern tactics, the fund was pledged on a 10 per cent down basis and ultimately about three-fourths of it collected.

An Industrial Inventory

THE chamber of commerce's mail immediately grew heavy, but the bulk of it originated with inventors willing to locate in Commercia upon a gift of land and building or their equivalent in cash, together with a stock subscription. A few feelers came from going industries, most of them small, but not to be disdained. There is a small but constant supply of floating industries in this country. Some are tramp plants migrating from place to place to feed on bonuses. Others are in financial straits, still others dissatisfied, sometimes with cause, sometimes emotionally, with their present locations. Occasionally there is an important industry considering a move or the opening of a branch.

With nothing but generalities to offer, Commercia failed to interest the latter. The inventors were a hopeless lot. The remainder, Commercia soon discovered, were being wooed by three-score other cities and disposed to accept the most generous wooer. The best minds in the chamber had opposed bonuses, but when it came to a choice of offering money or losing the prospect, they weakened.

The fund has been spent now and the chamber offers an imposing list of new industries to its credit. Examination will show that four-fifths of the list are the natural accretions of small retail shops and selling offices; a chain shoe-repairing shop is one of the better. Actually, seven new industries were attracted by bonuses. Two have failed already from bad management, a third because the city was fundamentally unsuited to the business, and a fourth found the moving and readjustment so costly that it again needs new capital. Two are moderately successful small plants employing about forty persons, one of which probably would have had a brighter future in a better adapted city.

Commercia may be the gainer by its drive; the point I make is that it did not get its money's worth. In contrast, the right way might be indicated by Baltimore. Twelve years ago the light, heat and power utility of Baltimore financed an industrial survey of the city. It was an inventory, made by dispassionate engineers, of what the city had industrially and what it could use—not what it would like to have, but what it could support.

This survey was turned over gratis to the Baltimore Association of Commerce. It led to the creation of a financing corporation and later to the expansion of the existing Industrial Bureau of the association. Both the financing corporation and the Industrial Bureau are operated independently of the association, though allied with it. A committee of five business men manage the latter, and another committee of thirty-one prominent business men form the directorate of the financing body.

Baltimore offers prospective industries any engineering or auditing study they may desire gratis, but no bonuses of money, land or buildings. However, to those industries that can pass its examination of their financial, shop and marketing structures, the financing corporation offers to buy stock up to an amount fixed by the judgment of the thirty-one directors. This rarely will be sufficient to meet the capital needs of the new business, but the indorsement of the financing corporation will bring the balance promptly from private capital. During its existence the financing corporation has added $5,000,000 to the annual pay roll of Baltimore industry, and has accumulated a surplus. The Industrial Bureau has added $12,000,000 in pay roll in industries that did not require new financing

In Baltimore the capital of the financing corporation was paid in by the subscribers. Fifteen years ago Easton, Pennsylvania, pioneered in a credit fund requiring no cash subscription, which has come to be known as the Easton Plan. Through the local board of trade a long and representative list of the city's manufacturers, trades and professional people and investors pledged a portion of their credit to a guaranty fund to aid new industries. The fund is administered by an executive council of local bankers, each an individual subscriber, who first passed upon the credit of all subscribers, then assessed a fraction of their rated credit against each. The maximum liability of $20,000 extends downward to some 200 subscribers liable up to $1000.

In effect, the subscribers are merely going on the notes of new industries for land and buildings. More than $1,000,000 has been out on loan through the Easton guaranty fund at various times and there never has been a default either in principal or interest. After passing the examination the candidate industry enters into a formal contract with the board of trade. Land sites are bought without commission or expense other than the bare cost. Buildings are erected and a first mortgage for 100 per cent of the sum borrowed is made by the borrower on land and improvements. Mortgage coupon bonds are issued on this debt and the borrower gives negotiable notes for the full amount of the bonds, with the bonds attached as collateral. The notes usually are made on demand or for six months and are discounted at local banks normally at 5.4 per cent per annum, and they are renewed for such a length of time in years as may have been agreed upon at the outset. Amortization payments sometimes are required to begin at the end of the first year, but usually not until the end of the second year, and in such sums as will work no hardship on the borrower. The repaid sums then become available for other new concerns.

Too Much Variety

THE Baltimore and the Easton plans and variants of each are spreading over the country. If designed and administered as wisely as in these cities and operated in conjunction with an industrial survey and agencies capable of sorting the sheep from the goat industries, such a supply of semipublic capital or credit is invaluable to any city. Some of the variants, however, defeat themselves. One large city has a credit fund, but by its laws can lend only to stockholders. As all stockholders have sound financial standing, they can raise money in normal ways. In another city the board of bankers controlling the fund is so conservative that it has yet to make a loan. A third city, presumably because of local jealousies, specified that aid could be given only to industries not already located in the city. As a result, its dealings have been chiefly with inventors and generally unsatisfactory, and it is common report that they lost from $25,000 to $35,000 last year.

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The Something-for-Nothing Grab-Bag, However, Is Usually Loaded at Both Ends

THE KIDDER

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

JUST about the last place in the world where a car should break down is Shiloh Corners, but that is where mine did. A gloomy-faced garage man said he thought he could fix it. "It'll take a couple hours," he said.

Two hours in Shiloh Corners!

"Anything to do here?" I asked.

"Nope." His tone was positive and sad.

"Could I get dinner here?"

"Yep. Americus House. First turn to your left. One dollar. Terrible."

"Thanks. . . . Say, what do you do here to entertain yourselves?"

"Nothin'." He began moodily to tinker with the car.

"This is a pretty quiet town, eh?" I said.

His local pride seemed to be touched. "Oh, things liven up now and then," he said. "Specially when Joe Patton feels like having a little fun."

"Who's he?" He gave me a glance such as he might have given me had I asked, "Who is George Washington?"

"He's the greatest little kidder in the state," he declared.

"You don't say!"

"Yep. They don't come no funnier than Joe. He's a card. The things he thinks up! But I guess you'll probably run into him down to the Americus House. He hangs out there evenings. Look out for him, though—a lanky bird with sort of green eyes—or he'll kid the vest offn you."

He began to do things with a monkey wrench. I started on my way.

"Say," he called after me, "if you run into Joe, you might ask him to tell you about how he kidded Pinky Bunnell."

While She Was Powdering Her Nose I Sneaked a Sheet of the Letter Paper of the Firm She Worked for and Punched Out a Letter on Her Machine

I had dinner at the Americus House. Take an ancient woolen blanket, wrap up in it a piece of elderly lamb, some potatoes and some cabbage, boil in water three hours, wring out the blanket for soup, serve the meat and vegetables on cold plates, cut off a piece of the blanket and call it pudding, and you have a rough idea of the Americus House's cuisine. Afterward I sat out in front of the hotel, propping a chair against the wall. I listened to bullfrogs and crickets. Then a man sauntered down the street and dropped into the chair beside me. He was eating large cooking matches, taking them from his pocket and munching them.

"Well, I see the Cubs licked the Giants again," he remarked.

"Did they?"

"Seven to three. . . . Traveling man, ain't you?"

"Sort of."

"Know any new stories?"

"I'm afraid not."

"That your car up to Ed Fleming's garage?"

"Yes."

"Guess you'll be staying here quite a spell."

"How's that?"

"I come by just now and it looked to me like Ed had busted your crank shaft, fooling around."

I got to my feet, worried. Then I remembered the garage man's words: "A lanky bird with sort of green eyes."

"Is your name Joe Patton?" I asked.

"Yep, that's me."

I sat down again. "I hear you're quite a kidder," I said.

He grinned. "Guess Ed Fleming musta been telling you about me," he said.

"Yes, he warned me."

Mr. Patton chuckled. "Guess Ed ain't likely to forget the night I put sugar in his gasoline tank," he said. "The gang almost died laughing at Ed that night. He was taking his girl to a sociable over to Richfield. He thinks he's mighty smart when it comes to cars, but he just couldn't figure out why his engine run all right for a time and then got weaker and weaker and finally stopped. Any time you want to get Ed riled, call him Sugar Papa."

"I don't want to," I said. He ate another match. I had another hour to pass in Shiloh Corners, so I remarked, "I'll bet you have a lot of fun, kidding people."

"Oh, I dunno," he said. "Sometimes. I always did like my little joke. I guess you're born with a sense of humor, or you ain't. Folks have got in the habit of expecting me to pep things up around here."

"Your friend at the garage said something about a Pinky Bunnell," I said.

He chewed at his current match. He became thoughtful. "Yeah," he said, "I did have a lot of fun with Pinky."

"How?"

"Oh, one way and another."

"Yes?" I said.

He selected an especially succulent match, inserted it in his mouth and began:

Me and Pinky went to school together. I give him the name Pinky because he had red hair. He hated it, but there wasn't nothing he could do about it, because he was a bandy-legged little runt that didn't know how to take his own part. He couldn't do nothing well—fight, swim or play ball. Little useless guys like that is often smart, but Pinky wasn't. In school he never could learn figures or grammar like the rest of us. Always at the foot of the class. You know, a kind of a dunce. Just born to be kidded, Pinky was. He'd believe anything you'd tell him. He never got sore no matter what you done to him. Just grinned in that simple way of his. Naturally the bunch played all sorts of comical jokes on him.

We always tried out the new tricks on Pinky. Hide the straw, for example. You never played it? Well, it goes like this: You say to some boob, "Let's play hide the straw." If he's sucker enough to say "All right," you say to him, "You can be it. Now this is what you do. You take a straw, go down the road a piece and hide it. Then the rest of us come down and try to find it. If we can't find it in ten minutes, we each have got to give you a penny." Well, the poor sap goes and hides the straw and the bunch makes believe to look for it and don't find it, and then they say, "No wonder we can't find it, because you got it hid in your mouth." The sap says, "No, I ain't," and opens his mouth to prove it, and then you throw sand and hop toads and things like that into his mouth. You'd have bust your buttons off laughing at the way Pinky fell for it. When we couldn't find the straw he'd hid, he looked tickled, thinking he'd won some sort of game at last, and when we said, "Open your mouth," he never suspected nothing. What we threw in his mouth was plenty, I'm here to tell you.

Pinky just never seemed to catch on that he was an easy mark. I'll never forget the night of the firemen's carnival. We musta been about thirteen then. Pinky was all set to go, never having been to a carnival. He got himself all dressed up and he kept fingering a fifty-cent piece he'd made mowing lawns.

That evening the bunch got together and I said, "Let's have some fun with Pinky. Let's get him to go on a snipe hunt." You know that old gag, prob'ly.

So we got hold of Pinky and I said, "Pinky, there's a herd of snipe just settled in Clancy's woods. Duke Mack seen 'em as he came by. Now you know snipe are rare birds and rich people will pay fancy prices for 'em. Charley Schmidt—that's the butcher here—told me only today that he'll pay a dollar apiece for snipe, so let's catch some."

Pinky says, "Gosh! A dollar apiece! Sure, I'll help catch some."

Well, I says to Pinky, "You got good eyes and quick hands, so you get the most important job. You can hold the burlap sack while the rest of us drive the snipe toward you. You got to keep absolutely still and not budge or you'll scare the snipe away. You can keep half the snipe you catch, and we'll probably catch at least twenty, so that will mean ten bucks for you."

Pinky's eyes got big. "Gosh!" he says. "Ten dollars!"

"Of course," I says, "we got to be sure you won't get a bagful of snipe and run off and sell 'em and not divvy with us, so you'll have to put up a deposit for the privilege of holding the bag."

"All I got is fifty cents," says Pinky.

We sort of hem and haw and finally say that will be enough, so Pinky hands me the fifty cents and I give him an old sack and we go to Clancy's woods. We tell Pinky to go to the far end of the woods and wait in the blackberry patch under the old sycamore tree till we drive the snipe to him. Well, sir, Pinky squats there, not making a sound, waiting for the snipe. Of course, as soon as he goes into the woods, we all sneak down to the carnival and blow his half dollar and have a lot of sport. About midnight Pinky got tired of waiting for the snipe and came down to the carnival, but by then it was all over. You should have seen his face!

"I guess mebbe I'm to blame," he says. "I waited and waited, and it was damp and I had to sneeze, so I musta scared the snipe away. Gosh, I'm sorry!"

When we quit school me and Duke Mack and Pinky all got jobs in the job-print plant of the Weekly Clarion, and it was enough to make a stone dog laugh to see Pinky trying to learn to stick type and be a printer. His fingers was all thumbs. We was always razzing him. We sent him to Ike Cook, who ran the linotype machine, and told him to ask Ike for a gazinkapiper. You don't know what that is?

Well, Pinky found out. Ike pointed to a rack of lead slugs just out of the machine, and of course they was good and hot, and when Pinky picks one up he lets out a howl and hops around with a burnt hand.

One winter day we sent him all the way to the power house at the other end of town for a pail of steam. He even fell for the type-lice joke. You know, you say to a greenhorn, "You'll never be a real printer till you've seen type lice. I'll do you a favor and show you some." When he bends over a galley of type, you shove it together and the ink you've put there flies up and gives him an eyeful. Of course there ain't no such things as type lice.

Well, sir, we done that to Pinky and he says, as he rubs the ink outa his eyes, "Gosh! I looked hard, but I didn't see 'em. Guess I'll never make a real printer."

He gave up printing and began to look round for some other sort of work. I'll say this for Pinky: Dumb as he was, he worked hard and he was mighty careful with his money. Kept putting a bit now and then into the savings bank. Well, just to kid him we told him he had the makings of a great salesman and he ought to go into the selling game. So the poor goof parts with some of his coin and sends away for some books all about how to fix a hard-boiled customer with your eye and hypnotize him into buying a steam roller he ain't got no earthly use for.

Pretty soon Pinky gets a diploma saying he is a master of salesmanship, and then he gets the agency for a food chopper and off he goes around the country, from door to door, trying to get the farmers' wives to buy the darn thing. To hear him trying to sell one of the dinguses was a scream. Of course he couldn't remember all the line of talk he'd learned outa the book, and his eye was no more hypnotic than a clam's.

'Yes, ma'am," he'd pipe, "this is a handy thing to have in your kitchen. My ma uses one herself and likes it pretty good. Of course it ain't perfect. I reckon there's other food choppers as good and some better. But for a cheap one, this ain't so bad. Of course it won't last as long as they say it will, and sometimes when you try to grind tough meat it gets all jammed up, but it's quicker and easier than cutting things up by hand. Here, you let me leave one in your kitchen for a week, and if you like it, keep it, and pay me next time I call round. Don't be too rough with it, because it ain't built as strong as it looks, and that handle is apt to work loose if you ain't careful."

And yet he managed to sell some. I guess they took one look at his mug and saw that he was too thick to be tricky. He managed to keep going. He even got a smile now and then from old Harvey Lyman, who owned the bank, and that meant that Pinky's balance was O. K. Old Harvey was as tight with his smiles as he was with his loans. I know. He'd never give me neither.

A bunch of us used to hang out in a room in back of Fred Hall's feed store. We called ourselves the Pastime Social and Athletic Club, and we done a little quiet card playing and drinking. There was me and Duke Mack and Fred and Roy Perry and Doc Lyman—old man Lyman's son—and a few more. Pinky didn't belong. We'd have taken him in just so we'd have somebody around to kid and to run errands for us, but he said he was too busy. That handed us a big laugh.

One night we decided to play a little joke on Pinky. We told him he could cover a lot more territory and be a real big business man if he had a car. He'd been going around on an old bicycle. He seemed pleased that anybody should take that much interest in him.

"We got just the bus for you," I said. "It's down to Ed Fleming's garage. If you act quick, you can pick up a real bargain."

"What's it like?" asks Pinky. "You see, I don't know my nose from my elbow when it comes to cars."

"It's a beauty," I says, "a great big powerful baby. Of course it ain't new, but it's in fine shape."

"Well, you know about cars," says Pinky. "Do you think Ed will sell it cheap?"

"He might -to you," I says, giving the gang the wink.

"Is it really good?" he asks.

"I never did see such an engine," I says. And that was no lie. Of all the clucks! It hadn't been run more than a million miles. It was an orphan. Some bird had towed it into Ed's garage and abandoned it.

We took Pinky down to Ed's place and rolled out the old ice wagon. Ed had doctored it up and squirted it full of heavy oil and used a little paint where the frame was cracked. He starts the motor, and it roars like a zoo.

"Sort of noisy, ain't she?" says Pinky.

"Boy, that's power," I says.

"Will she go?" asks Pinky.

"I had her out on the Longfield Hill today," says Ed, who has been tipped off and who enjoyed a good joke, "and we hit sixty."

"Yeah; sixty bumps," whispers Doc Lyman to me.

We take Pinky for a short ride, being very careful to avoid hills, and when we come back he says, "She seems all right to me. Of course I don't know about the insides of cars, but if Doc Lyman and Ed and Joe say she's good, she must be."

So he beat Ed Fleming down from seven-fifty to five hundred and was mighty pleased. So was Ed. The week before he'd offered it to a junkman for a hundred and fifty.

Pinky made one trip—about thirty miles—in the old boiler before she began to get the heaves. Then she went completely blooey, and he sold her for junk for forty bucks. Even then he didn't get wise.

"It's funny," he said, "Doc and Ed thought she was good, and they was fooled as bad as I was."

Would you believe they come that dumb?

Pinky kept pegging away, trying to sell things. He took on a line of raincoats and carpet sweepers and put in twelve hours a day peddling them. It seems the poor cuckoo was saving every cent he could—and guess what for? To open a store in Danbury or some other big town! Mebbe we didn't kid him when we found that out. Mr. Pinky Bunnell, merchant!

Every time we bumped into him we'd say, "Well, Pinky, how's that emporium of yours coming along?"

He'd always take it serious and answer, "Slow but sure. In five or six years I'll have my capital."

He sure was a hot sketch. I don't know what we'd have done without him. He was always good for a laugh. I remember one winter night—it was zero weather—the

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He Bought a Brand-New Blue Serge Suit and a New Purple Necktie at Ernie Swanson's Haberdashery

HAND-OF-WRITE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

EVEN in anger they were people of scant speech, the three men—alike in this and in the lean strength of their tall bodies, which, to my impressed and envying boy's eye seemed to crowd our sitting room. The woman who sat beside the youngest of the three was like them only in her silence; a soft, round, little figure, frightened, I thought, and distressed, her glance moving timidly from her father to her husband and, with a kind of entreating confidence, to my grandfather, sitting at his old secretary like a magistrate in judgment. From where I stood, looking through the crack of the kitchen door, it was like a play, and my sympathies, except for the respect and love in which I held my grandfather, were warmly with Milly Bannard.

Her father stubbornly ignored her presence and that of the younger man beside her; he held his hard gaze straightly upon my grandfather and it was only to him that he spoke; indeed, it seemed to me that it was only with Andrew MacNaughten that he had a quarrel, for his grudged speech said no word of blame for Milly on the score of her marriage, nor for young Jud Bannard for his share in this disobedience of hers, but concerned itself wholly with my grandfather's part in the affair and with his present attitude toward the offenders.

"Didn't look for it from you, MacNaughten," he said. "Putting a girl up to going against her father and making things soft and easy for her when she's done it."

My grandfather moved his head slowly in dissent; it seemed to me that his unwilling smile showed itself for an instant in the whiteness of his beard, but his voice was grave and, I thought, touched with annoyance.

"I've told you that I had no word of this marriage till it had taken place, Boyer," he said. "If your daughter or Bannard had spoken to me beforehand I should have urged them to get your consent. And I should have urged you to give it."

Boyer laughed grimly, as if the absurdity of the suggestion amused him. My grandfather paid no heed.

"What's done is done," he went on. "You blame me for giving your daughter shelter when you refused it to her. You have the right, perhaps, to shut your own door against her, but mine isn't yours to close, and if you came here seeking to have me break my bargain with Bannard to help you spite your own flesh and blood, you have wasted time and talk for all of us."

I could see relief in the look that passed between Jud Bannard and his wife; somehow it brought a lump up in my throat and I was more than ever on Milly's side. The hills were unfriendlier in these dripping March thaws than in the dead of winter, and work was hard to find; it seemed a pitiful thing that people should face even a fear of going roofless and hungry except by some man's favor. My grandfather had hired Bannard and given him leave to live in an empty tenant house, I knew, wholly from compassion, for in this weather he was put to it to find work for the three hands he hired by the year. It was this, seemingly, that chiefly angered John Boyer; he would have had no quarrel with my grandfather for hiring any man for necessary work; it was for giving what amounted to charity that he blamed him. He came slowly to his feet, a huge figure now, his red-bearded face bitten deep with sullen lines.

"I see that, MacNaughten. If you stand by her in this disobedience she can snap her fingers at me when I try to force her to her duty. There is no use for more words."

He would have gone out, but my grandfather, also rising, stopped him at the door.

"If you mean that you will take her home with you ——" he began. Boyer for the first time looked squarely at his daughter.

"What else could I want?" he demanded, and there was a quiver of passion in the voice. "Who else have I got? Why have I slaved and sweated to buy my land and pay for it, except to be a home for her? What do you know, to come meddling between us ——"

"This is sane talk." I could feel the warmth in my grandfather's tone. "Take her home with you, then."

"Let be, MacNaughten! D'ye Think I'd Share Her With Any Man That Lives?"

"Both of us?" Milly spoke almost quickly; she had a soft, fluttering voice, but for once there was in it something like John Boyer's flinty hardness, and it seemed to me, as their glances fought together, that below the gentle curves of her face there was, after all, a likeness to her father's grim, doggedly resolute angularity of countenance.

"Not him." He turned sharply so that he spoke to my grandfather instead of directly answering his daughter. His voice shook; I was dimly puzzled by this. I liked Jud Bannard well enough, but could see nothing about him to justify either Milly's baffling self-assertion or the bitterness of John Boyer's hate. "I'll take her back, MacNaughten, but not him!"

"Then I stay." Milly spoke with decision. My grandfather sought to argue with Boyer, but the man shook off the hand that rested on his shoulder and his face twisted strangely so that, for an instant, I had a fancy that he was near to weeping.

"Let be, MacNaughten! D'ye think I'd share her with any man that lives?"

He swung quickly about and went out. My grandfather turned to the others, shaking his head slowly.

"This will mend, Milly," he said. "It is better than I hoped." She lifted her shoulders vaguely. I remember that, as she went out with Bannard, she carried her head high and her eyes were shining, as if, in spite of everything, she was pleased, and a little proud.

II

WE WERE on our way to the village along the steep slant of the road that led down from our shallow upland valley past the deep groove where the railway crept along the face of the hill, far above the little cluster of spires and roofs that huddled in the hollow at its foot. Part of the pleasurable excitement I found in our infrequent drives to town lay in the two crossings of those tracks, the two glimpses of the station that clung against the hillside, a token and symbol of the huge, mysterious world that seemed infinitely remote in those isolated days. I sat up straight in the seat of the democrat wagon as we neared the dingy little building and I saw John Boyer standing on the platform.

Ever since that March day when he had seen his daughter at our house I had been puzzled by a queer, reluctant sense of sympathy for him, a feeling that did violence to all my fixed beliefs as to the merits of the unhealed difference between Milly Bannard and her father. Milly, still placidly busy in the tenant house, prosaically contented with her drudgery, stood high in my regard; I had come, also, to like Jud Bannard better—a decent, plodding, amiable man who knew his work and did it without haste or grumbling and who had good-naturedly helped me dam the brook for a better swimming hole. I was altogether on their side in the disagreement with John Boyer, and inclined to be impatient sometimes, because they were not more actively indignant on their own account. And yet I never saw Boyer without this unreasoning stir of pity for him, as if he had been victim rather than offender.

He seemed to consider the interview at our house as final. He made no effort, at least, to reopen the issue with his daughter, and soon afterward he had installed a housekeeper in her stead, a woman from Binchester at whom the Glen looked grimly askance; more, it seemed to me, because of her city clothes and ways than because of any doubt as to her character.

As to this, indeed, Miss Lessing was her own certificate; a woman well and visibly advanced into lean, flat, acid spinsterhood, respectably long and sharp of nose and grimly proper in speech and conduct. She came regularly to church, in spite of Boyer's known prejudice against it; she made no thrusting advances against the reserve of our Glen women, and except for her wardrobe, which was probably drab enough by any standards except ours, there was nothing about her to which anybody could justly point as excuse for distrust or disapproval.

The big farm which John Boyer had bought out of his savings as a hired hand and his desperate, dogged industry as owner under double mortgage, lay even more remote from neighbors than our own upland valley; the miserable roads that led to it, the crawling pace at which, in those days, all country travel moved, the pressure of work that kept us all—children and women and men—in a perpetual scurry between dawn and dusk, made it natural enough that Boyer's housekeeper should be left to herself, even had there been no local feeling against her on her own account or Boyer's. Except at church, I had not seen her in the two years she had spent in the Glen. I surveyed her, therefore, when I saw her standing on the station platform, with a certain disapproving interest that trespassed on my attention to the talk that passed between Boyer and my grandfather.

This, anyway, would have fallen with dull familiarity on my ears. My grandfather had been circulating a petition seeking some change in the state game law. Twenty times I had listened to his arguments in its favor and I heard them again, now, with a vague impatience, wishing that instead he would ask Boyer where he was going and why.

"Le's have it." Boyer reached for the folded foolscap. "Sign it when I get back from Binchester."

"Might as well sign it right now," said grandfather. "Greider's got ink in the station. Your name's all I've been waiting for and I'd like to mail it today." He gave me the reins and made as if to climb over the wheel, but Boyer stopped him, speaking with an impatience that puzzled me a little.

"No. Tend to it when I get back, I tell you! If that don't suit you, send it along the way it is."

"But you're in favor of it, Boyer," grandfather began. Boyer shook his head with the effect of a man bothered by a fly.

"Can't see to write without my glasses," he snapped. "Ought to know that by this time, MacNaughten—told you fifty times I can't see print without 'em and I don't

put my name to what I ain't read, on any man's say-so - yours nor nobody else's."

With this doctrine, which was his own, my grandfather could not quarrel, and he gave way at once. He did not immediately drive on, however; I saw his eye move past Boyer to the woman who watched us from the platform.

"Going to Binchester, you say?"

"Got to." Boyer scowled. "Hadn't ought to spare the time, neither, right now, but it can't be helped." I think something about my grandfather's grave inspection of the housekeeper must have suggested that her presence required explanation. He jerked his head toward her.

"Got to have her teeth fixed up," he said. His tone implied to my ear that he considered this a silly reason for traveling all the way to the city. "Sooner have her do it when I got to be away myself than do my own cooking while she's gone."

My grandfather nodded soberly, his eyes still on the woman. It seemed to me that he spoke unwillingly, as from a sense of duty.

"You'd be better off with Milly keeping house for you, Boyer. If you ——"

The big man's face went dark "Keep your jaw to your own business!" he said. "If it wasn't for you meddling, she'd be there now!" I saw his hands close.

"You know better than that, John." My grandfather spoke gently. "She'd have gone with her man wherever he went. If I hadn't given him work she'd be farther and maybe worse off. You've had time to think it over and see reason, John. Jud's a good man and Milly's happy with him; he'd be a decent son to you."

"Let be, will you?" The voice shook. Again, unwillingly, I was sorry for the man, a little displeased with my grandfather for pressing him. He swung about and strode away, anger in his stride. We drove on down the hill. I remember that my grandfather was silent, for all the journey, beyond his habit, and that when I glanced sidewise at him his face was troubled. For myself the matter quickly gave room to the excitement of the village. I thought no more about it until next day, when Boyer himself brought it back to my mind

I was digging wild carrot in the pasture lot, that day, a dismal, endless, trifling task that above all others of my boy's duties I detested. It was one point of farm practice on which I disagreed with grandfather; weeds in a field of cultivated crop I could hate as bitterly as he, but in a meadow they seemed inoffensive. The sheep and cattle and horses could be trusted to keep most of them down, and those that survived could be scythed before they went to seed. To break one's back to pull them up, one by one, impressed me as carrying a proper hatred to the point of needless spite, and whenever I was made to do it I thought dismally of Joshua and found small wonder for his power to make the sun stand still. If he had been required to pull wild carrot, I thought, it would have stood almost still without his bidding.

I was straightening to undo the sore kink in my spine when I saw Boyer's big hammer-headed saddle mare hitched to the post before the weather-beaten cottage where the Bannards lived. I couldn't be mistaken: the ugly beast was as definitely known to me as Boyer himself, and its presence outside the house could mean only that John Boyer was inside it.

Perhaps my detestation of the carrot pulling had some part in moving me. At any rate I left my hickory-strip basket where it lay and ran across the meadow to bring my news to grandfather, overseeing the men at work in the second-cutting hayfield. It justified me. He was startled and so pleased that he slapped his thigh—a gesture he used only in infrequent moments of excited satisfaction. He came back with me across the pasture, saying no word of the carrot even when we passed my basket. We were near the cottage when John Boyer came abruptly past the corner of it. At the sight of us he stopped and his face darkened, but only for an instant. He came toward us looking as if his presence here had no significance for any of us, and his voice was casual and friendly when he called my grandfather by name.

"On my way to find you, MacNaughten. I fetched you that petition."

He took it from his pocket and passed it to grandfather "Good hayin' weather," he added, lifting a foot to his stirrup. Grandfather stopped him.

"You've seen Milly, Boyer?"

Boyer's face went black and ugly in an instant. He swung himself to the saddle. "What's it to you if I have?" he said. "Any law against it?"

"Boyer," said my grandfather soberly, "there is every law in favor of it." He stretched up his hand, but Boyer ignored the gesture. "When do you want them to move over to your place? I can spare a team today if ——"

Boyer laughed harshly. "Keep out of this, MacNaughten. It's no affair of yours."

"I make it so," my grandfather told him evenly. "You care as little for my friendship, maybe, as for the want of it, but it gives me warrant to be glad that the quarrel has been healed. It has been because of that same friendship, Boyer, that I have been troubled on your account."

I fancied that the black look of Boyer's face lightened a little, but if so, it was for but a moment. His laugh was as hard and ugly as ever

"Then it'll keep on troubling you, I guess. There's been nothing changed because I chose to come here. You will poke your nose into my business till you find out why I came, so I will tell you now and be done with it. I had business with my daughter and we had no word of anything else."

He would have ridden on, but my grandfather laid hand on the bridle rein

"Wait, Boyer." He hesitated, as if to choose his words with more than his common care. "I will not argue with you, but there is a question I put to you, not for idle curiosity, but with reason. Have you made your will?"

The tone in which he spoke frightened me a little. I could see that it had a sobering effect even upon John Boyer. He opened his eyes

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Grandfather Moved Past Them Quickly and in Silence. At Our Wagon He Waited, However, While He Wrote in the Pocketbook He Carried

BATTLES OF THE CENTURY

By W. O. McGeehan

IN THE stuffy lobby of the Hotel Secor at Toledo, late in June, 1919, the conversation naturally ran to prize fighting, its past, present and future. We had just returned from watching Jess Willard, then the heavyweight champion of the world, catch heavy medicine balls, tossed at him from a distance, with his abdomen; later watching young Jack Dempsey thump a heavy sand-bag with much earnestness.

The group included representatives of two generations of prize fighters. There was Jack Skelly, who fought George Dixon in that carnival at New Orleans the climax of which was the memorable battle between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett. As Skelly had the misfortune to lose to Dixon, he did not receive one penny of the purse and stakes, which amounted to $17,500. At the battle for which we were gathering, Jess Willard was to receive $100,000, win, lose or draw, and it even was whispered that he was to receive a bonus and a percentage besides.

Somebody started to speculate as to the possible gate receipts. Jack Skelly became wistful and then prophetic. "I want to predict something to you gentlemen," said Skelly. "One of these days two fighters are going to draw $1,000,000 for one fight. I have seen the game develop and I know that it is coming and before very long. The Battler here"—indicating Nelson—"and I were born years too soon."

At this prediction Battling Nelson burst into harsh cackles of laughter. Battling Nelson once had received $23,000 for one fight, the total gate receipts for which were something like $65,000.

Of course four years later James J. Jeffries, though foiled in his attempt to bring back the heavyweight championship for the Caucasians, drew gate receipts of $270,755 in the bout with Jack Johnson at Reno, Nevada. Of this amount, Jeffries was guaranteed and paid $101,000.

But it was felt that this bout had tapped the mother lode of the cauliflower mine. This seemed evident from the fact that the heavyweight championship fight between Jess Willard and Jack Johnson in Cuba drew barely enough to pay the purse demanded by Johnson. After that the heavyweight championship bout between Jess Willard and Frank Moran at the old Madison Square Garden took in gross receipts of only $51,000.

Four Million-Dollar Gates

THEREFORE Battling Nelson continued to chuckle. As far as he was concerned, the golden days of fistiana had come and gone. He looked upon Skelly with the amused tolerance of a younger man upon one of the elders who was showing his age by becoming garrulous and talking some of the foolishness to which age is prone.

But Jack Skelly, becoming all the more earnest as he thought of the $17,500 of which he received nothing whatever, repeated: "Remember that I have predicted that two fighters will draw $1,000,000 in gate receipts and that all of us here, including myself, will live to see it."

The chuckles of Battling Nelson went into diminuendo. It was too humid even to maintain an attitude of derision. The rest of us merely yawned and tilted the chairs closer to the electric fan.

Of course it is prize-ring and financial history that Jack Skelly's prediction has materialized four times—at Boyle's Thirty Acres, at the Polo Grounds, at the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium and at the Yankee Stadium in New York. Latter-day prophets, dipping a little farther into the future, are talking of the $3,000,000 and even the $5,000,000 gate—and there is no laughter. It is exceedingly difficult to laugh off millions of dollars in gate receipts. Battling Nelson should not have chuckled over the prediction of Jack Skelly, not merely because it was discourteous to a venerable gladiator but because the Battler—unconsciously, perhaps—was a factor in the beginning of what I like to call the cauliflower industry. The term seems to have been accepted generally by newspapers all over the country, despite the fact that it is very distasteful to some purists, including Tex Rickard, who is the Rothschild, or what you will, of the big business that is operated under that name.

In August, 1906, I was working for the San Francisco Bulletin, edited by Fremont Older, whom I shall always regard as one of the most nimble-witted and versatile of newspaper editors, despite the fact that he was operating in a comparatively limited sphere. Said Older: "Draw some money and go to Goldfield, Nevada. I don't know what it is or where it is. There is a crowd of miners there who are guaranteeing $30,000 for the Gans-Nelson fight. Maybe they have it and maybe they haven't. Either way, it is a story of some sort. Rube Goldberg goes with you and you start this afternoon. We'll be there first." Rube Goldberg since has become much more widely known. He doubled in sport cartooning and prize-fight experting in those days.

Tex Rickard's "Northern," Goldfield, Nevada, 1906. Above—The Youthful Rickard as a Texas Cowhand. At Right—With Gene Tunney, 1927

Having a little time to kill before train time, Goldberg and I repaired to the San Francisco saloon which was the headquarters of James W. Coffroth, known as the premier prize-fight promoter of California, which meant of the world, for California then was the paradise of pugilists, permitting bouts up to forty-five rounds. Coffroth since has become president and principal proprietor of the race track and gambling casino at Tia Juana, Mexico. But at that time Coffroth's was the last word where anything concerning pugilism was mentioned.

We demanded Coffroth's opinion on the cock-and-bull story that a little group of miners in Nevada had outbid him and were about to steal the Gans-Nelson bout, which was the most talked of bout of the period, from under his nose. The oracle spoke softly, but with conviction.

The Naive Westerner Named Rickard

"I TELL you what I think," said Coffroth confidentially. "Those fellows must be nutty. I made an offer for that bout—a liberal percentage, but that Billy Nolan"—Nelson's manager at the time—"seems to be trying to bluff me. He says those fellows in Goldfield have the money and that he saw it, and that if I don't meet it he will take them up. Think of that bluffer trying to hand me an ultimatum! When he sees that they can't come through he will have to come to my terms. You're just wasting your time making the trip."

It seemed that every word that Coffroth spoke was true and that after all the flurry the Gans-Nelson fight would be held in San Francisco. Since then I have become convinced that if Coffroth had been right there never would have been any $1,000,000 gates and that the cauliflower industry never would have become the big business it is today.

I do not disparage the ability of Coffroth as a prize-fight promoter. He was wise in that game when a very young man hanging around the camps of Corbett and Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nevada. He knew fights and fighters thoroughly. Perhaps he knew them too well and was too close to the business to get the perspective of what it might become.

Goldberg and I arrived at Goldfield in the midst of a sandstorm and were wafted into the Northern Saloon, which seemed to be the most impressive of all of the saloons in the row and obviously the logical sporting headquarters. There we met the proprietor, George L. Rickard, who has since become somewhat widely known as Tex Rickard.

Rickard appeared to be the naïve Westerner, the man of the great open spaces. Sometimes I wonder as to the naïveté of Rickard. Instantly there was extended the frontier hospitality of the bottle. The bar was crowded and the rear part of it was cluttered up with roulette wheels, faro layouts, craps and poker tables. There were no chips. In some of the games they played with silver dollars, but at the poker tables they were playing with stacks of twenty-dollar gold pieces. The rude interior jingled noisily but pleasantly.

"Well, well," said the naïve Rickard, "the boys never expected anything like this—reporters from the newspapers coming to the camp to write pieces about our fight. Just make yourselves at home around the place. It's a nice camp."

In this setting there did not seem to be much doubt as to the ability of Goldfield to raise the purse for the Gans-Nelson bout, but Goldberg proceeded to make inquiries and Rickard seemed to detect a note of skepticism.

"Oh, yes, the purse," said Rickard. "If you boys will walk up the street with me just about a block I'll show you the purse."

We followed Rickard to the First National Bank of Goldfield, a rough pine building. In the open window there were two pyramids of twenty-dollar gold pieces. The larger one was marked, For Battling Nelson. A much smaller one bore the legend, For Joe Gans.

"You boys can go into the window and count it if you think the papers are not sure," said Rickard. "Or I'll get one of my dealers to come up to the bank and stack it off for you. That would be the quickest way."

"Never mind," put in Goldberg quickly. "I've seen enough. There is a Santa Claus. Take us back to the bar

Tex Rickard Preparing for the Gans-Nelson Fight, in Goldfield, 1906. Mr. Rickard is the Central Sitting Figure, and the Man Pointing is Battling Nelson

so that we can have another drink. The shock of this story being true makes me faint."

I found the telegraph office and an affable operator. "When you get through with your own stuff," he said, "maybe you would like to answer these." He handed me a sheaf of telegrams from all over the United States and Canada. In addition, there were a few from Australia and England. Most of them were addressed to "Any Correspondent, Goldfield, Nevada," and read to this effect:

"Send any information to any reasonable length regarding Gans-Nelson bout your city."

To a young and industrious newspaperman this was an invitation to be accepted eagerly. I was permitted to accept so long as I did not duplicate to any San Francisco newspaper. I sat down at a typewriter and proceeded to send the first story from Goldfield.

Looking back at this, I now realize with some sorrow that, all unwittingly and in the enthusiasm of my youth, I became the first ballyhoo man for the industry—something I have since treated with levity and disrespect. But it was a good story, and the world was pleading for it quite as eagerly as the world is pleading for all of the preliminary and harrowing details of Tex Rickard's next "Battle of the Century."

Putting Goldfield on the Map

GOLDBERG arrived at the telegraph office and proceeded to draw his first series of cartoons. There were bits depicting the lavish extravagance of the new El Dorado. "This," said the farsighted Goldberg, "will prepare the business manager for our expense account. In the meantime, with one dollar on Number 27 at the roulette wheel, I have won the price of dinner. I have a hunch that we shall like this place and have been wondering how long it has been going on."

I was busy sounding the first ballyhoo for the new era in prize fighting until the music of the dance halls died down and the coyotes on the edge of the camp began to sound off. Then Tex Rickard came in and told tales of packing over the Chilkoot Pass, or the Northern, his other bar up in the Arctic Circle; of the wealth in the tundra, the wealth under the sagebrush of Nevada; of death and gambling, until it seemed that the shade of Bret Harte inspired him and that all Rickard's past and his new setting were figments of pure romance.

So much for the glamorous part of it—the legend about the naïve and wealthy miners starting out to have their own personal championship prize fight. I got what I think was the truth after a few days of listening in at the Northern and all around the camp.

There was one fairly good mine at Goldfield, the Mohawk, and they were taking a fair amount of high-grade ore out of it. But all around were acres of sagebrush which promoters from all over the Pacific Coast were anxious to sell as prospective bonanzas. The brains of the camp were in the head of a former newspaperman, promoter and adventurer, who, in accordance with the advice of the well known Mr. Greeley, had left the East and sought his fortune in the West.

Reno, Nevada, July 4, 1910, Just Before the Jeffries-Johnson Fight. At Right—Battling Nelson's Training Camp at Goldfield, September, 1906

At a meeting of prominent citizens the question of ways and means of getting Goldfield on the map was taken up. The camp intellectual said: "Get the Gans-Nelson fight, no matter what it costs; and the minute you sign the men the name of Goldfield will be in every newspaper in the United States and a good many in Europe."

The committee accepted the suggestion and appointed Tex Rickard, senior partner of the firm of Tex Rickard, Ole Elliot and Kid Highley, owners of the Northern, to represent the citizens of Goldfield, with full power to act. It was represented to them that Rickard once had seen a prize fight somewhere, but no steps were taken to verify this. It was immaterial. He kept the biggest saloon; therefore he qualified as the camp's most prominent sporting man.

Recalling this brings a reminiscent smile in view of what happened when Rickard was promoting his first fight in New York—the bout between Jess Willard and Frank Moran. He complained bitterly to me: "They want me to have the articles signed in Considine's saloon because that has been the way they do business. But I'm not going to have articles signed in any saloon. I am going to have nice people at my fights, and it keeps nice people away when they hear about the fighters doing business in saloons."

So Rickard hired the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Claridge for the formal signing of the articles. He was saddened when it was insisted that a New York wine agent be permitted to dispense some of his wares during the ceremony. He felt that it marred the solemnity and dignity of the occasion and almost gave the impression of levity to what he considered a most serious matter. And Rickard was right. He had discovered that the promotion of prize fighting was a business and a very big business. But all this is getting me a little ahead of my story.

A Preliminary Bout Unfought

GOLDBERG and I decided to do the San Francisco Bulletin proud, as it were. We hired a headquarters which consisted of a table and two chairs in an alcove of the Arcade, a shed in the business section, and across the street we stretched a banner which bore the device—strange to Goldfield—San Francisco Bulletin Headquarters. Goldberg had painted it in his best lettering.

In the Arcade were alcoves containing six sets of mining promoters, a few attorneys, some notaries public, four roulette wheels, a faro layout and one soda-water fountain, where a very pretty girl dispensed soft drinks and very palatable gin fizzes. Through the goodness of her heart she officiated as office girl for Goldberg and myself when we were gathering news. She made very good fizzes, and only once referred to the circumstance of her pa having been knocked off by a low-down skunk at Rawhide whom some day she hoped to make eat lead. To us she was a M'liss of the desert.

M'liss saved the dignity of the Bulletin office at Goldfield under very trying circumstances. Battling Nelson arrived in camp. He noted the sign across the street and entered the office for no good purpose. It seems that in describing a banquet given by Nelson at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco some time previous I had referred to the difficulty experienced by Nelson in keeping an adequate number of peas on his knife in transit to his mouth. Nelson felt that the story was in bad taste. It was, but this could not be admitted without unbending the dignity of the sporting press.

Nelson proceeded to voice his indignation, and Goldberg and I, with a sample of Mohawk ore in each hand, were preparing to sell our chins as dearly as possible, when M'liss flew at Nelson and his manager and demanded to know what in hell they meant by being so mussy in front of a lady. She cleared the office and the atmosphere. This not being a romance of the last frontier but a matter-of-fact

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WHEN TUTT MEETS TUTT

When Tutt meets Tutt,
Then comes the tug of law.

Tutt Arose Dramatically. "Then All is Over Between Us?" Mr. Tutt Bowed. "The Firm of Tutt & Tutt is Hereby Dissolved," He Said

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"MR. TUTT," said Tutt, hopping across the threshold of his partner's office after the triumphant fashion of a robin which has just excavated an oversized worm—"Mr. Tutt, pardon me for interrupting you, but I've just been retained in the biggest will case of the century. It will make us famous. Not that we aren't already, of course, but more so—if possible. Our fee ought to be half a million if it's a cent." He paused impressively and played a tattoo on his fat little abdomen with the fingers of both hands.

Mr. Tutt raised his eyes from the hodgepodge of books, briefs and papers behind which he was intrenched. "Bless our legal souls! What is it?"

Tutt the Lesser stopped the drumming on his tummy and came a step nearer. "You remember old Commodore Lithgow?"

"Sure I remember him! Who wouldn't?" Mr. Tutt leaned back in his swivel chair and swung his feet upon the desk, upsetting in the process a pile of volumes of Cyc which exploded upon the floor beside him.

"You may also recall that he committed suicide by drowning himself. Well, he was worth four million dollars, and he left every cent of it to charity—except one hundred thousand dollars to each of his ten nieces and nephews. Everybody knows that he was crazy as a coot. 'Member how he used to dress?"

"I should say I do!"

Tutt pulled forward a chair, took a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and lighted it. "I can see him now," he remarked. "Big, fat, red-faced chap—must 'a' weighed a couple hundred pounds. Wore a blue jacket with brass buttons and white duck trousers all the year round. And a green velvet waistcoat, scarlet tie and a yachting cap with a gold anchor over the visor. Some costume, what? His shirt had cats on it!"

"Had what?" Mr. Tutt wrinkled his eyebrows.

"Cats."

"What kind of cats?"

"All kinds. Tomcats, I guess. How do I know? He was just nuts on cats. Said they were lucky. Had 'em engraved on his watch. Used 'em as a crest—two cats rampant –gules and all that sort of stuff. Two cats gules and the number nine!"

"The cat is an immoral animal, but very clean," mused Mr. Tutt. "I have always thought the cat has never received its due—except among the ancient Egyptians and the Welsh."

"The Welsh?"

"In the days of the Welsh kings a cat was always the warden of the royal barn."

"That explains it!" cried Tutt. "The commodore claimed to be descended from the kings of Wales."

"He didn't claim to be the Prince of Wales, did he?"

"I won't say he didn't. He might have. I'll look into it. He was cracked enough to claim anything. Why, it will be a cinch to break his will!"

"What ground are you going to try and break it on?"

"General incompetency. We can prove easily enough that he had paranoia or senile dementia or some one of those fancy mental diseases. I've got the experts working on it already. We've got the finest lot of delusions you ever saw. Why, that old guy, who had an income of at least a dollar a minute, had an idea that he was as poor as Job's turkey! That's a well-recognized symptom. It's in all the books. Besides, he had delusions of persecution—thought his nieces and nephews would try to murder him for his money. Fancy that! He made his butler taste everything before he ate it. He was the cook's husband."

"Who was—the commodore?"

"No, no!" retorted Tutt testily. "The butler, of course!"

"Then I think it was a mighty good idea!" asserted Mr. Tutt. "If the husbands of all our cooks had to eat what their wives cook it would do more for digestion ——"

Tutt smiled wanly. "If you insist on joking —— Then there was the billy-goat delusion. The butler says the commodore used to stick a bunch of false whiskers on his chin, poke his head through the portières of the dining room and bleat like a goat. Don't want much better evidence than that."

"What's it evidence of?"

Tutt looked at Mr. Tutt in some disgust. "Insanity, of course! He thought he was a goat, naturally."

"Why should he naturally think he was a goat? And if it was natural for him to think so, why is it an evidence of insanity?"

Tutt looked pained. "Ring off! You're just trying to mix me up. I said that he thought he was a goat, naturally, meaning that if he stuck his head through the curtains and bleated like a goat, it was only natural to conclude that he thought he was one—for us to think he thought so, understand?"

Mr. Tutt nodded. "I guess so," he conceded. "What other evidence of insanity have you got?"

"Pretty near anything you want. You know yourself how peculiar he was. Wouldn't eat meat, wouldn't have a telephone in his house, wouldn't ride in an automobile, called himself commodore and dressed like a yachtsman, when he had no yacht and was no more a commodore than I am. And then he was a misog—what do you call it?"

"Misogynist?"

"That's it! That's what he was a misogynist—of the most extreme type."

"How did he show that?"

"Look at the way he treated his nieces!"

"Perhaps he didn't like them."

"Sure he liked them."

"Then why didn't he leave them more money?"

"Because, as I tell you, he was a monogonist or whatever it is."

Mr. Tutt sighed. He stretched his long arms toward the bust of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney in the corner. "Misog-y-nist!" he corrected his partner wearily. "You're arguing in a circle, Tutt. *In sæcula sæculorum.*"

"And what's the meaning of that?" asked Tutt with hauteur.

"It's Latin for chasing yourself round forever and ever."

"And then," concluded Tutt, "he had a delusion that a rabbit attended to his affairs—a sort of familiar spirit, you know. If he drove home, as he sometimes did, in a cab, he'd just step out and wave his hand and say, 'The rabbit will pay you,' and go right into the house."

"Did he now?" mused Mr. Tutt. "That was certainly most peculiar. Did the rabbit figure in any other episodes?"

"Oh, hundreds!" answered Tutt. "Too numerous to mention. I've got a pile of affidavits about that rabbit as high as your hat. And then there was the delusion about the overshoe. That's the most important of all."

"And what was the delusion about the overshoe?" inquired Mr. Tutt, fumbling for another stogy. "Your story interests me strangely."

Tutt could not help laughing. "The old nut had some crazy notion that his overshoes were precious and so he kept 'em in a box in the safe-deposit vault of the trust company."

"That certainly was peculiar!" agreed Mr. Tutt. "But even if he did do all these things and had all these ideas you tell about, it doesn't follow, does it, that he couldn't make a will? There used to be an old professor I knew when I was a boy who thought he had glass legs. He was scared to death for fear they would break—refused to go out of the house most of the time. But that didn't prevent his teaching calculus and trigonometry. Now I knew old Commodore Lithgow as well as you did. Fact is I probably knew him a great deal better, because he used to play poker occasionally with us up at the Colophon Club. He was peculiar—yes. But, my Lord, Tutt, how he could play poker! I'd like to have some of the money he's taken out of me with his gol-dinged busted flushes and bobtailed straights."

"A crazy man always wins at poker," commented Tutt.

"Does he now?" responded Mr. Tutt. "I suppose you'll advance that as evidence of the commodore's insanity and lack of capacity to make a will."

"Why not?" asked Tutt. "For instance, suppose that with only fifteen bones in the pot and after three one-card draws, the man on the dealer's right raises ten and then stands pat."

"I'd call it pretty good poker," declared his partner—"if he got away with it."

"Well, I'd call it hopelessly irrational. And that's what Lithgow used to do, with nothing in his hand but a miscellaneous collection of treys and deuces, or a red and a black eight."

"I always play a red and black eight," interjected Mr. Tutt excitedly.

"Come to think of it, Lithgow used to play nines. He said nine was a sacred number. He didn't know why exactly, but a Tantric seer told him once that it had rhythm—whatever that might be. He said a nine was the same any way you looked at it, coming or going—a perfect cube, three times three, the square of three, and was like a six upside down—and it was the number of lives a cat had."

"What has all this got to do with anything?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"I was telling you why I thought the commodore was a nut and what a cinch it would be to break his will."

"But what kind of insanity are you going to try to prove on him? You've got to give a name to it so that the jury will know that he was different from their own aunts and uncles. If nobody who liked cats or ever played a hunch was allowed to make a will, the probate office would have to go out of business."

Tutt tossed his cigar butt into the grate. "I don't see why you should try to crab my case like this!" he declared indignantly. "Here's the biggest windfall that ever has come our way—just like finding a million dollars or so—and you try to give me cold feet. I've got a contract with all the heirs and next of kin to the effect that I'm to have half of all I can get either by busting the will or by compromise. Half! What do you think of that?"

"I think it's scandalous!" replied his elder partner.

"I think it's pretty good too," said Tutt, rubbing his hands. "We'll make a fortune out of it. Those charities will never fight. They'll be glad enough to split with the heirs to avoid a contest. Now even if the estate should pan out to be worth only three million, and they were willing to settle on a fifty-fifty basis, that would give our side a million and a half, of which we'd get seven hundred and fifty thousand."

"And disbursements."

"Exactly! And disbursements of, say, a hundred and twenty-five thousand." Tutt was hugging himself at the prospect.

"What are the names of these charities that you think are going to let you walk all over them?" demanded Mr. Tutt.

"Oh, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Natural History, the Cat Orphanage ——"

"Eh—what?"

"The Cat Orphanage—Lithgow founded it—and the S. P. C. A. and Columbia University and a lot of other institutions."

"They'll never give you a cent!" asserted Mr. Tutt.

"They won't?" retorted Tutt. "You wait and see!"

"They will not!"

"And what do you know about it?"

Mr. Tutt unslung his legs and rose to his feet. From the latitude of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney on top of the bookcase he gazed down on little Tutt. "Because —— It grieves me to give you pain, Tutt. It really does! But I know quite a lot about it. I already have been retained by the various institutions you mention to defend the will. We can't be on both sides of the case at the same time. I'm sorry, but you'll have to decline that retainer from the heirs."

"And lose half a million dollars? Not on your life!" Tutt raised his arms toward the ceiling as if calling upon high heaven to witness his solemn vow not to desert his clients in their extremity.

"We can't be on opposite sides of the case at the same time," reaffirmed Mr. Tutt. "It's illegal."

"Are you dead sure?"

"Dead sure!"

"Absolutely, Mr. Tutt?"

"Positively, Mr. Tutt!"

Tutt's face fell. "That's bad—very bad!" he groaned. "How can I, at my age, give up all that cash? It's all right for you, an old bachelor with more money than you know what to do with already. It's different with me. I'm married. Wives are expensive. She's badgering me all the time for money. She's always wanting a bigger and better flat, or a new range, or to go on a cruise to the West Indies, or run out to Yellowstone Park. And now—the latest thing—she wants to start a chicken ranch of rose-combed white Leghorns."

"Then you will need money!"

"Does nothing but study poultry catalogues all day long. She clucks in her sleep. 'Give your hens our new artificial eggplant and watch 'em lay!' You know the bunk."

"You have my sympathy," said his partner. "All the same, you'll have to notify your clients that you can't represent 'em."

"What would your ward pay us?"

"The regular fee, I suppose, for probating a will and defending it if it is attacked—three or four thousand, I suppose."

Tutt made a wry face. "A few miserly thousand when we might pull down a cool million! It's pitiful—and I won't do it!"

"Won't do it?"

"No, I won't do it! I won't be flimflammed out of a fortune just because those institutions retained you first. Why put the bug on me? You can throw your clients over just as well as I can mine. Tell them to go to hell!"

"I can't!" mourned Mr. Tutt.

Tutt was stalking up and down the room trailing a thin cord of smoke behind him. Mr. Tutt could see that the fuse was burning fast.

The expected explosion came.

"Damn!" shouted Tutt. "I won't be gypped this way! I will not! Listen here, Mr. Tutt. Much as I should hate to do it, if you won't dump those clients of yours, I'll resign! Yes, sir, I'll resign!"

He struck an attitude.

Mr. Tutt struck another. "Why, Tutt! You mean you'd break up the old firm?"

"I will! It would be all right, perfectly ethical, for us to be on opposite sides so long as we weren't partners. All right, let's quit being partners!"

"After thirty years! That is the most unkindest cut of all," sighed Mr. Tutt.

"It seems a shame, I admit," agreed his little partner. "But, after all, we're not practicing law for the fun of it. You can't expect me to let a million dollars go by without reaching for it. I love and admire you, but money is money. You understand, don't you?"

"Not that you love Ephraim Tutt less, but money more! . . . Yes, I understand. However, you'll never own that money—unless you get it from your clients in advance."

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"To be Truthful, I 'Ave 'Eard 'Im, Sir," He Wheezed, "on More Than One Haccasion. 'E Would Stick 'Is 'Ead Into the Dining Room Through the Portieres, and, if I May Make Use of the Hexpression, Sir, He Would B-a-a-h"

Who Should Go to College?

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

By Albert W. Atwood

THE statement so often made these days that too many boys and girls are going to college is more serious than at first appears. We are inclined either to dismiss all educational questions as highbrow and academic, or else to regard them as strictly personal matters that concern only this or that young person or set of parents. But the question of what portion of the country's youth should go to college, what kind of education they should have, and how these facilities are to be provided, is one of the pressing economic issues of the day. Those who wonder at the full tide of adolescence sweeping down upon the colleges do not always realize how inseparable and integral a part the movement is of the whole system or process of public education, a process which costs more than any other governmental function.

Therefore the assault of youth upon the citadels of higher education is very distinctly a practical business rather than an academic or merely individual affair. Together, the American high school and college form an experiment unprecedented in human experience in sheer educational spread and the artificial prolongation of youth. It is costly beyond any other outlay of public funds, except for actual war, and as the public pays the bill it clearly has the right to raise the blunt question: Are too many boys and girls being given a higher education?

Education on a Production Basis

A TENTATIVE answer of yes would seem to lie in the very nature of our educational system, based as it is on the widest and shallowest possible definition of democracy. The basic idea in American education seems to be to heat the whole outdoors. One of Harvard's great teachers, Barrett Wendell, once suggested that the degree of Bachelor of Arts be conferred upon every American child at birth, and that special certificates be granted for any work that might be done later on.

We can argue about it any way we like, but the fact remains that our schools and even colleges are set up for the average rather than for the gifted. The theory is to put everyone on a common platform and raise them together.

But the pace cannot exceed the average; the poorer minds must be carried along, even if the brighter suffer. Whatever democratic advantages there may be in this system in breaking up caste and social distinctions, such a leveling influence and such identity of training cannot fail to produce evils of their own. Such numbers are involved that the product bears the inevitable mark of quantity production and of mediocrity. So many millions cannot be jammed through high school and such great numbers through college without leaving the impress of a cut-and-dried, steam-roller quality.

The whole institution, high school and college, speaking broadly, is relatively easy to do, and is set up for the average mind. So many do it without possessing any pronounced or even real intellectual ability, and yet are rated by the system as having the college label, that actual distinction evaporates. You cannot keep adding water to one soup bone without diluting the soup. As the superintendent of public instruction in one state has said:

"Fifty years ago we carried only the brighter pupils through school. Survival until the end of high school was evidence not only of attainment but also of native intelligence and wit. Today our school population includes every child above the intelligence rating of morons and many who are morons; the finished product must be judged in the light of the raw material."

With our school and college task what it is—namely, to educate from five to ten times as many of the age group as in European countries—it is inevitable that many an ideal should exhaust itself in mere brick and mortar, in material equipment. Too often the shadow is mistaken for the substance, a surface result only is produced and rewards are conferred without being earned. In education as elsewhere we have gone in heavily for quantity production, but not to such an extent for quality.

But evidence that too many are going to college does not rest upon any such mere general statements as these. It is found in the structural overloading so prevalent, in the elephantiasis that is becoming all too common in the greater institutions. Judged merely on the basis of the physical and material, of laboratories and classrooms and dormitories, the colleges are plainly suffering from a severe case of overstrain. Year after year the endowed institutions carry on frantic campaigns to gather funds, and discuss constantly the raising of their tuition fees. The educational air is rent with plans and discussions, not always amicable, of the best ways to limit numbers. In states with public universities the annual budget of the state university is often the chief topic of debate in the legislature.

The Professors' Radio Audience

THE general theory is that the state university should accept all comers who have completed a certain number of credits in the high schools of the state. But in a recent report of the Joint Legislative Commission on Economy and Taxation of the General Assembly of Ohio, the significant recommendation is made that the university should require examinations from all applicants in the lower third scholastically of their high-school classes, and a "redefinition of the state's responsibility for furnishing higher education" is suggested.

When a university is confronted by several thousand freshmen, the best it can do as a rule is to have professors lecture to enormous groups—in some cases a thousand or more—and then divide the pupils into small working groups under inexperienced young teachers caught in the byways and hedges. The process in the more popular courses becomes devitalized, impersonal and aloof, from the very necessity of the case. There may be a chance to meet the prominent professors in Sanskrit and higher mathematics, but the great bulk of the students want history, economics and English. Instruction under such conditions is too suggestive of the radio. As the Association of University Professors says, and it ought to know, if there is knowledge anywhere:

"When a university numbers its students by the thousands and the tens of thousands, when it admits almost

anybody and teaches almost anything, when its classrooms are manned, as is inevitable, by inferior teachers, whenever endowment or appropriation must be sought in a vain effort to keep pace with its numerical growth, when each tries to outstrip its rivals in the externals and trappings of education, then the very character of the university is bound to change for the worse."

But there is even more definite evidence that too many are going to college in the enormous numbers who are eliminated or dropped out or flunked from these institutions, in addition to those who apply in vain for entrance. Here is one of the most expensive, wasteful, painful and disgraceful customs of American life. It is very difficult to say just what percentage of all college students are flunked out, and what percentage leave of their own accord and why. The colleges are far too busy to know what becomes of those who drop out. We do know, however, that the proportion who finish, who graduate and who actually receive degrees is quite small.

We know that not more than one-third of the students admitted to engineering colleges graduate in four years and not over two-fifths ever graduate. The dean of one engineering school puts it this way: "If an instructor on the first day of the term looks at the fellow to his right, he will not be there next fall, and if he looks at the first man on his left, he will not be there at commencement."

The state universities, practically compelled by law to take all applicants, ease their problem by letting out up to half the freshman class at the end of the year. At one of the largest of these institutions I was told that about 30 per cent of the freshmen are dropped and about 60 per cent of the men who enter never receive a degree. The state universities are choked in the first two years—especially the first—but somewhat relieved later by the bloodletting.

The Process of Elimination

ON THE average, the state universities probably carry through to graduation less than half the entering class. Privately endowed institutions vary in this respect. A few have a low percentage of wastage; others run as high, it is said, as the state universities. The English universities, on the other hand, have a mortality of less than 15 per cent, running from 4 per cent to 16 per cent. This elimination may be defended as a process of progressive selection. But it is far too ruthless and expensive a method. It is true, of course, that not all who drop out are flunked. There are always those who merely sample college. In the case of the great municipal and state coeducational institutions many girls leave to marry. There are men who drop out because of change in vocational objectives or family finances.

But by far the chief cause of elimination has to do in one way or another with the failure of the individual student to fit in with, meet and profit by the intellectual requirements of the institution he is attending. The wastage is primarily intellectual, and secondarily moral, in the sense that the word covers such matters as morale and adjustment in the life of the individual.

Wherever the ultimate fault may lie, this flunking or dropping-out type of college education which is becoming so common these days lowers the tone of the institution itself and hurts the morale of the man or woman who is dropped. It means disappointment and disillusion, wasted time and

wasted money. Boys and girls return to broken-hearted mothers, angry fathers and malicious neighbors.

It is one of the strangest examples we have of the maladjustment of human energies, this disgracing and disheartening of hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, not to mention their families. It will certainly be looked back upon in the future with shame. Whatever the cause, the symptom shows that the educational machinery is laboring under a great strain.

It may well be that the colleges are trying to do the impossible. The mere physical development of our secondary and higher educational systems, the mere numbers of high schools, colleges and universities, together with the impressive figures of attendance, have served to mislead us by concealing the simple fact that there is no education except self-education. We have an elaborate structure for the sole purpose of making human gold out of human iron, for educating those who not only cannot but will not be educated.

The sheer size and intricacy of the edifice have temporarily fooled us into thinking that there is some way of adding onto a person that which he inherently and constitutionally lacks. When an interesting presentation of subject matter and the personality of the teacher have done their utmost, effort must still be made by the pupil. The most ideally perfect university ever conceived cannot guarantee an education; it can only afford the opportunity.

Education cannot be given or handed down; one has to dig it up, root, hog, or die. The colleges are filled with stories which illustrate the situation. We might as well take one as another. There was the boy who was asked to sign the honor pledge: "I have neither received nor given any aid in this examination." He wrote: "I have received no aid in this examination, and God knows I couldn't give any." To speak very inelegantly, pork sausage was never made out of yellow dog. Or, in the language of an experienced business man who has employed many graduates, a college can act only in the rôle of a chemical developer of an exposed film, bringing out what is there and no more.

High authority maintains that from 10 per cent to 40 per cent of college students are not fitted to be leaders, a statement which employers might regard as excessively conservative. Many are "accredited by sloth or fear or favor." Many go to college to avoid work rather than to prepare for it. There are those in search of social and athletic prestige or business connections. Others have no purpose or resolution whatever and merely linger on because they have nothing else in mind.

The Student and the Curriculum

PRESIDENT COFFMAN of the University of Minnesota gives as the cause of elimination sheer lack of intellectual ability, the absence of certain necessary moral and character qualities, failure to know what it means to work and how to work, and the lack of definite objectives.

The Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education gives first in the list of primary causes of "our high eliminations," the failure of parents to inculcate proper study habits in the home, through adequate discipline and close supervision of the early mental growth of the child.

"Everyone is talking about the details of curriculums and the methods and objectives of education," says President Campbell of the University of California, "but perfect curriculums will not guarantee educated men and women, and those who devote themselves energetically and intelligently to the pursuit of a curriculum which is only mediocre in quality will be successful in the quest for an education.

"Favorable environment and a perfect curriculum provide only the opportunities for good results. The degree of success attained by a student depends very largely on the extent to which he himself has done the work, though guidance of a learned and sympathetic professor is a heroic time saver for all students and necessary for 95 per cent."

It has been well said that education is a strictly personal matter, a solitary affair between the individual's mind and himself, rather than a matter of years, terms, hours, courses, credits and the like. Unfortunately the colleges are swamped by an army of youth that is not there for what the college is primarily prepared and intended to give—namely, an education in the intellectual sense of that word. It is true that the strictly academic standards have been raised in numbers of colleges in recent years, but this has been more than offset by the increasing swarm of those who attend for entirely different reasons.

The United States Bureau of Education even goes so far in its last biennial survey

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A SAGA OF THE SWORD

THE LION OF THE NORTH

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

At the Evening Halts in Village or Picturesque Walled Town, He Had Sat Laughing and Drinking With His Companions

ARRIVED only the previous day, September 14, 1631, the army of Gustavus Adolphus had made its camp at Düben a rapidly produced model of field quarters, already fortified with surrounding ditch and parapet and outlung ravelins armed with cannon, its long lines of hutments ranged in a mathematical precision and so ordered that at a sudden alarm every soldier, issuing from his shelter, found himself not only with his own comrades but ready for instant disciplined action. In the autumnal afternoon sunshine, with the thirty thousand iron-helmeted, buff-jerkined, baggy-breeched Swedes, Scots and Germans was mingled a swarm of Saxon peasants who, excluded during the absence of the troops in the morning, now overfilled the allotted market place near the centrally parked artillery and offered their produce along the streets between the huts.

It was a camp spectacle peculiar to this army. At the approach of those other armies which already for thirteen years had devastated Germany, the peasants seized scythe and snaphance fowling piece and drove their womenfolk and livestock to the woods. If they could catch a straggler or two of the soldiers it was some satisfaction to bind them to a balk of timber and saw through wood and man together. If those soldiers caught them they might expect to be roasted in the oven, have their fingertips crushed or their head corded, have a horse hair worked up and down through the tongue, or a goat set to lick the soles of feet first flayed and then smeared with rock salt. Surely they would scream where their last coin was hidden, before they were shot or stabbed and the thatch fired over them. Wherever the hosts of General Tilly and General Wallenstein had marched in the service of their imperial master, was left only a smoking horror. Where the army of Gustavus Adolphus encamped was a happy security, with a sternly enforced death penalty for the soldier who so much as stole an egg. Small wonder was it that Germany was welcoming as a savior that erst scornfully derided Snow King who a year earlier had come from Sweden with a tiny army to turn the tide of the dreadful struggle yet to continue until it became the Thirty Years' War.

Axel Bjelke, musketeer in young Count Oxenstierna's regiment of foot, sat outside his improvised hut and carefully cleaned his heavy wheel-lock weapon. With him, similarly occupied, sat Olaf Björnson, snub-nosed and wide-mouthed, the wag of the file of which Bjelke was third man, and Carl Lyngstram, face-scarred and stolidly serious, a veteran from the beginning of the war and their file leader, receiving five rix-dollars a month as against their three and a half. In the next hut were the three other musketeers who made up the file of six men. Throughout the camp, each complete file was thus lodged in two huts side by side—those of the line of pikemen facing one way, those of the musketeers facing the other, for unmingled sudden exit—but Lyngstram, being a married man, had the privilege of a separate little shelter contiguous to theirs. His wife Ulrika, youthful, honest-eyed and pretty in a peasant comeliness, stood now bargaining with a countrywoman for a still convulsive fowl. Universal at that date was the presence of women in armies on campaign—their justification, from the military viewpoint, being that they mended their men's clothes and provided almost the only nursing service for the sick and wounded—but, uniquely, in the Swedish Army every woman had, in fact, to be legally married to a soldier and, moreover, had to be of exemplary character. In matters of piety and morality Gustavus Adolphus was uncompromisingly strict and his provosts efficient.

Carl Lyngstram, Axel Bjelke and Olaf Bjornson, however, were three good soldiers to whom provosts were no terror, and they sat in pleasant content with life as they cleaned their muskets. There had been flattering words of commendation that morning at the great parade of the entire Swedish Army—twenty thousand infantry, seventy-five hundred horsemen and some sixty light four-pounder iron guns—which had been jointly inspected by their king and his new ally, the Elector of Saxony. Previously, the King of Sweden had similarly inspected the Saxon Army, just arrived in the vicinity. The long and disastrous hesitations of that strategically central prince had at last been brought to an end by the invasion of his dominions by the imperialists. Now the two monarchs and their generals were in fateful council of war in the Swedish king's tent. The three men critically discussed this new accession to the cause as vigorously they plied their scouring rods.

"Fine feathers have those Saxon kerls," remarked Lyngstram grimly. "Let us hope they are fine birds."

"Tilly's men are fine enough in gold and silver with their plunder hung all over them," laughed Olaf Björnson. "But they fight pretty well for all that."

"Ay," agreed Lyngstram. "They've been long at the trade. They wheel and countermarch like one man, and they fight like the devils they are. Old Tilly knows his business too. A bad quarter of an hour did the old sinner give us when he attacked our leaguer at Werben."

Axel Bjelke looked up from adjusting another piece of oiled rag to his wooden scouring rod. He was scarcely more than a lad, recruited six months previously under the conscription which took one man in ten of the scanty Swedish population, and had joined the army since the last fight. He spoke somewhat nervously in the presence of this veteran experience, his fair-skinned face flushing up to his blue eyes.

"Yet—so some of the cuirassiers were saying last night, comrade Lyngstram—a mighty good thing is it that the

emperor last year put away General Wallenstein and raised Tilly to be the only general over his armies. They said the Czech was the properest man of war that ever was seen, and never yet defeated in pitched battle."

Olaf Björnson laughed, his mouth wide under his snub nose. "That greedy wolf has never yet met our king that's why," he said. "Is it not so, comrade Lyngstram? Could our king beat Wallenstein, thinkst thou?"

The file leader scrutinized the spotless white rag with which he had tested the cleanliness of his barrel.

"No general is there that our king—may God preserve him!—cannot beat," he answered seriously. "Yet is the lad right. A craftier general than old butcher Tilly is Wallenstein, and ere this war is finished surely will the emperor call him back to lead his armies against us. But that will not be until our king has settled the score for Magdeburg with Tilly. And a tough push of pike will it be when we pay it."

Axel Bjelke glanced at him quickly. "Thinkst thou that will be soon, comrade Lyngstram?" he asked.

Lyngstram carefully replaced his white rag in his pocket, took up the sword lying by him and drew it from its scabbard preparatory to cleaning it.

"Within this week," he replied coolly, "if I read the signs aright." Like all veteran soldiers, he had become almost uncannily shrewd at divining the moves in a campaign long before the orders were issued. "Tilly's men are in Leipsic and the Elector will prevail upon the king to go forth against them—though but little persuasion doth His Majesty need for fighting, if so be he may fight with advantage. Thou mayst prepare to march tomorrow, youngster, for thy first battle."

The boy colored and his hands trembled suddenly as they held the heavy musket. He said nothing. His heart seemed unexpectedly gripped in a constriction that prevented its beat. Within a week! He kept his head down so that the others should not see his face. Sickening, making him feel ill, was the pang of apprehension that went through him. How would he behave in that never yet experienced awfulness of battle, that heart-searching, long-continued ordeal of extreme and unescapable personal danger? On the long march from Stralsund with the draft of new recruits and veterans recovered from their wounds, he had refused to imagine that ultimate fierce testing of himself, had driven it out of his consciousness as, at the evening halts in village or picturesque walled town, he had sat laughing and drinking with his companions. Yet had a morbid curiosity compelled him to draw near to the old soldiers, to listen to their callous tales of bloodshed, of hairbreadth escapes from death, of savage assault and desperate defense, of mercilessly refused quarter when resistance was beaten down.

Those stories were suddenly vivid to him, demoralizing in their cynical dreadfulness. If only he could be sure that he would not prove a coward, forever disgraced, perhaps court-martialed and shot! In that sternly disciplined Swedish Army death was the inexorable penalty for the soldier who ran away, and when a regiment broke it was ruthlessly decimated—one soldier in every ten chosen by lot for execution by the firing squad. True, those penalties were very rarely needed—to Axel it seemed that every soldier save himself in that unconquerable army was born miraculously brave, incapable of fear—but they existed. Very well acquainted was Axel with those grimly explicit articles of war, drafted by the hand of Gustavus Adolphus himself, which every Sunday morning were solemnly read out after divine service. Within a week! He had not imagined that the dread ordeal was so close.

For a moment or two he could not see the great clumsy musket he was cleaning. Then he enforced himself to his task, finished scouring the barrel, unscrewed the lock plate, oiled the spring of the notched wheel within, replaced the plate, adjusted a new piece of iron pyrites in the hammer, and made sure that the vent of the lidded priming pan communicated freely with the breech. He must not forget any of the necessary movements in the excitement of battle—bite off the end of the paper cartridge—of which ten hung on his bandolier, with more in the box at his belt—pour its powder down the barrel and its bullet after it, ram it home with his wooden scouring rod, return the rod, wind up the spring with the spanner, fill the priming pan from the flask of fine corned powder, take aim with the butt firmly against his right shoulder, pull the trigger which released the spring and made the notched wheel rasp against the iron pyrites in the hammer, sending a shower of sparks into the priming pan and exploding the charge.

Over and over again every detail of that long procedure had been explained to the squad by the drill sergeant in Sweden. Then they had performed each motion at a specific order for it; but in battle he knew there would be only three orders: Make ready!—Present!—Give fire! If only he could keep cool and clear-headed when the time came! If only he could be brave!

Ulrika had bargained overclosely with the peasant woman and had had to follow her some little distance to renew negotiations. Now she had completed her purchase, returned toward them, her comely face smiling as she held up the dangling fowl for them to see. At that moment a German trooper—one of those many who, in various capitulations, had transferred from the enemy's service—came lurchingly along the street between the huts. Manifestly, he was drunk—no uncommon sight in those rough-mannered days when even in the Swedish articles of war it was necessary to provide that a chaplain found drunk at such time as he should read prayers should at the second offense be "gravely advised to forsake his sinne"—to adopt the orthography of the contemporary translator. Only on guard or having come by assault into the enemy's leaguer or town was it an offense for the provost to deal with. This swaggering *Reiter*, his brutish face flushed under an iron helmet slightly awry, his body armor splashed with the wine he had been tossing off at the sutler's tent, was in no mood to care for provosts or the king himself. He suddenly perceived the fowl Ulrika was holding up in triumph. Instantly he snatched it from her.

"Oh, ho!" he cried. "A fine fat bird! It comes well for my supper!" He glanced at Ulrika. "And a pretty wench too!" With the words his other arm was round her waist. "Come, *Mädel*, give me a kiss!"

Ulrika screamed. With an angry cry Carl Lyngstram dropped the sword he was cleaning, sprang up, leaped at the man, flung him violently from her, retrieved the precious fowl. The *Reiter* vociferated a blasphemous oath—thereby at once bringing himself under the jurisdiction of the provost, had one been near—and whipped out his great cavalry sword and ran at Lyngstram. Axel Bjelke had also looked up at Ulrika's scream—she had been like a sister to him in the little close-knit comity of the file, had made many things easy to him in his first clumsy novitiate—and had also instinctively jumped to his feet, his musket still in his hand. Now, at that imminent danger to his file leader, his muscles seemed to work of themselves. He dashed forward, clubbed his musket, dealt a smashing blow with the butt at the *Reiter's* helmeted head. The trooper went sprawling on the earth.

The next moment there was a stern angry voice that seemed to turn him, and those about him, to stone.

"Hold! What is this? Brawling in camp! Provosts, ho!"

While yet he stood bewildered, men ran up, seized him with brutally harsh grip. He found himself staring at his king, who, accompanied by a magnificently armored dignitary whom he recognized as the Elector of Saxony, had but just come round the corner from the next camp street. Tall and somewhat bulky for his thirty-six years, formidably large-nosed, his blue eyes and fair curling mustache and pointed beard suggestive of his Viking ancestry, the man who by his cautious methodical strategy had already delivered North Germany from the invader was plainly in one of his

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Their Battalia Was Passing Through the Village Street. No Inhabitants Were Visible

FROM THE INSIDE

The Business of Motion Pictures—By Carl Laemmle

A Scene From "The Big Parade"

A Scene From "The Covered Wagon"

THERE was a time when an American producer never took the foreign situation seriously. He made his pictures for American consumption. If some distant buyer from another land tendered him a nominal price for the foreign rights, the offer was snapped up. Foreign rights were simply considered a by-product of the made-in-America films. As a result, the producer, playing up chiefly to the domestic scene, would lavish his attention upon subjects familiar to Americans. No wonder, when these same films made their appearance in other countries, they gave their inhabitants just grounds for criticism. In a similar way, before we snatched the honors from the foreign competitors, the overseas pictures appeared objectionable and incomprehensible to our home audiences.

The time was slowly approaching when one could not make pictures to be identified as American pictures or British pictures or any other country's pictures, but films with a definite appeal to all races and creeds. In other words, we had been giving hundreds of millions of people of widely diversified nationalities, conditions, beliefs and customs, a product made for one country alone. You can do this with sewing machines, automobiles or farming implements, but you cannot do it with certain other products.

Atmosphere

YOU can't take an average American newspaper or magazine, for instance, and merely by translating it into another tongue popularize it in a foreign country. It contains too much material of purely local interest and too much not so easily understood by foreign minds, because of wide variations in customs, tastes and other attributes, for it to be comprehensible. Furthermore, their own ideas of news differ from ours. To a lesser degree, the same situation is true of motion pictures. This will be brought home to anyone seeing the average foreign picture, which is undeniably of the country in which it is made.

The reason for the great vogue American pictures now have throughout the world is that our pictures are better all around and do not rub it in when it comes to American atmosphere and customs. We are careful not to insult the intelligence of our foreign audiences with crudely synthetic atmosphere and modes when dealing with foreign subjects or characters. This, coupled with our advantages in studio technic and general production progress, has made American pictures of recent years approach the international standard.

A Setting for "Foolish Wives" Built at Universal City. In Circle—The Old Kate Adams Used in the Filming of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

But we have not gone far enough. A motion picture, to be universally a 100 per cent production, must not step on a single toe, either in Europe, Australia, Latin America, Africa or the Orient. If we are making a picture to be shown to either Londoners, Parisians, Berliners, or natives of India, China, South Africa, or elsewhere, as well as to Americans, we must strike a common chord and we must not include false characterizations or atmosphere. Various companies are tackling this problem in different ways. Some are making pictures in Europe or elsewhere in order to get the international atmosphere. Some are concentrating on foreign stories or on foreign directors and actors. Universal has given the matter many months of serious study and we have evolved a method which seems to me to be the ideal solution of the situation. We have built up a special staff of experts on international relations—a sort of diplomatic corps, in which many countries of the globe are represented by expert writers, screen technicians or actors, each ably qualified to interpret the manners, the customs and the spirit of his countrymen, and all combining to assure for foreign pictures an accuracy of detail and a general world-wide appeal.

In Foreign Countries

AT THE outbreak of the World War I established a rule that before we finally purchased a scenario we must make doubly sure that its theme would not jar or give offense to any nationality. Then I went after the foreign business with real determination. Europe being engrossed in a strife, I entered the Orient and established branch offices in the principal cities of Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, Straits Settlements and India. From there we journeyed to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Venezuela, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico and Mexico, where we opened offices in the large cities.

After the Armistice of November 11, 1918, we returned to Europe and Australasia and planted our company's standard aloft. Today we maintain ninety-one branch offices in the six continents, excluding the forty-two branches in America and Canada. The same system of distributing films in America prevails in the foreign countries. Since we marched into foreign fields, all our large competitors have followed suit and now keep us company.

In choosing representatives for our foreign offices, I always endeavor to place men in charge who not only have a business training in the selling of films but possess some knowledge of the art, literature and temperament of that country to which they are assigned.

America's Foreign Film Market

THERE have been cases in the past when we were unfortunate enough to pick men for these foreign posts who were only imbued with film conditions in America and attempted to work these methods abroad without concern for the inhabitants' sensibilities. These methods, new and strange to the natives, served no good purpose to either side, but later caused us to select our men with greater care and wisdom.

The best regional market for American films is Europe, according to a survey made by Film Daily. Though no official estimate is available, it seems probable that about 70 per cent of the total revenues derived from the foreign field comes from Europe. In 1913 about 17,000,000 feet of negatives and positives were sent to Europe from the United States, this being 50 per cent of the total exports for that year. Ten years later this had increased to about 35,000,000 feet, with further increases to 60,000,000 feet in 1924 and 86,000,000 in 1925.

It is interesting to add that the proportion of film exports to Europe as against the rest of the world is much smaller now than in 1913; total foreign shipments being 146,000,000 feet in 1923, 178,000,000 feet in 1924, 235,000,000 feet in 1925 and probably about 215,000,000 feet in 1926, as against 32,000,000 feet shipped to Asia, Africa, Australia and South America in 1913.

Of our individual markets in Europe, the United Kingdom, of course, stands first of all the foreign countries France stands second in Europe and fifth of all foreign countries by quantity, though much lower than that in revenue, while Germany occupies third place in Europe and ninth among all foreign countries, with gross revenues to the American industry considerably larger than France.

There was a time in the past when producers, or manufacturers, as they were called, never encroached upon the exhibitor's preserve. The manufacturers were more than content to remain as such. Their product was quickly gobbled up by the renters or exchanges, who in turn hadn't the least trouble in letting it out to the nickelodeons. Each branch was content to remain in its own field until I, often victimized by the exchanges as an exhibitor, entered the distributing business and from there to the actual making of motion pictures. When I combined all three of these activities into one organization, there were many who thought that I was looking for more than was good for me. But there was no other way out. I had either to undertake distributing and producing or else try fortune elsewhere. Of the three film divisions, the trade in general considered exhibition the least important.

Cinderella's Arrival at the Ball, From the Paramount Picture, "A Kiss for Cinderella." In Oval—The Shelby Mansion, Constructed on the Shelby Plantation Set at Universal City for the Film Production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Extras in an Elinor Glyn Story Filmed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company

It is only in recent years that the average movie hall has begun to assume the faintest resemblance to the proud and haughty legitimate theaters. As competition became keener in the industry, there appeared buildings more properly suited to the exhibition of pictures.

A Declaration of Independence

AN EXHIBITOR, successful with one house, would rapidly acquire a second in the same locality—perhaps a third, fourth, and so on. He found that when he had taken possession of a number of houses he commanded respect and attention from the distributors.

In the meantime the large producers, for various reasons, as I have shown, took on the distributing of their own pictures directly to exhibitors.

Slowly the exhibitor, particularly in large towns where he controlled a number of houses, began to assert his independence. No longer could you offer him a batch of film concealed in a box. He demanded to see the pictures before he consented to present them to his patrons. The distributors could not slight him, in view of the fact that his rentals represented a tidy income to their exchanges.

There were many towns where all the theaters were owned by one person or a corporation which grew so powerful that it expanded to adjoining towns. With the fast increase of producer-distributors, the exhibitors who were firmly

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ÆSOP'S FABLE

By DORNFORD YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

WILLIAM RED SPENSER lived by his pen. Neither of his grandfathers would have approved this calling, but theirs were the days of rent rolls and fortunes invested in the funds, and, since old orders change and the devil drives high and low, the son of fifty squires lived by his pen.

Had he cared to live in a city, to write more quickly, to study the public taste, he could have made more than he did; but the Red Spensers had never been townsmen, and the love of the countryside was in his blood. More. He came of a line of landlords that loved their land. An acre of his own, in the midst of which he could live, meant more to Spenser than ten times its worth in shares; and, since in postwar England such a life was beyond his means, he had bought a tiny estate in the foothills of the Pyrenees.

When his freehold had been paid for, his old English furniture installed and a pocket bedchamber made into a decent bathroom, the owner of the old white-walled homestead had found himself poor indeed. Happily, however, he had a market for his work, and before six months were over he was abreast of his outlay and able to pay his way.

And now two years had gone by and William Red Spenser, recluse, was doing well. The old house was in order, the little property flourished, the massive coach house sheltered a serviceable car. The friends who declared that he was wasting his life paid him flying visits and went away less sure. There was a stable peacefulness about Piétat which was not of their world. The place and its pleasant master stuck in their minds, rose up before them like a proverb the comfortable wisdom of which is not to be denied.

Belinda Pomeroy, popularly supposed to get the most out of life, made no bones of her approbation. "Rufus knows how to live. I get more satisfaction out of a day at Piétat than out of Ascot itself. Why? Because I get down to Nature. We're all on the wrong tack—Gadarene swine, if you like, rushing into the sea. But Rufus sees farther. He sits right down in his castle and watches the crowd go by. He lives as men and women were meant to live. But he ought to marry."

"He can't take a wife," said her husband, "out of the Gadarene swine. That would be a *mésalliance*."

"There must be others," said Belinda.

"There are others. But they wouldn't suit Rufus. He buries himself alive, but he doesn't go rough."

This was most true. When Spenser emerged from his kingdom he might have stepped out of his club. Beyond a certain gravity of manner, solitude and simplicity left no mark upon the man. A handsome villa at Biarritz brought the Pomeroys thither twice in the year. When Spenser visited them his clothes were faultless and his address was superb. As he danced at the Casino, nobody would have dreamed that his heart was in a fold of the foothills forty miles off.

"We're not Gadarene swine," said Belinda. "We may be Gadarenes, and I admit that we rush, but we don't rush quite so violently as the—the—as some do."

"True," said her husband, holding his glass to the light. "But even so, can you reclaim a Gadarene? I can't see you dwelling at Piétat, brushing the sheep before breakfast and turning out after dinner to gather the slugs."

"I should love it, Ivan," said Belinda. "Let's go to Biarritz next week."

"What, an' miss Goodwood?"

Mrs. Pomeroy hesitated. The raiment she had chosen for Goodwood was very fine.

"Of course," she said, "I'm afraid I'm in over the knees. Before we married I had begun to rush. And now ——"

Her husband drained his glass, rose to his feet and picked her up in his arms.

"I'm a born Gadarene," he said, "and I married the best of my kind. But for you, I should have been a Gadarene swine. And there you are. Rufus commands our admiration, but then and there we get off. And so, I'm afraid, my beauty, will everyone else. But I shouldn't trouble your head. Rufus is very happy and thinks far too much of my wife to look twice at another girl."

Belinda kissed him. Then she sighed contentedly. "At least," she said, "he's only just twenty-nine. And we can always hope."

She could not know that at that very moment William Red Spenser was trying not to despair. The man was standing in his courtyard, by the side of his well, frowning upon a fine cord, of which twenty inches were wet. Water. Piétat had but one well, and now, before the great drought, its springs were beginning to fail.

When Spenser Had Spoken of Diviners the Spaniard Had Thrown Up His Hands. "I Know of Three, Sir, and I Cannot Recommend One"

Spenser lifted his head and looked at the sky. This was mercilessly blue; where the earth rose up to meet it the outline was blurred, distance was dancing, and the sun swaggered in the heaven, a heavy-handed monarch of all he surveyed.

Spenser looked again at the cord. Less than two feet of water, instead of the normal six. There had always been six—always, no matter how much you drew. And this was July. Once the spring began failing, it would not rise again until the end of the year. If the drought were to end tomorrow, twenty inches of water would have to meet Piétat's needs for the next four months. Well, that would do—well enough. But if the drought did not break, in another month the well would be dry as a bone. And then ——

Spenser thought of his garden, his house, his handful of sheep; of the borders he had created, the turf he had slaved at, the bathroom he had installed. The nearest stream was three miles from where he stood. To have water brought thence would cost a little fortune. As like as not, no one would undertake to bring it so far; such water carts as there were would be serving less distant farms. It was a heartbreaking business.

Sitting in his study that evening, correcting some proofs, the man found his mind straying back to the Spanish well digger's words.

"I cannot deepen this well, sir, for you are down to the rock. If one can go deep enough, one will come to another *couche d'eau*. That is abundant and will never give out. I have found it at Belet, seventeen miles from here. And I will dig a new well whenever you please. But I must be told where to dig."

When Spenser had spoken of diviners the Spaniard had thrown up his hands. "I know of three, sir, and I cannot recommend one. If I knew a good water finder I should never be out of work. But a failure is bad for me too. It is about in a moment—in everyone's mouth. And no wells are dug for a twelvemonth, and I must go into the towns and dig their drains for my bread."

Before he went to his bed Spenser walked in his garden and wondered what he had done. His little home seemed like to be broken up. If the rain did not come Piétat would have to be abandoned for three or four months. The house would have to be shut, the garden let go; the sheep would have to be sold, the servants dismissed. He would have to lodge himself somewhere so that his work might go on. And when December was in he would start again, with a new, unspeakable curse hanging over his head.

There was no blinking the truth; the tenure he had thought so stable was depending upon the grin of a heathenish god. His first summer he had used little water; his second had been curiously wet; and this was his third.

The night was lovely. The perfect sky was sown with a million stars. There was no moon, but Spenser's practiced eye could tell the points of the plot he loved so well—the whispering beechwood and the slope of the pasture beyond, the file of veteran poplars lining the road, the sweet-smelling avenue of limes. The house they kept lay like a slumbering sovereign amid its life guard of oaks; the spire of its single turret attested the fairy tale. The light from the study windows laid two dim paths upon the lawn, and owls were crying and the exquisite scent of jasmine laded the cool night air.

These things were Spenser's fortune—his goose of the golden egg. And tonight he had no pleasure in them. Water. Without water you could not go on.

A month of anxiety dragged by. The drought broke, and for three days the rain came down. Then the sun reascended his throne, like a giant refreshed. By the tenth day of August water was being sold.

Then came a note from Belinda, forty miles off:

LES ÎLES D'OR, BIARRITZ.

Dear Rufus: We are here. Please come over on Tuesday and stay for at least two nights. We have a table for the opening of the Superbe. A thousand Gadarenes will be there, so come and rush down a steep place for once in a way.

Yours,
BELINDA.

The day Spenser left for Biarritz was very fine. There was not a cloud in the sky; what little wind there was sat in the east, and there were six inches of water in Piétat's well.

Miss Lettice Longwood was as bored as she looked. She had been led to believe that the opening night of the Superbe would be worth attending. She would have attended it anyway, but she had been misled. It was exactly the same as any other night anywhere else. The band was colored and played the same tunes. The food was fairly good and worth about a tenth of its price. She had received the same favors in Boston six months before. The floor was far too crowded, and her dress was the best in the

place. When she danced all eyes were upon her; when she passed between the tables conversation died down Everything was exactly the same.

She had been the Longwood girl for nearly five years. For the past three, certainly, she had carried all before her, wherever she went. It had never been very amusing, and now she was very bored. She danced again listlessly. Very soon she would go home, or, perhaps, on somewhere. It was only just three.

The music ended with a crash, and she found herself next to Belinda, whom she had met in town.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Pomeroy. "I thought I had the best dress, but I see I was wrong."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Longwood. "May I come and see you one day?"

"Come to lunch on Friday, will you? Let me introduce Mr. Spenser—Miss Longwood. He's a hermit and a writer of books."

"He doesn't look either," said Miss Longwood. "But that, I believe, is the mode."

As a matter of form, Spenser asked for a dance. The lady inclined her head. "Shall we say the one after next?"

"If you please," said William Red Spenser.

As Belinda resumed her seat: "I've introduced you," she said, "to the Longwood girl. Don't fall in love with her, Rufus, because it's no go."

"I shouldn't think of doing such a thing," said Spenser. "She's undeniably lovely, but—well, I don't think I've ever seen apathy so pronounced."

"A Gadarene," said Ivan. "But she's rushed down so many steep places that now nothing short of a precipice shakes her up."

"That's so much surmise," said Belinda. "I imagine her life's been so easy that now at twenty-three she's got nothing left."

Both these conclusions were right, so far as they went. Lettice Longwood had been born with a golden spoon in her mouth; she would have been happy had she been born beside a hedgerow. Her quality was her eagerness, and this had never been served. The world into which she was brought had always been at her feet. Her strongly desirous nature had never had anything to desire; her instinctive efforts to find the food it needed had exhausted all the resources of Vanity Fair.

Most women disliked her, as was natural; most men liked her very much. It was like or dislike always. You could not be indifferent to the Longwood girl. The indifference was all on her side. She neither liked nor disliked; she did not care. Men fell in love with her beauty, but not with her mind. She never admitted them to that. Few tried to force an entry she had the reputation of being unusually wise. Such as did try were lazily cross-examined and contemptuously dismissed. Occasionally a fool would believe that he had found favor in her eyes; his fall was invariably great. Lettice Longwood was a very hard case

When Spenser came for his dance he entered the field of observation and was curiously observed. People saw a tall well-built man, with the color of health in his face, and hair that every woman would like to possess; a man with a pleasant manner, though something grave, with wide-set, steady gray eyes, a firm but kindly mouth and a resolute chin. They imagined, no doubt, that he was suppressing his pride. As a matter of fact, he was thinking of Piétat.

For a little the two danced in silence. Then: "You're a Red Spenser," said the girl.

The man inclined his head. "How did you know?"

"By your hair," said Miss Longwood. "My grandfather once went to Daybreak, and he used to tell me of the portraits all with the same red-gold hair."

"That's right," said Spenser. "Daybreak has gone now, but I've six of the portraits here."

"Where?"

"At the hermitage, forty miles off."

He told her of the fold in the foothills where he had made his home.

"A miniature Daybreak," said Miss Longwood.

The man colored with pleasure. "That was the childish idea."

"I think it's a very good game. Why do you say was?"

With a heavy heart Spenser related the truth. The Longwood girl heard him out.

As the music stopped: "I can find water," she said. "I have the power."

Spenser could only stare.

"My grandfather wanted water, and he sent for a man. I was twelve or thirteen, and I watched him at work. When he'd done he gave me the rod—as a toy to a child. To his surprise, it turned for me more than for him. For the rest of the summer it was my favorite game—finding water and learning to judge its depth. Then I left the country and I've never been back." The quiet, confident tone compelled belief.

William Red Spenser could hardly control his voice "I hardly dare ask you, but will you be so generous as to lend me your skill? I mean, there may be no water. I know that perfectly well. But if there is ——"

Miss Longwood stifled a yawn. "If you'll call for me at two tomorrow I'll do what I can."

"You're awfully kind," said Spenser. He hesitated. Then: "I'm afraid my car's not very comfortable."

"I expect it holds two," said Miss Longwood. "Good night."

Some twelve hours later the serviceable car came to rest under the shadow of the Piétat oaks.

Miss Longwood alighted stiffly, to be received by a rout of Spaniel puppies, whose affection outran respect. Before Spenser could come to her rescue she had two of them in her arms

"Hermits aren't allowed dogs," she said, "or places like this "

"They'll make you all dirty," said Spenser.

"I don't care at all. May I take them into the house?"

"Of course "

He led the way to the study and told his man to bring tea. To the delight of the puppies, Miss Longwood sat down on the floor. From the arm of a chair Spenser admired his guest.

After a moment she lifted a glowing face. "Don't think I've forgotten the water, but I haven't been childish for years "

"I'd forgotten it," said Spenser, "for the first time for more than a month."

"Then I've done some good," said Miss Longwood. "How beautifully cool it is here "

"They knew how to build," said Spenser. "Piétat's walls are nearly four feet thick."

"Who's they? The gnomes? The brownies? I'm sure they drew the plan." She got to her feet. "And now please show me the pictures my grandfather saw."

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"Why Do You Say That, Æsop?" "Because I Think You Know That I Love You"

YOUR FINAL PARTNER

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

AN APHORISM repeatedly spoken in banking institutions as a grim jest tells some of the truth about the difficulties of leaving this world without leaving a destitute family. You can't afford, they say, to die in a bear market.

The widow of a Western real-estate operator learned how much wisdom is packed in that generalization. Her husband had an idea, she said recently, that he was honoring her when he named her in his will as executrix of his estate. That estate consisted of several large parcels of land. They had been living quite comfortably on his income as a real-estate broker, but always in his mind he had thought of the main chance as the profit he was going to collect some day from those large tracts of land. They were heavily mortgaged—so heavily in fact that his ownership was about as risky as the property rights of a man who is holding speculative securities on a ten-point margin. Naturally, he did not worry much about his ability to hang on, because he knew he could always meet his interest payments by putting extra effort into his brokerage work. They were counting on a couple of years of foreign travel to be enjoyed after the sale of that land, but, quite unexpectedly, he died.

After some weeks, the widow, harassed by an avalanche of unforeseen tasks, went to a bank in the city where she lives for advice. She was introduced to the trust officer and explained to him that she saw nothing to do but wind up the estate. There seemed to be a myriad of little debts and the creditors were pressing her for payment. If she paid the debts, she knew she would be unable to meet the interest payments on the mortgages.

When Dreams Come True

IT WAS a poor time to sell land, because this all happened during the period of postwar deflation. The trust-company officials were as positive as the real-estate man had been that the land he had bought was going to boom in value. The company was appointed administrator of the estate at the widow's request. Their first task was to persuade the creditors to withhold action; next, the widow was budgeted and arrangements made for her to receive a small monthly check for a while. The estate was nursed along slowly, a few other fairly unimportant assets were disposed of for sums sufficient to pay off the most anxious on the list of creditors. In the meantime the widow was living in decent surroundings fairly free from care.

After a little more than a year the market turned upward. Prices for various commodities advanced, there ceased to be an army of unemployed, and then the goal of that trust company was reached when it sold the land for a price $100,000 above the total of the mortgages.

There are troublesome assets in almost every estate, and the least affluent among us have an estate, even though it be no more than the clothes we wear. The principal asset in the estate of a chemist who died not long ago, aside from his insurance, was contained in an envelope that was found in his office safe when his executor-trustee made an inventory. The executor was hunting earnestly for things that could be turned into money, because there was a widow and a swarm of children.

The envelope was heavily sealed, and typed on its face was a statement that it contained the secret formula of the compound which was being manufactured in the ramshackle building which housed his factory and office. A foreman, two or three workmen, a shipping clerk and a bookkeeper were his only employes. None of them had an idea as to the true nature of some of the ingredients of the compound they were making.

The foreman, in a greasy black shirt with white pin stripes, and overalls, sat down timidly beside his late boss' chair to talk with the executor. "Got a couple thousand pounds of the stuff made up," he said. "That's enough to fill orders on hand. Don't know what to do after that's gone."

"Don't you really know what goes into this compound?" The executor was incredulous.

"Nope. He was a secret cuss; a good man though."

"But, man, you've had to make up this stuff for several years. Haven't you an inkling of what you were mixing?"

"'Tweren't my business. There were five-gallon cans of stuff that the boss would deliver himself when we were mixing. I don't know what was in them. If he was slow getting a supply on hand we had to stop work."

The executor decided two things then. First of all he concluded that neither the foreman nor any other of the employes was capable of carrying on the business. The other decision he reached was that the best way to realize a profit on the business was to sell it as a going concern, with the secret formula serving to bolster up the price of the antiquated equipment in the badly arranged plant. So he began a canvass of the competitors of the dead man whose representative he was.

The competitors all expressed interest in the secret formula, but none of them was even willing to come and look at the factory of the dead chemist.

"But there's the goodwill." The executor was persistent.

"What's the goodwill of a dead man worth?" sagely asked the rival with whom he was trying to make a deal. "Make me a price on that formula."

In the end, that is what the executor did, first selling the machinery at junk prices and dismissing the employes. The purchaser of the formula knew about it, believed in it and was eager to begin making that compound in his own establishment. He agreed to pay $10,000 in cash and signed a contract obligating himself to pay an additional $25,000 to the estate in the form of royalties, in return for the sealed envelope containing the information.

At an agreed time the purchaser came to the office of the executor with a certified check for $10,000 and sat down expectantly.

The executor handed him the sealed envelope and watched the manufacturer as he broke the brittle seals, tore open the envelope and drew out a single sheet of typewritten paper. Then there came an angry exclamation from this purchaser of a pig in a sack. "This fool thing's in code. I can't read it."

He tried to reach for his check but the canny executor forestalled him, lifting it from the desk.

"Hold on a bit now. Surely we can decipher the code."

"I can't. Take a look at it. It's a secret formula, all right."

The executor persuaded the buyer to allow him to make an effort to find among the dead chemist's papers the key to the cipher. Nevertheless, he was almost in despair as he telephoned to the widow. Hastily he explained the situation.

"Oh," she said cheerfully, "that code makes no difference. I can work it out for you. I'll be right down."

"It doesn't sound so very secret," objected the buyer uncertainly, and again he was pacified by the executor, who suggested that the chemist probably had trusted his wife.

A Formula Without a Secret

THE widow kept her word, and appeared with the formula neatly written out on a sheet of her mourning-banded note paper; the buyer read it, grinned happily and departed for his factory prepared to start a mild revolution in his business.

Then the executor and trustee asked the widow to enlighten him about her possession of this supposedly closely guarded secret.

"It was easy enough," she explained. "I just copied it out of that lawsuit brief."

"Lawsuit?" echoed the executor, aghast.

"Didn't you know? My husband had a fight over his formula and went to court. He won though."

The secret compound is being manufactured today and the widow and her children are still receiving royalties. The executor-trustee's conscience troubles him only slightly, because whenever he thinks about the copies of that printed brief on file in the county courthouse for all the world to read he reminds himself that a trustee owes his fidelity to the beneficiaries of the trust. Besides, he knows there is no likelihood of the manufacturer who purchased the formula suffering any loss thereby so long as his competitors also continue to think it is a secret formula.

Obviously, the value of an estate is immeasurably higher if it is operated as a going concern, as though its original guiding intelligence still was functioning as its director. It is in the preservation of the intangible values that are lost

in any forced liquidation that modern estate management has had its best chance to prove that it is a profession of extraordinary business skill.

A man may leave assets that are widely diversified; he may leave real estate scattered through half a dozen states; unfinished contracts; patents, options—all sorts of obscure holdings of problematical value except in the hands of an expert who knows where to find other experts capable of answering any of the questions he can't answer for himself. Few men are able to inventory the contents of their wives' cabinets and closets and appraise the contents accurately; and just as few women are able to rummage through safe-deposit drawers, filing cabinets and desk drawers belonging to their husbands and accurately appraise the values in revenue-producing terms or, what is equally important, revenue losing.

The staff of a good bank engaged in a trust-company business today includes more experts in varied lines of money-making than one can think of offhand. But they are all men trained in, or being trained in, fiduciary service.

One of the vice presidents of a New York bank sailed for Cuba last year to see how much money he could realize on some property of one of the bank's clients who had died after making its trust department executor in his will. The most important holding in Cuba was a sugar-grinding mill—a *central*. The bank official soon discovered that a good part of the estate had been pledged as collateral for loans of money which in turn had been advanced to the cane growers pretty much in the same fashion that Southern landowners finance their tenant farmers. The only chance to recover that money was to borrow more money with which to make additional loans to the native cane growers and keep the mill in operation until such time as it could be sold. But the money was not readily available in Cuba. The official received much courtesy, but no money. Close calculations persuaded him that the only way to recover the money already loaned, and to retain the property, was to squeeze it out of the hundreds of acres of green cylinders of cane; but the cane was not ready for cutting by nearly two months. He wired to New York for the money to keep the small farmers going and began to hunt for a purchaser.

An Executor's Fourth of July

BY THE time most of the cane had been cut and the raw sugar sold, he had found a purchaser. What he had to sell then was a busy establishment, all machinery in operation, an efficient corps of workmen, and surrounding the plant a small army of cane growers with their debts paid. The price would have satisfied the late owner, whose place that bank official had filled. He had sold a going concern.

One of the tough jobs of a trust-company official in an Eastern city recently was the disposal of the output of half a dozen fireworks factories that have been accustomed to market their products through an agent who was a gifted salesman. It was his practice to contract for their output and then sell the wares in the scattered market which he seemed to understand a little better than anyone else who ever tried to understand it.

If that fireworks jobber's business had been liquidated, his children would have received a heritage of debts. His chief asset was his list of customers and his contracts with the manufacturers. There were also about 25,000 gross of a certain type of toy explosive. Offered in a lot, they would have brought only a fraction of their value. The trust-company man who had this nut to crack discovered that many orders might be expected to arrive through the mails in the course of a few months without solicitation. He decided to wait, keeping a half-grown boy on the pay roll at the warehouse, the lease of which was one of the obligations of the estate. After a few weeks the orders began to trickle in from far-away customers who had no idea that the fireworks jobber had died. The shipping boy filled those orders and the trust-company man banked the checks. In the meantime he had been doing some judicious advertising in that field of trade which concerns itself with pyrotechnics. Presently he had a bid from a man who had some money to invest and so that enterprise was made to realize some cash for the heirs. It was sold as a going concern.

It is in the investment field, however, that trust-company officials and methods of estate management show to the best advantage. The chief duty of a trustee is to preserve, not to increase a trust fund. Preservation is what is needed. In one of the large Middle-Western cities the chamber of commerce began a campaign not long ago to educate the men of the community concerning the folly of arranging to have insurance paid to their heirs in lump sums, when their purpose in carrying insurance is to insure those heirs against want. There are statistics that seem to indicate that the bulk of insurance so paid to beneficiaries is dissipated within seven to nine years. Men who don't trust their wives with a check book because of lack of respect for their ability to handle money, arrange for them to receive in a single payment sums greater than those very men are accustomed to handle.

The $1,000,000,000 that swindlers take from Americans each year in return for worthless securities would shrink amazingly if some way could be found to keep the blue-sky peddlers from selling their pretty little certificates to persons newly in possession of unprotected inheritances and insurance collections. A great deal, though, has been written and said about the methods of the plausible strangers who begin each day's hunt by reading the obituary columns. Not enough has been told about the painstaking, ceaseless vigilance of those who have made the study of investments their life work.

Many floors above the street level of the building that houses one of the largest banks in America is a suite of rooms on the outer door of which is lettered in gold leaf, Research Department, Blank Bank and Trust Company.

The man who presides in there is a former professor who grew weary of teaching students economic laws they might never get a chance to apply. His work now is the investigation of the financial condition of the hundreds of industrial corporations in which the bank has an interest. If the bank is lending money to any of the corporations, it has an interest in them. If any of the funds for which it is trustee are invested in one of those companies, it has an interest in them. As far as is possible, that bank's officials form their judgments on facts.

An investment committee of the institution selects a list of legal securities, bonds and preferred stocks in strong companies. From time to time that list is changed. The changes are due quite often to stray bits of information hunted down by the research department as relentlessly as a terrier after a rat. Under the command of the former college professor is a staff of investigators as alert as newspaper reporters, but with an entirely different sort of training. In addition, there is a bewildering array of filing cabinets and crowded bookshelves.

A drop of two or three points in the market price of a bond or a preferred stock on the list of that company is the signal for an attack from the research department. Until the cause of the drop has been explained, the security in question is suspended from the bank's list. If any really unhealthy condition should be disclosed, a quiet movement is initiated for the sale of every one of the condemned securities.

In the trust department, for example, a reference to a card index there would soon disclose the amount of such securities held for each estate. Trusted fingers soon would be reaching into the safes for $50,000 worth of the bonds in one estate; for $8000 worth, perhaps, in another; and finally for a single $500 bond in yet another. Within a day or so those securities would be replaced by others, about which no question might be raised, purchased with the proceeds of the sale of the others.

One Bank's Research Department

IN ITS work of getting facts and interpreting those facts, the research department began an investigation some time ago of the condition of a company that had been engaged for years in the manufacture of a certain type of automotive vehicle. The management of that concern had been so successful that its preferred stock and its bonds were regarded highly by well-informed banking institutions.

Then it ventured into a new field of manufacturing, one that required the services of an entirely different type of selling talent.

The red flag that warned the research department something was wrong was the discovery that this company was piling up large inventories and that its expense accounts were increasing.

The field investigator soon discovered that the company had so much of its product sold on a deferred-payment basis that the money due the company from time sales of the past exceeded by a considerable sum the total amount of its sales in the current year. The research department felt that this was a really alarming danger signal, when coupled with the fact that the region from which the bulk of those time payments were due was entering a period of serious business depression.

Bonds and preferred stocks were withdrawn from safes and quietly sold. A week later the bottom seemed to have dropped out of the market for that stock. A few months afterward the company went into a receivership, with a consequent depression in the price of its bonds and a cessation of interest payments.

Most banks and trust companies have ways of obtaining information superior to the means possessed by individuals.

"If we can't keep posted about a company in which we have invested money," said the chief of a Middle-Western trust company recently, "we sell. If we find the management of a corporation reluctant to give us the information we require, we put our money into a corporation which is not under the necessity of being secretive."

One trust company had a large block of a certain stock selling around forty, which the officials did not fancy especially. They held it because the man who

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THE CHANGING ROAD

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XIV

THAT night, after dinner, a package arrived from the *préfecture*. Davidson knew what this package contained—four enlarged copies of the snapshot of Fedor Lubovin. He called in Mason and gave him one of the copies.

"What's this?" Mason asked Davidson curiously.

"Study it."

Mason studied it, but in the end he shook his head. "No go, boss. I never saw this bird before."

"It's Fedor Lubovin without a beard."

"Holy mackerel!"

"Keep your eye open. If you see him, yell and give chase."

"Who, me? Why, this bird could do me in with one hand tied behind him. So he's here in Paris? This doesn't look like the official mug." Meaning that it did not follow the usual style of police photographs, side view and full. When Davidson explained to him how the photograph had been taken, Mason nodded approvingly. But he knew what all this signified—the boss was on the go again. And if this bird Lubovin escaped, Charlie Mason would have to get a new map—Russia. "All right, boss," he said simply.

"You see, Charlie, that chap is hanging around in Paris for one purpose only—to kill Sonia, and we can't stand aside and see that done. Besides, it's ten to one that he still thinks she has the emeralds, just as she believes I took them for keeps. The Baroness Sauer knew what she was doing when she smothered the news of the return of the gems. The underworld has forgotten all about her. But she won't be able to wear the stones for a long time to come. I saw the Karlov woman today."

"Where?" excitedly.

"In front of the concert hall. You and Molly passed right by the cherry-colored taxicab. What I'm driving at is this—that if I can run into her accidentally, so can Lubovin."

"You followed her?"

"She got away from me just the way she did from you. The more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that there's a queer yarn in the background somewhere. Lubovin will be the key. Within forty-eight hours they're pretty apt to have the handcuffs on him. The French police always think a step faster than they walk."

"Better give one of those mugs to Miss Molly," Mason suggested.

"I'm going to."

Mason returned to his room over the garage. The boss hadn't forgotten that kiss. Well, he would have to be something more than hard-boiled to forget it. Charlie Mason hadn't forgotten it, and he hadn't been within ten feet of it when given. The boss had now seen her in the daylight.

Gee, that would be a funny mix-up—the boss falling for a female crook and not wise to it! All right, there wasn't going to be any *mésalliance* in the Davidson family. The next time he saw Sonia Karlov he'd turn her over to the police, *pronto*.

Molly accepted the photograph and listened to the explanation: "Always carry that with you, Molly. If you see this man on the street, hail the traffic cop, any policeman you see, even a soldier if he happens to be handy. The stamp of the *préfecture* on that photo is sufficient warrant. This fellow killed that boy on the pass."

"But what about the woman?"

"She's unimportant. I broke my fist on his jaw and tied him up, but the ropes were rotten and he got away."

"Be careful, Ronny. You don't have to meddle with this."

"I can take care of myself. But don't worry. In a few hours I expect to be called in to identify the man, and that will be the end of the story. The whole police organization will be hunting him by now. And the point is, he won't know he's being hunted. Hitherto the police had nothing to go by. Lubovin has not been mugged or fingerprinted east of the Russian border. Of course the French police will act only as agents. When they get him they will ship him back to Brigue, then on to Vienna, probably. I can only guess that part of it. Don't sit up for me; it bothers me."

"I promise." Nevertheless, Molly knew that she would sit up for him.

When he left the apartment she turned out the lights of the drawing-room and stood by the window, watching him till the shadows rose up behind him. The mysterious calls this brother of hers answered! Danger—he must reach out to touch it as children touched hot stoves, irresistibly; he might be burned a thousand times, still the thing would fascinate him. And she must not hint of her perpetual worry. If only he'd fall in love—even with a Folies girl—recalling her father's ironic persuasion! He might risk his liberty and his pocketbook, but not his life. In the past few months she had drawn a hundred beautiful, clever and charming women across the trail. No go. He would dance with them—and forget them.

Davidson ordered Mason to drive him to the Gare St.-Lazare. Here he generally left Mason till three.

"Boss, are you playing the old game?"

"I'm going to settle up the Simplon affair, Charlie. It's the bane of my life, but I have to finish anything I've started. If you didn't expect me to, why did you tell me in the first place that you saw the Karlov woman in the street?"

"I had to tell you. But you ought to have another suit. Wandering around in a white front is like asking for something."

"Lots of things happen, Charlie, between the time I leave you and the time I return. I've an old run-in up in Montmartre. But keep this in your head," went on Davidson: "If some night I don't turn up by 3:30 it spells trouble. Tell Molly and call up the *préfecture*."

"I don't suppose there's any use arguing?"

"No, Charlie. . . . Gare St.-Lazare."

"You're the doctor."

Mason began to whistle loudly. Davidson did not pay any attention to the music at first. But the monotonous roll-around of the chorus finally struck his ear. Victor Herbert's Kiss Me Again. Was it intentional? Charlie was no fool; he had a droll, if rough, wit. Davidson chuckled. Intentional or not, he could not call to Mason to change his tune. The point was, the scalawag might be right! Sonia without that kiss—would he have thought of her at all these days? Hang it all! Was there something wrong with his complex? A beautiful and fascinating thief, and he could not keep her out of his thoughts; less than ever tonight, recollecting the vision of Sonia's loveliness in the sunshine. What a muddle this old world was!

Davidson's procedure was to leave Mason at the Gare St.-Lazare and immediately climb into a taxi, Mason to return at midnight and wait. By this method anyone would have some difficulty in trailing him home. He wanted to keep the affair out of the Rue St.-Honoré if he could. For it was going to be an affair; the old sixth sense was buzzing its rattles.

Tonight he paused by Mason's seat. "Charlie, what's your idea of falling in love?"

"I can't say, boss; but it sounds like stepping off a dock in the dark."

Davidson laughed. "Probably as good an answer as any. If I'm not here by four at the latest, you know how to act."

"Yes, sir" soberly and respectfully.

"My Friend, the Miracle Has Happened. Someone is Moving in Across the Way"

Davidson rolled up toward Montmartre. He would change his clothes and prowl till midnight, then he would change again and do the rounds of the cabarets. It was patent to him by now—particularly after what he had learned today—that Sonia hadn't the criminal's craving to be seen in noisy and colorful places of doubtful repute; she preferred concerts—Beethoven, Stravinsky, Tschaikovsky; jazz did not appeal to her. So they had one thing in common. He was wasting his time in Montmartre; he would never see her in the cabarets. He would seek another route after tonight.

Did a man fall in love through his eyesight? Or, if he were blind, by his ears? How might a man fall in love who could neither see nor hear? This tickled him into laughter. There was a merry spark of some kind darting around in his head tonight. The whir of the rattles continued, but he now disregarded the warning.

West of the Boulevard Raspail, a quarter of a mile as the crow flies, there stands a hotel. The word has two meanings. At one you get food and drink and lodging at a price. At the other you merely tip the servants when you leave; it

is a private dwelling. This particular hotel belonged to the latter group. A high wall of brick and a double gate of weathered oak hid the court from view. Green bottle glass glittered on the top of the wall. The wall itself had been disfigured by budding Corots and Detailles—charcoal trees and soldiers. These alone would have told you the truth about this hotel; the sign For Rent or For Sale only emphasized the fact that it was unoccupied. Magnificence had departed, leaving a melancholy shell.

The agent's sign was almost as weather-beaten as the gates; mute testimony that no one cared either to rent or to buy the house. It stood on a point toward which neither commercialism nor fashion could be made to gravitate.

Two days prior to Davidson's final adventure in the Montmartre district, the butcher and the baker, who lived across from the hotel and who were conversing about the tribulations of the franc, observed with some astonishment a man stop before the gate, at which he stared malevolently for a space. He seized the lock, shook it savagely, then went the way he had come. A vigorous man, clean-shaven but roughly dressed.

"Who could that be?" asked the baker.

"Some fool who found the wrong number," explained the butcher. "There hasn't been a key put into that lock within twelve years. Still, it would not hurt our business if someone occupied it. An artist, now ——"

"An artist!"—scornfully.

"A successful one, my old."

Early the following morning the baker rushed into the butcher shop. "My friend, the miracle has happened. Someone is moving in across the way."

Baker and butcher rushed into the street. It was true. The gates were open and an automobile could be seen inside the court—a cherry-colored automobile.

"Ha!" said the butcher, rubbing his palms together. "They will have to have meat."

"And bread. We'll find out who the imbecile is in time. How the world changes! My father used to tell me that there were high times yonder—wine and opera dancers and gambling. But the world goes on and the Boronovs have stopped. Those Russians—how they loved to spend their rubles!"

Night life; the expression of people who must have others to amuse them. In Paris, the Ninth Symphony, directed by Beethoven himself, might be offered at one o'clock in the morning; most Americans would go to the Perroquet instead. Why waste one's time with Beethoven in Paris when one already has him cooped up in the phonograph at home? And what matters it who gesticulates with the baton?

The aimless, futile rounds of the Parisian night. Some go because they want to tell about it to the folks back home, some because the drug of excitement is necessary. Husbands and wives go there to meet other wives and husbands. Some just go—heaven knows why! If you want scandal, at least it will not be stale here. Painted *gigolos* and old women; old men and painted girls. Hurrah! Champagne and dolls and toy balloons and confetti; a merry life and many headaches.

You cannot shoo the American out of Montmartre or out of the Ritz bar. He knows he is seeing the Paris of Balzac, Paul de Kock, Maupassant, Flaubert. Maybe he is. Anyhow he believes he is.

The Perroquet is something like a country club open all night. You meet your shipboard acquaintance, your hotel friends, perhaps someone from the home town, and a lot of people you will, if fortunate, never meet again—those who prey discreetly upon the gullibility of the American imagination. The picture of the Perroquet is beautiful, but the back of the canvas isn't pleasant to theorize upon.

From the Perroquet to the Florida next door, then down the scale, rapidly, the mad procession goes, into the sordid and unlovely, because it's the thing to do. Back to the hotel at five or six, with a lot to tell the folks at home.

Davidson knew a good deal about the genus *gigolo*, felt sorry for some of them, heartily detested most of them, and never could look at any of them without some degree of contempt. Yet he knew that some of them had gone splendidly through four years of hell and that their pay for dancing was now all they had. Good families, some of them; but the chief essential in life is food, and to obtain it the proudest had to bend.

In This Trifling Space of Time He Was Made to Understand What Had Happened to Him. It Did Not Appall Him; It Merely Astonished Him

Davidson entered the Perroquet at twelve and was conducted to his reserved table against the wall. Half an hour later he would go next door; another half hour there, then off to the next place. The hour-glass is a champagne bottle; when that runs out you are supposed to give way to someone else. Davidson generally let his wine die in the glass.

He was watching an elderly woman smirking into the wooden face of the *gigolo* who had accompanied her, when this interest was broken by a hand touching his shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," said a pleasantly English-accented voice.

Davidson looked around, conscious of a trifling annoyance. He saw a tall handsome man—perhaps his own age—exquisitely dressed in evening clothes. Davidson recognized him—a *gigolo* whom he had seen several times downtown, tea-room dancing between four and six. What had attracted his interest was the fact that always the *gigolo* wore gray gloves. From this peculiarity Davidson had been drawn to the man's handsome face. Never had it lacked a sardonic tilt of the lips, whether he danced with old women or young ones, whether they were plain and awkward or graceful and handsome, when he took his pay and bowed, as if he bestowed upon all women who bought his time the same contempt the average man bestowed upon him. His hair was gray—nearly white; his eyes were large and black. A chap who could work havoc if so he willed. What the deuce did he want of Ronald Davidson?

"May I sit down for a moment?" English was not the man's native speech, but he spoke the language excellently.

Davidson nodded. There was nothing else to do. Besides, in a few minutes he would be surrendering the table. "Sit down. Will you have a glass of champagne?"—ironically.

"No, thanks." The stranger laughed amusedly. "I am not inviting myself to a drink. I have seen you several times, hereabouts and elsewhere. I am a *gigolo*. You know that. If there had been a lady with you I should not have intruded. But tonight I wanted to talk with a man. Once upon a time I was one." The sardonic twist lay on his lips.

The stranger dug into a pocket and produced a paper packet of cigarettes. It was then Davidson saw the man's hands and understood the reason for the gloves. The flesh on his spine wrinkled. The poor devil had been crucified!

XV

THE left hand was withered and half drawn, probably inutile. The right, however, appeared to have escaped miraculously from a like fate, for it was visible that the same kind of weapon had impaled both hands.

Davidson drew his glance away instantly. He had his own case in point—strangers staring at his scarred cheek. This chap would be sensitive too. Poor devil! What a hell he must have gone through! A handsome chap. And Ronald Davidson had whined because Fritz had scratched his cheek!

The stranger drew out a cheap lighter, struck the flint and lighted his cheap cigarette.

As he did so, something fell from his pocket to the floor, but neither he nor Davidson saw or heard the object fall.

"You are not English?" said Davidson, warming toward the fellow. After all, men sold millinery; why shouldn't they sell dancing? His contempt for the *gigolo* did not derive its force from this kind of *gigolo*. This chap had done his bit, but he must live.

"No, I am not English," said the stranger; "I am a man without race or country. My country and my people have vanished, like Atlantis, but under a red sea."

Davidson caught the allusion. Russian; there were so many of them in Paris, living on doles. This chap was lucky that he could dance gracefully. He might, on certain afternoons, make as much as a hundred francs, and if he had a job at night, twice or thrice that sum during the American invasion. This man still had his self-respect; he looked contemptuously upon all the women he danced with.

The stranger talked easily. His commentaries on the kaleidoscopic scene were lightly ironic. But he lifted no corner of the curtain behind which his real personality stood. A gentleman born, out of the same world as himself, thought Davidson. There would be no exchange of cards, no confidences. Presently he would arise and go his way, and Davidson would go his. Davidson admitted that he would have liked this chap's acquaintance, but credentials—the introduction by a mutual friend—were necessary. Comfortable little barriers, these conventional ones. You were often saved the disagreeable task of declining to make a loan—particularly in this gay Paris.

Suddenly the stranger rose. "Thanks for your courtesy. You are an American?"

"Yes."

"Good night."

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1927

British Debt, Taxation and Savings

A REPORT on National Debt and Taxation in Great Britain has recently been issued by the Colwyn Committee, to whom an investigation of these topics was submitted some time ago. The report is important in itself; it is also of interest in relation to the British war debt owed to the United States. The report deals exhaustively with the subjects intrusted to the committee, with not infrequent excursions into the domain of business. For example, the committee concludes that income taxes are not passed on to consumers' prices in Great Britain; also, that present taxation is "not one of the main causes of industrial difficulty."

The national savings are estimated at two and a half billion dollars per annum, which, allowing for change in value of money, is about six hundred million dollars less than before the war. The national wealth being estimated at one hundred and twenty billion dollars, this saving corresponds to about two per cent per annum, which is much above the rate of increase of population, and will support future public and private improvements of large order. Since the national income is estimated at about twelve billion dollars, savings of two and a half billion dollars represent nothing less than outstanding thrift. It is interesting to observe that, despite war losses and postwar trade depression, according to Bowley and Stamp, "the real home-produced income per head was very nearly the same in 1911 and in 1924."

The internal national debt is around thirty-two billion dollars. The Colwyn Committee rejected the proposal of lowering the public debt by capital levy, partly because of inherent difficulties and unsatisfactory net results, but also because, with a practicable sinking fund estimated at three hundred million to four hundred million dollars annually, the extinction of the public debt would proceed at a not unsatisfactory pace.

Just now the sinking fund is about two hundred and fifty million dollars per annum, of which two hundred millions go to debt reduction. A sinking fund of two hundred million dollars represents about five per cent of the budget; the Colwyn Committee would raise the sinking fund to ten per cent of the budget. This proposal has aroused widespread discussion in Great Britain, where opinions as to the most desirable rate of reduction of the public debt seem widely divergent.

This all presents a much more satisfactory picture of the internal position of Great Britain than one obtains from writings advocating cancellation of the British war debt by the United States.

Considerations such as are adduced above, together with known facts on the strongly positive position of the international account of Great Britain, support the view that the American War Debt Funding Commission followed a sound procedure in refunding the British war debt on the basis of capacity to pay.

Bad Books

EVERY now and then one of the larger cities, and less often the country as a whole, is stirred by the bad-book issue. There are several types of books which come in for this brief but adequate description. There is the work of the destructive, if at times penetrating, critic of whole institutions, religious, political and economic. He deals in wholesale fashion in half truths and in broad, sweeping exaggerations. But institutions are frequently in need of improvement and heartless ridicule may prick up a latent reform.

Yet we have writers so unsympathetic, so partial in the pigments chosen, so certain that greed and sex comprise the whole gamut of human motive, that their productions probably do more harm than good. Large groups of the population are insulted without discrimination. These writers are like the primitive king who killed off a whole village because one varlet had offended.

We question the wisdom of the open banning and proscription of such books, of apoplectic pulpit denunciations and solemn ecclesiastical interdiction. A quiet shrugging of the shoulders is the best way to receive them. Many a craze passes overnight. These literary generations are like the poppies in the field: they are gone by day after tomorrow.

Of course, if librarians and library boards decide not to purchase such books, and are wise enough to keep their deliberations to themselves, that is their own affair. More than one quiet boycott has worked wonders.

But there is another type of bad book—the cheaply dirty and indecent, in which filth is turned to filthy lucre. Many states have laws covering such offenses, and the police, district attorneys, courts and juries, prodded no doubt by local societies for the prevention of vice, and other similar organizations, can pretty well take care of printed matter that no one dares defend.

But when it comes to immoral books that pose as literature which are published by houses of some supposed standing and written by authors of like repute, the problem naturally becomes delicate and difficult. To place actual censorship authority, beyond the present law against obscenity, in the hands of legal officers untrained and inexpert in literary decisions, suggests a dangerous invasion of free speech. Police and prosecuting officers already have very real local powers, and in Federal matters the Postmaster General has even greater authority.

It is unnecessary to turn all human duties and responsibilities over to government. There are other firm lines of defense. A little organization on the part of the booksellers of a city and coöperation with the vice-suppression society will usually do the business quietly and effectively. A joint jury of these two interests can quickly and without publicity decide upon the real purpose and motive of a book, irrespective of an occasional obnoxious passage. It is not necessary to notify the press or arouse prurient curiosity. Legitimate business interests are protected and an expert decision is reached.

Another line of defense, as already suggested, lies with the libraries. No one can be better trained, not for censorship but for rational decision as to the type of book which the community will find helpful, than the professional librarian. If he or she hesitates to take such responsibility, there is usually a public-spirited as well as informed specialist on the board of trustees of the library itself to whom books of a questionable nature can be referred for a quiet decision.

Finally, no sorting-out process can be so effective and valid in the long run as the daily decisions and sustained policy of the editors of book-publishing firms and periodicals, nor can any line of defense against immorality quite equal them.

We question whether those publishers and editors who deliberately cast their lot with such petty money-grubbing possibilities as adhere to filth are the ones making the larger and more durable successes.

Fast and Slow

SPECIALISTS and laymen alike are aroused to the necessity for changes in methods of highway construction. The old style of winding county road is rapidly becoming antiquated. It still remains sound highway economics to provide light roads of only moderate width and depth for light traffic.

To construct a wide deep concrete speedway for fifteen automobiles a day spells either graft or stupidity. But unfortunately, or fortunately, as one views it, the number of highways obliged to sustain a heavy and expanding volume of traffic is increasing—so it would seem to the traveler—almost day by day.

The outcome is clear. The important traffic routes will be transformed into great wide heavy speedways. They must be as direct – that is, as straight—as the engineers can make them. Grades are being eliminated as far as possible, and curves are even more anathema to both builders and users. Upon these great routes move freight trucks, passenger stages and commercial travelers. Our main highways are becoming increasingly important economically. Fast movement upon them is of the very essence of economy.

But the existing road or highway system, portions of which are now being transformed into these broad, straight, economic speedways, was built originally under the radically different conditions of the horse-and-wagon age. Width was unnecessary and curves did not matter. Roads meandered around natural obstacles, such as ancient trees, up and down, in and out. Buildings were constructed close to the earlier roads, and many of these are now historic, or at least picturesque.

In New England complaint is heard that the new trunk highways are not compatible with the stately elms and colonial houses, close to the street, of the older villages. It is difficult to combine the economic efficiency of the new type of speedway with the scenic and picturesque delights of the old winding county road. Overmuch blame should not attach to highway engineers and commissioners. They are under enormous pressure to build everywhere straight and wide, and regardless of obstacles, scenic or historic.

A peculiar situation and, at the same time, opportunity presents itself among the giant redwood trees of Northern California. An old narrow type of county road that wound its way among these marvels of the forest is being replaced by the modern, broad, straight state speedway. The Save the Redwoods League is sponsoring a movement to retain the old county road as a supplementary route for leisurely travel and for nature lovers.

The main highway will be too short a cut in many places to afford a proper appreciation of the noble forest. There are stretches of the old road which will be widened and used in the new construction, but other long portions that will not be touched, although only a short distance from the new route. A number of detours must be built where the old road is utilized, and there seems no reason why the detour portions and the unused stretches should not be linked up together and preserved for the slower travel of those whose business engagements permit them to enjoy what many regard as the most beautiful and unusual of all primeval forests.

Such projects require money, and highway departments seem engaged in the hopeless, Sisyphus-like task of trying to find more money than there is in the world. But such worthwhile efforts are largely dependent upon public opinion. State highway officials are not ruthless destroyers. They would rather have both utility and beauty than utility alone. But the public must signify its appreciation of other motives than the sole desire to "get there."

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER

By Chester S. Lord

I HAVE been amusing myself lately by comparing the newspapers of today with those of forty years or so ago. I was young in the business when in 1872, as a reporter, I followed Horace Greeley around in his campaigning for the presidency and reported Roscoe Conkling's Keynote Speech for General Grant, in the Cooper Institute. Greeley was not much of an orator. His voice was inclined to squeak when he became earnest, but what he said was of absorbing interest. Conkling had a fine voice, deep and mellow, his words clearly enunciated, his sentences reaching climax with just a suggestion of the spread-eagle oratory so popular in those times, but never departing from a sort of elegance of expression. I recall these experiences with great pleasure. Thereafter for forty-odd years I became tolerably familiar with the newspaper methods of the day, for my post as managing editor of the Sun compelled attention to them. I have been out of the business for more than ten years now, but I have not ceased to observe newspaper methods.

The purpose of the old-time newspaper was to print its information in abbreviated form, presuming that the reader would read it all; the plan of the present-day sheet is to give the reader his fill of the things that are most interesting to him—his particular business activity, his hobby, his favorite sport—and he may let the other things go; hence the enormous size of the modern publication.

Our big sheets print forty, fifty, even sixty pages a day, and contain three or four times more reading matter, advertisements not included, than is put in a copy of many of our standard or popular magazines.

Nine-tenths of this mass of matter is gathered and written within twelve hours of the time of going to press—a wonderful accomplishment in itself. It has to be prepared for the compositor, put in type, corrected and stereotyped. Also, there are a hundred and fifty or two hundred columns of advertisements to be prepared, and they must be printed free from error. All this matter is put into type by the modern typesetting machine, operated from a typewriter keyboard, that casts the letters from molten metal. It is a wonderful machine, setting type four or five times faster than it can be set by hand.

Laxity in the Press

THE type is then made up into one page form, and from it stereotype plates are made of type metal that are fastened to the press cylinders, and the work of printing begins. When these plates were first in newspaper use years ago it took forty-five minutes to make them.

They are now completed in four or five minutes. An indefinite number of stereotype plates may be cast from the mold and fastened to an indefinite number of presses, and thus an enormous edition may be run off in less than two hours. And this impressive product has been constructed, printed and delivered in the fraction of a single day!

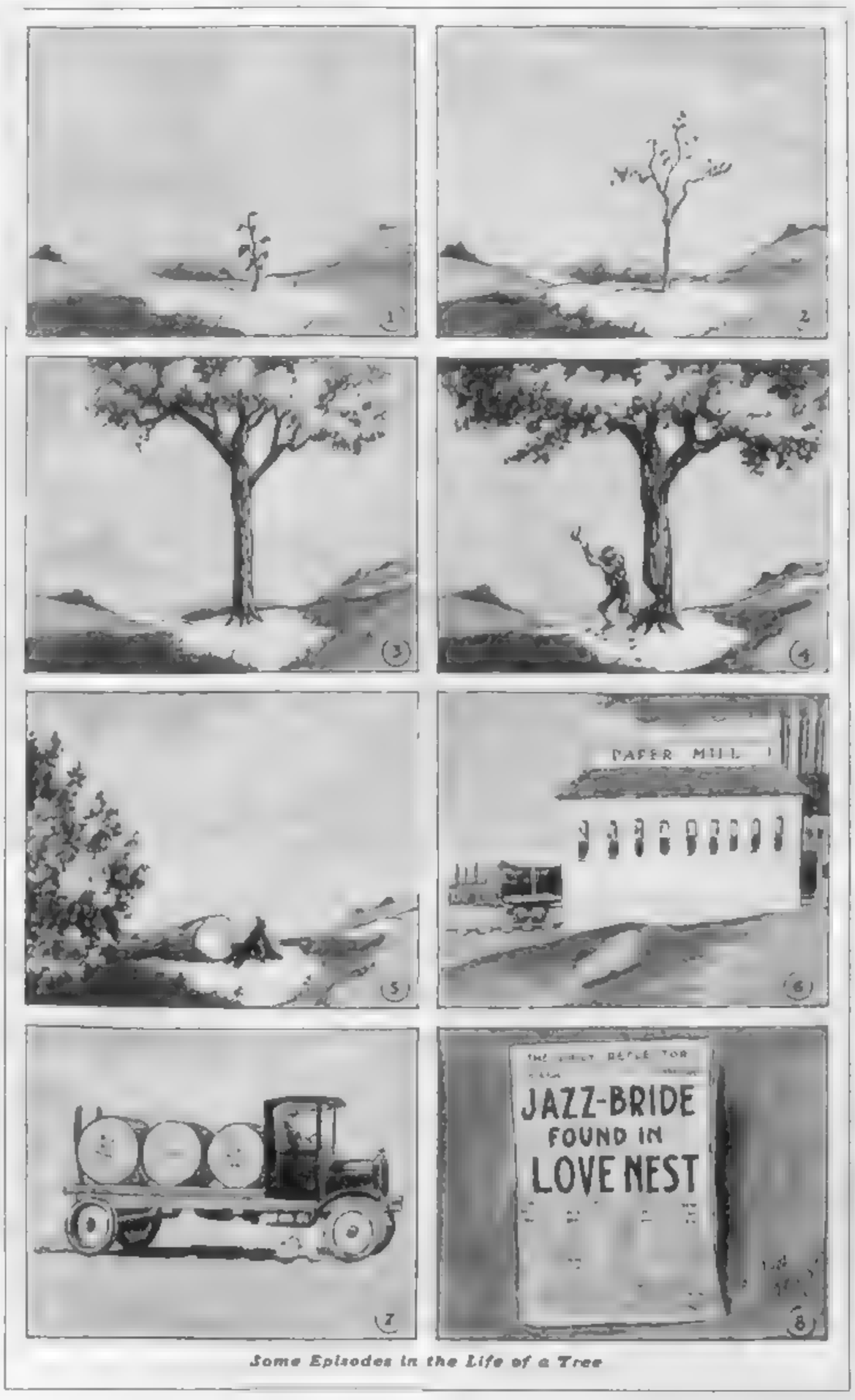
Commenting on the remark of the Rev. John Haynes Holmes that in the future the decade from 1920 to 1930 will be known as the Dirty Decade, Dr. William Lyon Phelps says:

> Dirt in the subways, dirt in the streets, dirt in the modern novels, dirt in the newspapers, dirt on the stage. It is an accurate appellation, and we deserve it.

We are sorry that Doctor Phelps feels compelled to include the newspapers in this sweeping assertion. Not all of them are guilty, but it must be confessed that there is a marked tendency toward laxity in many sheets. People are speaking in plainer language than they did in our grandfathers' day, and so are the newspapers. In the 70's or 80's, if a young woman or her mother showed three inches of white stocking above the top of her shoe she was rebuked for immodesty. When Pauline Markham glided on the stage in Niblo's Garden in The Black Crook, spectators gasped and young women fairly shrank in their seats at "the shameful spectacle." She wore white tights, a scant ballet skirt and a rather low bodice. The newspapers cried out against "the immodest, indecent show."

Today our society women walk the streets in skirts that reach barely to the knee, and they parade our beaches in bathing suits that display bare legs well above the knee. The newspapers that protested Pauline Markham's costume now print photographs of our bathing beauties, using the finest paper supplements and the rotogravure process that admits of no infidelity to detail. The swimming exhibitions, the water sports, the beauty contests are profusely illustrated, showing woman's graceful proportions almost to the verge of nakedness.

Yes, pictures of women almost nude are common enough in newspaper gravure supplements, pictures of show girls in their most attractive lack of costumes, pictures of young women in society tableaux. We have picturesque illustrations of the sun-bath suit, a costume intended to be worn on the beach while its wearer lounges or promenades in the sunlight. It is too fragile and transparent to wear in the water, but its popularity is attested by the columns of description by fashion writers. We have had pictured a Channel swimmer with nothing on but a coating of grease, and bunches of would-be Isadora Duncans in gauze trying to express their artistic emotions in graceful postures.



Some Episodes in the Life of a Tree

Away From Tradition

ALONG in the early 70's the newspapers were very particular to keep their columns free from what Doctor Phelps now refers to as dirt. In divorce-case trials the testimony was edited so as merely to indicate the cause for complaint, and words commonly enough used in court proceedings were omitted. The same care was exercised in murder and other trials. It was the outcome, no doubt, of the Victorian-era influence, when suggestive language was taboo in social gatherings and so-called polite conversation. Mr. Charles A. Dana of the old Sun was especially insistent that nothing suggestive or unpleasant should appear in his newspaper. He barred out the words "rape," "seduction," "amour," "lust," "adultery" and the like because, he said, they start a nasty train of thought. "I won't have anything printed in the Sun," he said, "that I would hesitate to read to my daughters at the breakfast table."

But when the Beecher trial came along in 1875 the Tribune broke away from practice and tradition, and printed the court proceedings verbatim—every word said by lawyers and witnesses. It was considered to be a great mechanical feat in those days, for the Tribune was an eight-page paper, and to print the trial in full necessitated the making of a supplement that had to be prepared and printed before the regular edition was put upon the press. It was before the present multiple press was in use, and eight pages only could be printed at once.

The Beecher trial lasted about six months. No other paper printed it in full. It created more public excitement and public interest than any trial I recall. Beecher was the most conspicuous clergyman this country had known, and the accusations made against him

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

THEY ALL HEARD HIM
The Movie Director Has Just Whispered: "Where is That Pretty Extra Girl?"

Lige, a gentleman of color, had been a farmer all his life, hence it was a surprise to see him sell his team and go to work in the railroad-section gang.

"Them last two yeahs cured me," he explained. "Ah wouldn't tell another mule to get up ef he was settin' in mah lap!"

Charity Scholar

I WANT to know so many things,
I want to know,
but—still ——
Experience! Won't you teach me
And not present a bill?
—Mary C. Davies.

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Bride: "How Much is it a Yard?"

Those Awful Puritans

THOSE Puritans were simply awful!
They made all pleasant things unlawful
And dwelt with grim, forbidding spouses,
And still they built such lovely houses!

A smile aroused their dark suspicions;
They nursed the crabbed dispositions
That Time's progression merely hardens,
And yet they left enchanting gardens!

They looked askance on art, esthetics,
And even amateur athletics;
But while their lack of taste was frightful,
Their shaded streets are just delightful!

Enslaved to that queer fetish, Duty,
They scorned the very name of Beauty;
But though, of course, we're bound to flout them,
Might we, perhaps, be wrong about them?

They lacked the free imagination
Of this enlightened generation;
Yet while their merits all were minor,
They seem, in some things, almost finer!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Go Way, Mule!

DOWN in Westpoint, Texas, the cotton farmers had seen two bad years in succession: An unprecedented drought in 1925 had caused a complete failure and a record crop in 1926 had depressed the price of cotton below the cost of production.

"I've Always Been Just a Bundle of Nerves, Mrs. Gilligan! Every Noise Drives Me Wild!"

A Lindbergh Periscope Would Make it Possible to See the Overhanging Traffic Signals Without Breaking One's Neck

Westerner: "Bill, Them Motor Cars are Stampeding! Let's Get Out o' Here"

Here is the most popular soup in the world!

All the rich tomato goodness! The pure, tonic tomato juices. The luscious, nourishing tomato meat. Strained to a smooth puree and blended with golden butter. Seasoned by French chefs famous for their skill. That's Campbell's Tomato Soup—every spoonful a delight to the appetite. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

ME—GANGSTER

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"What's Your Racket?" the Bartender Asked, Straight From the Shoulder. "Stickups," I Snapped, "an' I'm Good at 'Em!"

I SUPPOSE that what is most interesting to everybody is the actual way we pulled off jobs, and if you are going to write this I ought to stick more to that and make things more exciting than they really happened. But I cannot do that very well. I see these things in the way they affected me and the way they worked out from my own angle, so all I can do is tell just exactly what I remember

That is why I tell you about the fat guy with the crummy suit and the big diamond. He was the bird I decided to make a play for, even though I knew he was not very smart and not a big guy. I mean, if you want to meet the president you first have got to make the grade through some chump in a uniform and then work your way up.

So later on I had quite a little talk with him. I went out for some chow and he was still behind the little desk, leaning back in one of those chairs that you see a lot around fire houses. He had a hand-made cigarette between his fingers, but he was too sleepy to do much smoking. I knew the cigarette was hand made, because half of the tobacco still clung to this guy's coat and vest. But he woke up when he saw me. I breezed over and leaned on the little desk and grinned at him.

"I always wanted to run a dump like this," I cracked; "and since seein' you I got the fever worse'n ever."

"You're full o' quips, ain't you?" he half sneered. But he let his feet drop off the dial of a little safe that stood against the wall, and when they landed on the floor he shook just like jelly when somebody bumps against the edge of the table.

Safety in Advertising

"I DON'T mean to be fresh, skipper," I cracked. "I'm only tryin' to be friendly. You look like you, an' mebbe three other birds, own this whole town an' the responsibility don't worry you a bit."

"Nothin' worries me," he answered, his fat cheeks wrinkling a bit more as his eyes squinted up at me. I could see he was suspicious of me, and I guessed it was because he would have been the same toward anybody that just came in off the street without any tip-off on themselves.

"Sure it does," I grinned at him. "I worry you."

His eyes narrowed again and he puffed his cheeks and lifted his fat hand so that he could get at his cigarette. The thing was out and he fumbled for a match. When he lit it the dead ashes on the end of the cigarette lined up in the parade of forgotten things along the front of his vest. He puffed like a leaky engine and pretty soon his head looked like a big, pale pumpkin that was floating on an ocean of smoke. All during these movements he was sizing me up plenty, and that made me glad, because I could see that he had something to hide. Whenever a man is suspicious of you he is afraid of you, and if he is afraid of you when he does not even know you, it must be because of something he has done himself. Then you know he is a crook. I lived a long, long time in that little dump with the fat boss and I don't think his suspicions about me ever died completely. "You're kiddin' yerself dizzy," he wheezed after a minute. "Why should I be leery of you?"

"Mebbe I'm a dick," I grinned; "or mebbe even a gunman come here to rob this joint! I see you keep the safe out in the open where a yegg can get a crack at it!"

That was a joke, because there was a sign hanging on the little sardine can which read: DON'T BOTHER. IT'S NEVER LOCKED. He grinned, but it was a queer grin.

"There's a sight better chance of my crackin' the crib than there is of my bein' a dick, pal," I said. "I come here for a nice, quiet rest, an' I'd like to talk it all over with you."

"There's nothin' in the place that'll bother yuh," he grunted, returning again to his slow-burning and quick-dying cigarette; "rest yer head off!"

"How about a little drink?" I asked him.

"We ain't got no bar here an' I can't go out."

I glanced down at the dirty register, with its dog ears on the corners, and saw that my own new and blurred name was the last entry. Business in this flop house was none too good.

"Pretty busy, huh?" I laughed. Then I lit a smoke, too, and sat on the edge of the desk and looked down at him. "Tell me somethin' about the town, buddy," I asked. "I don't know one end from the other.

"You done well tuh find us here," he growled, "not knowin' the burg at all."

"A pal told me just how to get here."

He sneered at me. "Yer pal dead, is he?" he cracked, and I knew he did not believe I had been sent to the place.

"Uh-huh," I said; "he's dead for seven to ten years, but I'm figgerin' on about five or six, because he certainly knows how to do time."

Into the Hands of Slumber

HIS fat face twisted a little and his eyes closed to narrow slits again. He looked at me for a long time, then said, "You talk too much, kid."

Before I could answer, the dreamy porter showed up again. It looked to me like he was using the same mop for a crutch. The fat guy saw him and looked at his watch, then back at me.

"There's a joint three doors down the street," he said. "I could have that drink wit' yuh now. Slumber, there"—sweeping a fat hand toward the lazy porter—"kin look after the joint."

When he waddled out of that chair it looked like he got up by stages, like two elevators going in opposite directions. While his bones were going up his flesh was sagging

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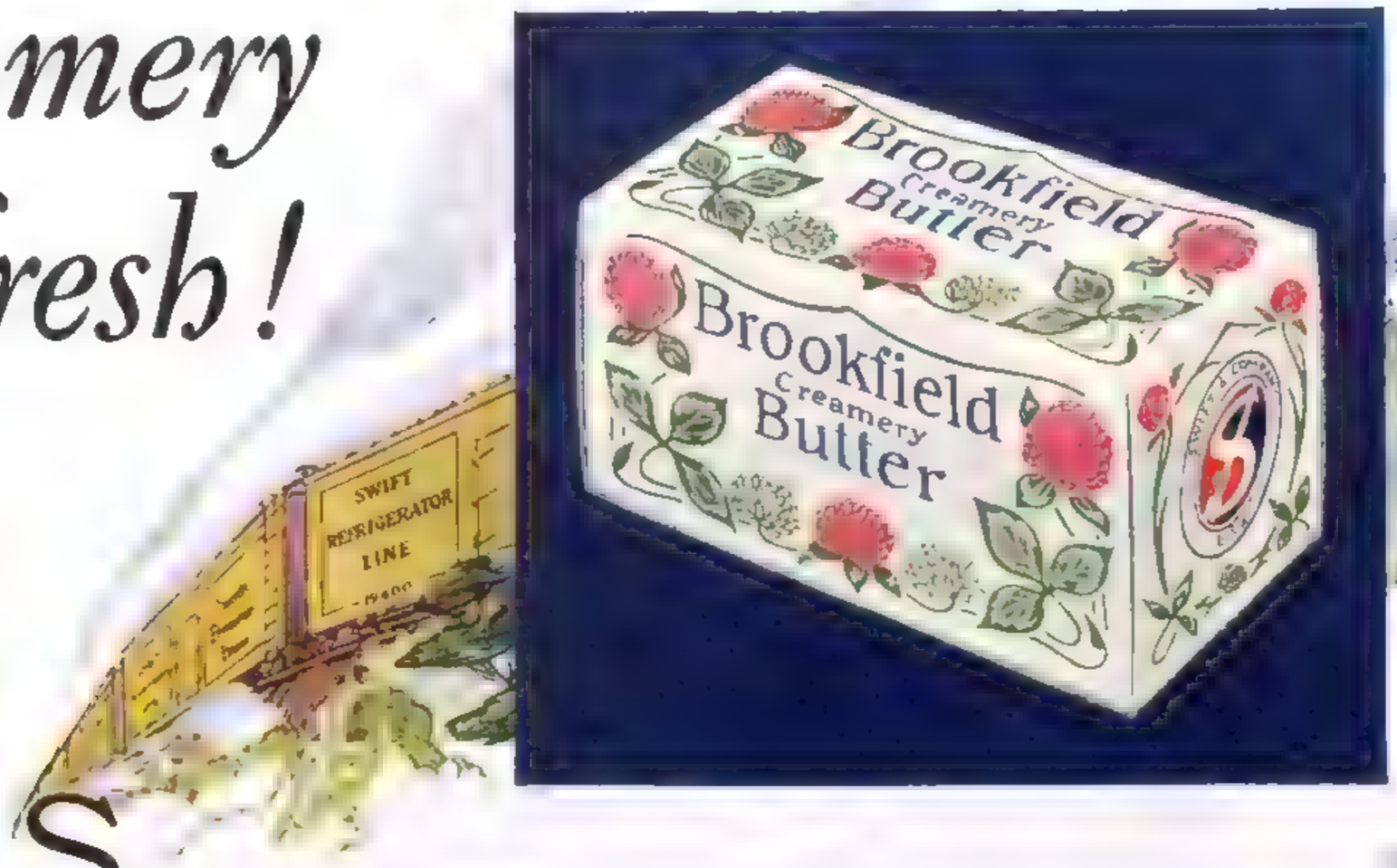
Straight from country creameries butter that is *Creamery fresh!*



SWIFT experts locate all of Swift & Company's creameries with two thoughts in mind.

One—the creameries must be built in the heart of selected dairy regions in order to get good cream directly from the dairies.

Two—the creameries must be served by rail so that the butter can be sent straight to your dealer.

Every part in the making and delivering of Brookfield Creamery Butter is planned to preserve its first fresh goodness.

The creameries churn it daily from pasteurized cream right in the heart of these selected dairy regions. Churns and vats are immaculate.

The fragrant butter is next taken from the churn, chilled for cutting and, without delay, delivered throughout the nation in Swift & Company's own refrigerator cars.

Brookfield Creamery Butter reaches your dealer by the quickest, most direct route possible—*creamery fresh.*

The same service supplies you with Brookfield Eggs, Brookfield Cheese and Brookfield Poultry. A dealer near you has them.

Swift & Company

This name—"Brookfield"—assures you that Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese, in convenient cartons, are products of quality.

Brookfield

Butter-Eggs Cheese

©S. & Co.

(Continued from Page 40)

down. He threw away his half-smoked cigarette before we got to the door, and before we got through it he had a bag of tobacco and papers out and was rolling another one. His big fat fingers were clever, at that. I figured I would make him talk before long, and when I did I would learn a thing or two that fitted into my plans. We found a pretty dirty barroom three doors away from my new home and the fat guy led me in there.

"You know my name's Smith," I grinned at him as we went in, "but I ain't got any idea what yours is"

"Skinny," he cracked; "just call me Skinny." I mean that was a laugh; he must have weighed two-thirty.

"Great, Slim," I grinned; "you'll feel better after we get a powder or two in this joint."

The bartender was a tough-looking mug, and he came up to us with his eyes on Skinny and his mind on me.

"What'll yuh have, gents?" he asked.

"Same thing," Skinny said; then he turned his fat face toward me and said, "I dunno what Smith'll have."

"The best you got, old pal," I grinned, "an' git aboard yourself."

The bartender nodded and set up a bottle with three glasses spread around it. The glasses were about half an inch thick and it looked like you were getting a big slug, but when you drank you knew different.

"Ging' ale er water?" the bartender asked, his eyes still on Skinny. I knew they were trying to pass some sign between them, and that tickled me to death. I felt I could get in right through this bunch if I was smart enough to learn something about them.

Of course, they might be dock thieves or automobile thieves, or even just dips and second-story men, but anyhow it was a contact in a new town, and if I could get them to talking I knew I would learn what I wanted to know.

"Why spoil good liquor," I asked, "with ginger ale or water?" But I kept my eye right on Skinny and knew that he could not flash a sign without my knowing it. I never will forget that drink. Those two birds were not very smart, but they were very worried. I had told Skinny enough to let him think I was a crook, but he knew that a copper might do the same thing. He was scared a bit, and the bartender knew it, but as long as I kept close watch on them they could not do anything about it.

I poured us all a drink and threw a five-dollar bill on the bar. "We might as well knock off the bottle," I said. "I'm a stranger in town, with nothin' but time, an' I rather do it here than lots of other places."

Keeping Them Scared

SKINNY gave me a dirty look, and I laughed at him and said: "All right. I'll turn around and you can tip this lad's mitt that you don't know me from a ton of coal."

I turned my back on them and after a couple of seconds I asked if it was all right to turn back again. The bartender seemed puzzled and a little sore.

"I don't get you at all, Smith," he said kind of hotly "What's the big idea?"

"You," Skinny grunted, his eyes slits and his fat cheeks all wrinkled up again, "are either the dumbest or the smartest guy aroun' here."

"I'm dumb," I laughed. "Drink up again. If things break pretty good for a guy, can't he even make a couple of new pals an' spread himself?"

"What's your racket?" the bartender asked, straight from the shoulder.

"Stickups," I snapped, "an' I'm good at 'em! When you birds snap out of it we can collect some easy pickin' fer ourselves."

That knocked them flat. They looked at each other and both of them gulped down their drinks. I admit the game looked too open to be on the level, but after all, if they had me collared for what I said, nobody could prove a thing, and I was pretty sure they would not have me collared; pretty sure I had them sized up right. In a new burg you have to take some chances like that.

"Somebody will put the slug on you if you crack that lingo," the bartender said at last. "Why don't you git yourself a hand organ to go with it? More guys would hear you that way!"

He flashed another look at Skinny and I could see that he was doubtful of me. That suited me fine. I could see that Skinny's whole idea in bringing me here was to have this guy look me over, and if there is anything I do not look like it is a cop.

Figuring to sew up the whole plant, I said, "I know you birds don't know me, but I'm on the loop from a long ways off an' I'm anxious to make a couple of good smart friends that are game. I've heard this burg was full of 'em."

"It is," Skinny answered, "an' you may find that out."

"Just what I want. I'm a little game myself ——"

Just then another man came into the saloon and he nodded to Skinny and the bartender. The minute I lamped him I made him for a dick. You never miss on those birds. He stood down a little from us and the bartender knew what he wanted and served him without any order, so I knew this was a hangout of his. That was a good sign too.

After a while the bartender and the dick got to talking very low. I took another drink and so did Skinny. After that I asked, "Who's the dick, Skinny? Reg'lar, ain't he?"

"I dunno," Skinny mumbled. "He is ——"

"He's reg'lar, all right," I snapped. "If he wasn't he never would have all that to say to this bartendin' bozo."

"You know enough to find out a lot, mebbe," Skinny threatened, but I only laughed. I figured we were making very good headway, but the more I saw of Skinny the less I thought he would ever be in on any big deals. I mean no guy without some brains is ever very good or ever very bad. Skinny's brains were all trapped in fat and could not work. What I wanted was to get him talking.

Any time you can sit around and hear people talk about other people in something of the same line of business, you learn things. The best way I ever found to get a line on a big man is to get a little man talking about him. That was what I had in mind with Skinny. If I could get him talking about crimes he knew nothing about I would soon hear who the big mugs were and where they might be found. Then I would oscar away from Skinny and have a line of conversation to spring on the people I really wanted to meet. The dick took a second drink and walked out, of course without paying for anything. The bartender came back to us and I kind of thought from the look on his face that he might have been telling the dick about me.

"Well," I said, "there's still a couple more rounds in this bottle and we might as well finish it up."

There Was Mary Too. I Thought of Her in Her Uniform, With That Satisfied and Determined Look on Her Face, and I Wondered What She Was Thinking of Me

News From Home

ON THE way back to the little hotel I saw the dick giving me the once-over, and that made me sure that the bartender had cracked something about me and that I would be watched. What the dick probably was trying to find out was whether I was a cop or really on the level.

That night I had a pretty good meal at a restaurant near Skinny's place, but it was no good compared to the meals the old man used to serve. I could not help but be blue. To think of the old man throwing all that away just because he thought he wanted to be a smart guy and drink highballs, and be an alderman.

There was Mary too. I thought of her in her uniform, with that satisfied and determined look on her face, and I wondered what she was thinking of me. I supposed the papers had carried the story about my taking a shot at Clancy and I guessed that Mary would think that pretty awful. I would have been pretty blue right then if I had known that little Mary was going to have time to finish all her training and work her way up to a job as night superintendent of a big ward, before I was to see her again. I could not write to her and tell her why I had shot, because the cops would be watching for that, and Clancy would like nothing better than to see me collared right.

I read the papers, but it was quite a while before I found out much about the elections at home. The old man was mentioned and it said that his wound was not serious and doctors thought he could go home in a week. Home! That place would never be home to him again! All the neighbors would be giving him the laugh, and anyway, it cost a lot of money to run that house. I wondered what the old man was going to do. He was a terrible fighter. He might even try to pull off a big haul and get

(Continued on Page 60)

Far More

Hyper-Expansion of Fuel, Hupmobile's perfected high compression, enables you to enjoy the full possibilities of modern high-compression fuels. It liberates the last impulse of power from the last atom of gas, of any grade, and greatly increases smoothness and fuel economy.

Power, Beauty and Value In This New Series A-5 Six

"I HAD not driven the car ten minutes before I realized that some important improvement had been made that profoundly affected performance."

This comment from a thoroughly seasoned motorist, recounting his experience with the New Series A-5 Hupmobile Six reflects the universal impression this new series is making on all who drive it.

The cause? Primarily a Hupmobile development, Hyper-Expansion of Fuel—perfected high compression—

The Hupmobile application of a new engine principle that sweeps the car forward with power as smooth as an electric current. Naturally, too, it means faster acceleration and far greater fuel economy.

This is the celebrated engineering feature originated in the Distinguished Hupmobile Eight. It is built into every model of the New Series Hupmobile Six and not a penny has been added to the low price—$1385.

The new car is winning its popularity on appearance as well as performance for its beauty captivates at once. There are six charming color options for the Sedan and four for the Brougham.

The Brougham is especially appealing to a majority of buyers. Check its features. Try it for easy entrance and exit. Next drive it for a few minutes. Then you will know.

Modern as tomorrow and unusually complete, including: wide choice of optional colors; smaller wheels; improved clear vision; satin finish hardware; harmoniously arranged instrument board under glass, indirectly lighted; remote door control; light control on steering wheel; new and improved thermostatic water control which, with manifold heat control, quickly brings engine to efficient operating temperature; vibration damper; air cleaner and oil filter; four-wheel brakes.

Hupmobile Six

TO INSURE GOOD SERVICE

"Guaranteed" doesn't mean much until you know how the guarantee reads. The Quaker Girl numbered certificate on the face of every Quaker-Felt Rug says: "If for any reason this rug should prove defective, or the purchaser feels he has not received his money's worth, the rug may be returned to the merchant . . . and the Armstrong Cork Company will authorize the merchant to replace it with a new rug of the same size and grade." A letter to us will bring you the whole story in a free booklet, "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Low-priced rugs . . . *can be beautiful*

And the designers of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors have proved it

FROM all over America comes the call for more beauty—more good taste—more authentic design in smooth-surfaced rugs. "Just because rugs are low-priced is no reason they should not be artistically designed—really beautiful," women are saying. These women are right. And Armstrong's designers, the same artists who create the modern patterns for Armstrong's Linoleum Floors, have now produced new and tasteful designs for smooth-surfaced rugs—designs beautiful enough to grace the floors in homes of good taste, rugs inexpensive enough to appeal to even "just married" budgets.

You want beauty in a rug, of course. But you want beauty that stands the wear and tear of daily use. So every one of these new Quaker-Felt Rug designs is printed in heavy oil colors over a specially treated felt base.

"That's going far enough to insure long wear," some might say. But Armstrong's weren't contented with making just a *good* rug. They wanted to produce a rug that, despite its low price, would represent the superior quality that has always been associated with the famous Circle A trade-mark.

"Why not give the surface of these Quaker-Felt Rugs a finish that will preserve the beautiful colors and designs, a finish that makes for ease in cleaning, for really long wear?" "Accolac"—a rug lacquer that defies washing and wear—was adopted.

When you examine the new Quaker-Felt Rugs, run your hand across this smooth "Accolac" surface. Note its bright gleam. Then ask the merchant the price.

You will be delightfully surprised that even the large 9 x 12 ft. size costs much less than you would pay for a permanent wave! Quaker-Felt also comes by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths in many attractive designs.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt Rug No. 4560. Four sizes, 6 x 9 ft. to 9 x 12 ft.

Armstrong's Quaker-Felt

RUGS

MY LIFE—By HERMINE

AN EARNEST little girl in a gingham apron plays housekeeping. Seriously, almost reverently, she is cooking a dinner for three lady and three gentleman dolls. The menu consists of candy saved from her own allowance, acorns gathered in the park, and a soup stirred with more love than culinary experience. It is a mixture of salt, sugar and flour, with a dash of pepper. This diet may seem a little one-sided. I am sure it is lacking in vitamines. But the doll family thrives on it.

Aside, hardly able to disguise her contempt, stands a wizened governess, sniffing. It does not seem to her that cooking, even in the play room, is an occupation befitting a princess with a row of ancestors reaching back to the tenth century. By this time the imaginative reader has guessed the identity of the little princess.

Herma-Garden, Called So After Hermine. The Plants Were All Wedding Presents

When, somewhat later, the princess shows an active interest in her father's household, when she insists upon going to the picturesque kitchen in Castle Burgk on the River Saale, where the soot falls through the huge chimneys and the smell of cooking offends delicate nostrils, the governess can no longer restrain herself. She forbids her ward to enter the kitchen and discourages as improper her efforts to ascertain how a household is run. When the princess, nevertheless, offends again, in spite of the injunctions, the aristocratic governess protests to the prince against the plebeian proclivities of his daughter.

The prince, Henry XXII, laughs. "Every girl," he insists, "must know how to cook. A knowledge of the homely facts of life is an asset for all, princess or chambermaid."

Thus rebuked, the governess relents, without being convinced.

Mistress of Two Households

THE early knowledge of domestic affairs which I acquired in spite of my governesses, and the faculty for systematic work which I have inherited from my father enable me to conduct my two households successfully. I preside over my household at Doorn without relinquishing control of my household at Saabor, the Silesian home of my children.

Every household expresses the personality of its mistress. Even if she has not personally selected the furniture, an indefinable something in the arrangement betrays her touch. I can always tell when I enter a house if its mistress holds the reins in her own hands or if she intrusts the management of her household to others. The stateliest castle and the tiniest flat are lifeless if the lady of the house relegates her duties to employes. Maid of all work, haughty housekeeper or titled lord chamberlain—no one can take the place of the mistress of the house. A woman's household is her kingdom, which she cannot neglect without peril. This applies equally to shopkeepers' wives and to queens. Housekeeping to me is not a disagreeable duty; it is a pleasure that lends both substance and color to my life.

This does not mean that the lady of the house must be her own scrub woman—a rather difficult job in Doorn. The main house, though small, contains fifteen rooms. The Orangerie, with the children's quarters, makes ten or twelve more rooms. There are several rooms in the Gate House, where our guests stay. Finally there are the servants' quarters and two or three cottages. But without handling a broom herself, the lady of the house must at least know that everything is being properly dusted and scrubbed.

I do not pretend that I prepare the Emperor's meals with my own hand, but I know whether we are going to have chicken or mutton for dinner. I know how these dishes must be cooked. If I were stranded on a desert island with the Kaiser we should not have to starve unless the island happened to be barren. I know the culinary processes involved in making a simple meal, nourishing as well as tasty, and I know how much should be left over from yesterday's mutton for tomorrow's stew.

Latest Picture of Hermine and Her Five Children, Taken at Doorn, Christmas, 1926

Tradesmen

MOST royalties I have met are unassuming people who lead a simple and unostentatious existence. I am not referring to economies forced upon many by the revolution, but to their natural habits of life. Much royal pomp is merely a concession to the expectations of others. Royalties have no desire to lose touch with the rest of the world. The Hohenzollerns especially have always striven to keep their feet firmly on the ground. It is this feeling that is responsible for the tradition in the Hohenzollern family which demands that every prince must perfect himself in some skilled trade to complete his education.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, is a skilled bookbinder. The Crown Prince is a skilled blacksmith. His familiarity with this trade stood him in good stead in Wieringen,. The Emperor did not learn a trade, owing to the handicap of his left arm. But he overcomes this deficiency by his skill in sawing wood and in pruning plants, and by his general knowledge of gardening. If my husband were not what he is, he would be able to earn a comfortable living as a gardener.

Every morning the Kaiser takes a long stroll before breakfast. I do a few turns on my bicycle. Occasionally we meet at crossroads and salute each other. The Kaiser is frequently accompanied on these walks by his guests. I never attempt to inject myself into his early peripatetic conversations. Husbands and wives must learn to leave one another alone at times. They must also learn not to disturb the circle of one another's friendships. This is the most important ingredient in any recipe for marital happiness.

At 8:45, after his walk, the Kaiser conducts religious services in the main hall. If punctuality is the courtesy of kings, my husband is the most courteous of monarchs. He always appears on the minute. It amuses him sometimes to see his guests, accustomed to later hours, race breathlessly across the park from the Gate House in order to be on time for the morning service. It is curious that grown-ups, even privy councilors, will offer the same silly excuses as children who are late at school. They did not hear the gong, their watch had stopped, or some other equally original alibi. Sometimes the Emperor waits for them on the steps where I caught my first glimpse of him, and pretends to be very angry if they are a few seconds late. Any delay, it is true, upsets our domestic schedule, because the entire household participates in the service.

We breakfast at nine, always alone. If guests are in the house they take the first meal, consisting usually of eggs, a slice of cold meat, fruit and marmalade, at the table of the master of the household. The Kaiser is a quick eater—or rather, his

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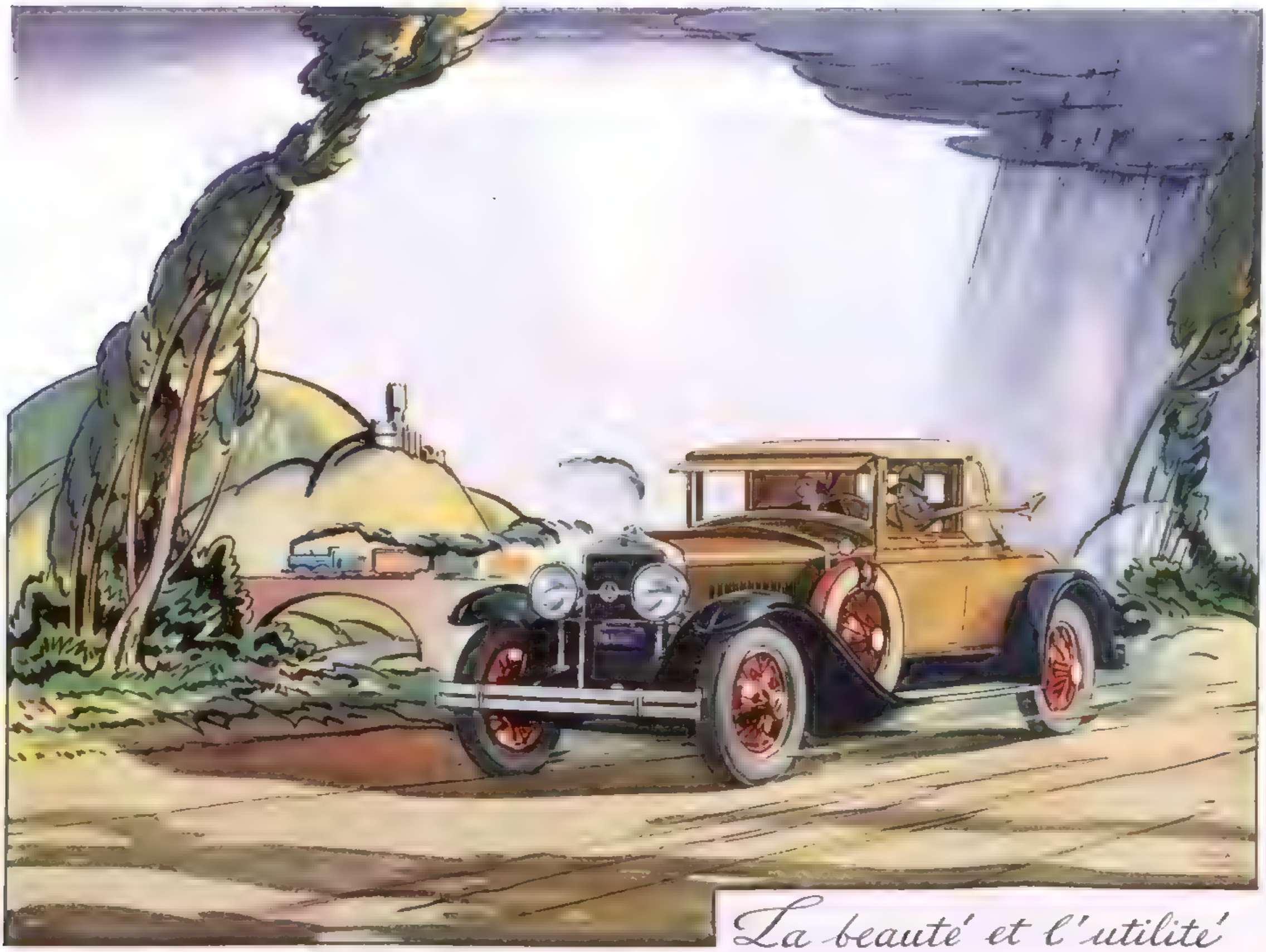

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You may possess a LaSalle on the liberal term-payment plan of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation—the appraisal value of your used car acceptable as cash

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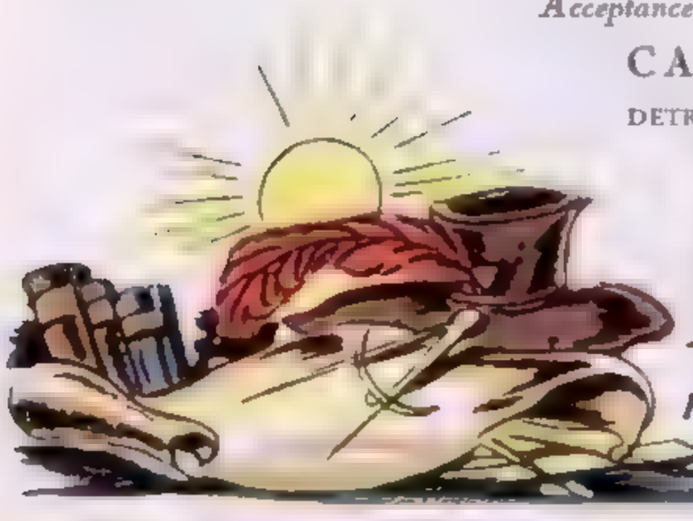

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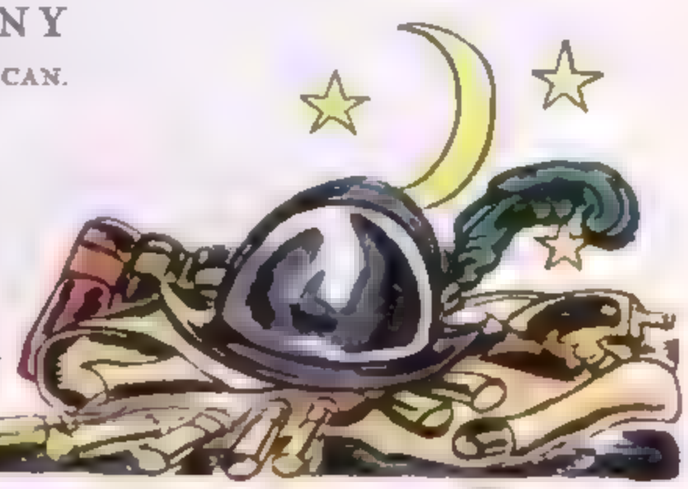

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FIVE FALLACIES OF AVIATION

By WM. B. STOUT

One of the Largest and One of the Smallest Planes, on the Aviation Field at Mineola, Long Island

THE factor that finally determines the success or failure of any business enterprise is not what its owners and operators know, but what the public believes. Motor cars were running about the streets of our big cities for ten years before the average citizen was ready to trust them with his own life under his own guidance. He was willing to say they were safe, but he was uncertain of the answers to sundry contingent questions. While he was absorbing this information by a process of observation and discussion, the pioneers of the industry were running themselves ragged in search of capital or spending sleepless nights trying to think up new stunts to dramatize the automobile. Speed, safety, endurance, reliability, economy and exclusiveness were tried singly and in combination. Then familiarity with the details of operation developed and the motor car arrived. Mechanically, it had been ready for some years before it was taken up by the public.

Commercial aviation today is in a position exactly comparable to that occupied by the motor-car makers a quarter of a century ago, with respect to public opinion and its own state of mind. Its owners and operators, in other words, know more about flying than the public believes.

Too Much Technical Information

THEY know far more now, as a matter of fact, than automotive experts knew twenty-five years ago about the essentials of good motor-car design and operation, since most of the experimental power-plant work was done for them. The industry is therefore much farther advanced mechanically and scientifically, but in my opinion it has been ignoring the psychological lessons of the pioneer motor-car days, and it is still making some of the same fundamental mistakes.

The worst of these—the uncontrolled stunt flying and use of unsafe and outdated types, which may be classified as mistakes of commission—have now been pretty well discontinued. The big mistake of omission, however, is still being made. The public is being given the same overdose of technical information. It is being told what the engineers and designers know. Every new development is explained in detail, and hardly a day passes without some new performance achievement which is blazoned on the front pages of the newspapers. Undoubtedly there is a public interest in this sort of thing—an interest that is growing with incredible rapidity. But it is the interest of curiosity rather than of demand. It is a repetition of our experience with the motor car, and it does not answer the questions in the public mind.

As I see it, the trouble with what we have been doing is that it compares aviation with aviation, and the average citizen has not yet absorbed a knowledge of what aviation is. He knows it is safe, and every day further assurance is given him on this point. A few days ago an enthusiast with a taste for statistics announced that more people were kicked to death last year by mules than were killed in airplanes. This is a better comparison than some of the statistics being published, but it makes little impression on the vast majority of our population, which knows nothing about mules. The industry, in a word, is assuming that every citizen knows what every pilot takes for granted and what every school boy and girl is being taught—the things that are obvious to seasoned flying passengers even when there is no technical or scientific knowledge.

This thought occurred to me some time ago while I was questioning a rather well-informed business man. I discovered that he was entertaining five fundamental fallacies about aviation. Since then I have discussed the matter with many pilots, manufacturers and designers, and agreement among them is almost unanimous as to the widespread circulation of the same errors. Ninety-five per cent of the adults who ask questions about airplanes reveal certain beliefs which in my opinion form the great obstacle to the development of commercial aviation.

The Interior of an All-Metal Passenger Plane Purchased by an Oil Company for the Use of Its Officials

A Passenger Plane From Schenectady Arriving at East Boston Airport, June, 1927

All Based on the Safety Factor

A CURIOUS feature of this situation is that though each of these five fallacies is based on the safety factor, the attitude of the public may not properly be described as fearful. It is a form of caution, to be sure, but it is an economic rather than a physical caution. Men and women waiting for their turn to fly will tell us gravely that they would not think of trusting their goods and chattels, much less their children, to flying machines until this or that development has been achieved. To my way of thinking, there is a mine of material for the psychologist and the student of group protective instincts in the man who will take a chance himself but will refuse to approve the taking of mass chances.

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The Will, the Willing and the Willed

By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

WILL—strange and ominous word. The many-levered engine of the soul. "This is my will"—strange and ominous phrase. As though upon a scrap of paper the man could finally epitomize the driving force by which he had propelled himself from one void to another.

And yet many do. If all the scraps of paper called wills could be heaped in one place they would be more revelatory than any other similar heap of papers in existence. They would most reveal the levers which have been pushed and pulled in earthly transits.

This was true of the will of Ira Striber. The lever which old Ira had most used to hitch his small self across the scragged course of his life had been the lever of resentment—resentment against the human race in general, resentment against the Hackaberry family in particular; and the knob of that lever still stood stubbornly apparent in the will which he drew upon the second night preceding his death. And yet no one saw that lever. For fifteen years no one saw that lever. The judge who probated the will did not see it; the man who inherited the property did not see it. No one in Camptonville saw it, though it is truth entire to say that no paper in the history of that small city was ever so discussed as that triangle of grocery paper upon which Ira Striber devised all his earthly goods to young Luther Hackaberry. To Luther Hackaberry, last of that race whom old Striber had vowed in his envy to ruin!

No Paper in the History of That Small City Was Ever So Discussed as That Triangle of Grocery Paper Upon Which Ira Striber Devised All His Earthly Goods to Young Luther Hackaberry

That wedge of paper divided the town into a spiritual encampment, though no one saw that either. After the clash of thousands of words the pious folk entrenched themselves solidly behind the opinion that old Ira had made a deathbed repentance. The earthly minded clung with varying degrees of stubbornness to the position that Striber had been out of his mind when he had dictated the incredible words to Gideon Shiflet. Some of these latter claimed it had been Shiflet's mistake—an illiterate ne'er-do-well called in there to scrawl the thing by candle flicker; a few chuckled dryly and said, natural enough, seeing that Shiflet would have gone hungry many's the time if it hadn't been for the Hackaberrys—old Luther or young Luther.

In the mid-fever of the discussion a few restless letters were even tossed off to various points in the West in the hope that one of them would overtake the light-footed Shiflet. But Shiflet had not himself known exactly whither he was bound when, still dazed, he had banged up the train steps a half hour after his incredible experience at old Ira's; and Jim Juber, the one with whom he had spent that last half hour could, or would, furnish no enlightening detail. This failure on the part of Mr. Juber may have been due, however, to a constitutional peculiarity; Mr. Juber, owing to the slant of his features and a chronic stiffness of his neck, always looked as though he were about to turn a corner, and in conversation always did turn it.

"Well," considered Mr. Juber, pressed again and again for details as to what, when and how Mr. Shiflet had spoken, looked and acted during that debatable half hour, "I bought the surrey off Gideon for money in cash, and the mare. And I was to haul him for nothing to the train, and his walise. He says he'd hauled everybody and now he wanted to be hauled, and I was to come a full half hour early, so's he could tell me to stop here and there for him to say good-by—he says, like old Luther Hackaberry used to do it when he owned the hack private and Gideon was a boy and drove it. And I give him twicet over what I stippylated for—I went there and set for a full hour. A full hour."

"Yes, yes. But then what? What happened then?"

"Well, then he never come out of the Hackaberry gate. He come out of Striber's gate. And I had to move my horse."

"But how did he look? How'd he happen to go there?"

Through the cool sluiceways of his mind Mr. Juber strained the recollection of the panting Shiflet as he had burst through the Striber gate and flung himself, haunt-eyed, upon the seat of the surrey.

"Well," appraised Mr. Juber, "he looked real good. He had onto him that suit young Luther give him to go way in."

"But what did he say, man?"

Mr. Juber had his own sense of humor, which expressed itself in a rustling as though all the dry bones in his turkey-withered neck had collapsed together. He rustled now, though his features betrayed no merriment.

"Well, he says now he'd got young Luther through his law, he was going out back behind the other ocean to hunt that cousin in that mine somewheres. He says he'd saved all his life to buy him a thousand miles of railroad ticket, and now he was going to set and ride till the ticket run out on him and then he was goin' to hoof it."

At this point the interrogator usually burst into perspiration or profanity, according to the state of his spiritual health, strode off in stiff-legged indignation and later announced loudly that Camptonville would be better off if all its Shiflets and its Jubers could be expelled.

Which would have meant precisely that Camptonville would have lost its only authentic historians. For the full and complete history of any town is writ not in its Blue Books nor its family Bibles nor its History of the Township. It is writ behind the eyes of those who serve its rear doors; its draymen, its milkmen, its gardeners. In their seed-gathering, seed-cultivating brains are catalogued not only names, dates and happenings, but the reasons for names, dates and happenings. Thus while all the lawyers, doctors, merchants and chiefs of Camptonville speculated for months and years as to why old Ira Striber had endowed the last of the Hackaberrys with what he had devoted his life to stripping from them, Gideon Shiflet, swaying along that night upon the seat of the surrey, gibbering and shaken, had arrived more nearly at the solution of the matter than all of Camptonville together.

"For," declared Mr. Shiflet, his wide, flat eyes staring unseeing at the street down which he had planned to make so ceremonious an exit, "he wasn't giving the property to Luther for no good; now that I know. I seen his eyes—I seen his eyes. You know how they was always the color of dead straw like the rest of him. They wasn't tonight. They looked black, I tell you."

"I guess you ain't seeing 'em very good by that candle," Mr. Juber had interposed.

Through the natural spillway provided by his protruding lower lip with its depressed middle, Mr. Shiflet's words poured on: "He was all dead straw, even his voice; but his eyes wasn't. And his bed was drawed up where he

(Continued on Page 50)

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WHEN the salesman representing a General Motors car visits you, he comes armed with facts of unmistakable interest—facts which you should know before you select a motor car. He will tell you about the greater value and satisfaction of Body by Fisher—the all important story of engineering and manufacturing leadership which every car owner should hear. Once learn about Fisher Bodies—about their safety construction, their greater value, comfort, beauty—and you will surely choose a General Motors car which bears the emblem "Body by Fisher". General Motors Corporation has just announced new cars of incomparable beauty, performance, comfort, and durability—each offering the advantage of Body by Fisher.

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Plate Glass—Crystal plate—or thick window glass—is *never* used in Fisher Bodies. The diamond-like polish of the genuine plate glass used in every Body by Fisher affords perfect clarity of vision—another highly desirable safety feature of every Fisher body

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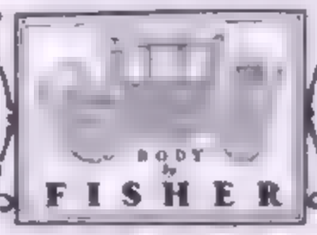
GENERAL MOTORS



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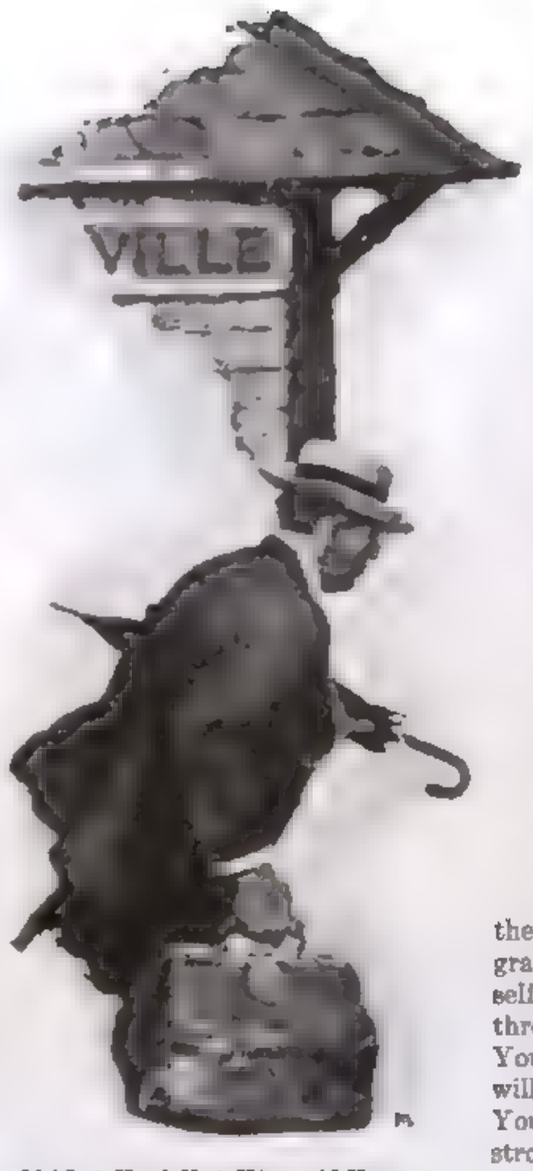
could look right over into the Hackaberry place he'd stole from 'em. I ain't a doubt he seen me and Luther saying our goodbys. We'd met there—well, I don't know for why, only it was empty and lonesome, like the place for our goodbys, I guess. But the minute after Luther left me, here come that half-wit Lon a-fumblin' after me."

"But ain't he leaving his own brother nothing?" the awe-stricken Mr. Juber had demanded.

"Not nothing." Mr. Shiflet had here turned the flat plane of his distraught countenance upon his companion. "I'd took down his words and I was a steadyin' his wrist for him to sign it, and I asked him, 'What about Lon,' I says. And he says—but first, what do you guess he done?"



Shiflet Had Not Himself Known Exactly Whither He Was Bound When, Still Dazed, He Had Banged Up the Train Steps

"She's a whistlin' for the platform." The practical Mr. Juber felt for the valise. "But what was it he done?"

Even in this moment of departure which was to have been the climacteric of his thirty-nine years, Mr. Shiflet gazed with bemused eyes upon the iron dragon lashing to a fire-snorting stop for him, and for him alone. "He crackled up together like a match in dead straw—maybe he was trying to remember how to laugh—and he says, 'Leave him go to the poorhouse,' he says. 'I need all I got for this other thing,' he says. Mind you, he says 'thing'"—his flat foot plowed abstractedly toward the step of the vehicle—"he never says 'Luther'; he says 'thing.' And then he says, 'The Hackaberrys was always ——'"

"It's stopped a'ready!" warned Mr. Juber in some excitement. "Git on or you'll have to git off!"

Mr. Shiflet, valise widely extended in one hand, umbrella widely extended in the other, padded like a clip-winged bat toward a summoning blue arm. Behind him, after a motionless instant, raced slantwise his fellow historian.

"Hey!" cried Mr. Juber. "What was it he called the Hackaberrys?"

Over the heaving crest of a shoulder the pallid moon of Mr. Shiflet's visage rose for the fraction of an instant. Out of shriek and grind and the winds of all space seemed borne to Mr. Juber's itching ear the one monosyllable "fools."

"Fools?" queried the historian, standing motionless upon the platform. "Fools," meditated the historian, sitting motionless upon the surrey.

But Mr. Juber was a conscientious man. Before bedding himself and his horse he stopped at every place where Gideon had purposed to stop, and gave his farewell for him. And to the general query: "But what was you and him goin' round and round the town for?" he turned the corner neatly and truthfully: "Because the mare kept on goin'."

But for fifteen years Mr. Juber hauled Camptonville to and fro in slant dignity; he knew more than all the town together. He knew more than Judge Perlin Pruett, who admitted the will to probate. He knew more than Luther Hackaberry who inherited by the will. He knew more than anybody in the world knew except Gideon Shiflet, tacking from camp fire to camp fire toward that cousin in that mining claim behind the other ocean. He knew dimly all those years, at least, that neither deathbed repentance nor deathbed delirium provided the eerie motive for what had been writ that night beneath the candle flicker. And he watched and listened and quested within himself as to what sort of fools old Ira Striber had called the Hackaberrys, and before Gideon Shiflet came back fifteen years later he sometimes thought he knew. At any rate he was the only one through those years who actually felt that old Ira, ironic and malign, was still astir in the affairs of young Luther Hackaberry.

The only one? And yet what of young Luther himself? What of young Luther in that moment after Judge Pruett had finished reading aloud that extraordinary document? What of young Luther, struck from his chair, his whole body and spirit in urge against the bequest so seemingly beneficent? Young Luther crying out of deeps, unmotived by thought or logic: "I won't take it! I won't touch it! It's for no good—it's for no good!" What was it made him wheel, staring at the window shade behind him as it rustled like dead straw in the autumn breeze?

Nerves, said Judge Pruett—nerves, nerves, and laughed as Luther sank trembling into his chair. Luther himself smiled faintly after a moment, though his quick eyes swept from the wedge of paper.

"I don't want it! Sucking us dry for thirty years, the old leech! Why didn't he give it back to the people he took it from? My mother—my father—and he always hated me." The blue steel of his eyes drilled to a point; he set his knees stubbornly. "No, I don't want anything from him."

"Not even when it belongs to you?" queried the judge quietly. "You wouldn't want to live in the Hackaberry house again?

That closed the youth's taut-hung lips, set his shoulders to moving restlessly.

"Listen, Luther. You're going to take it, of course. And you're going to hang on to it. You're the one of the Hackaberrys that can do it. Your father couldn't; your grandfather couldn't. No, now sit still. You know yourself they couldn't. Love of good living had them by the throat. They'd never known anything else. But you have. You've had it sweat out of you. You've set your stubborn will and got yourself through college. You're tough now. You're seasoned. You're fit to take hold. But blood's strong. Always remember that, Luther. Blood's strong."

"I wouldn't want any other," blurted the youth.

"And I wouldn't want you to have," agreed the other. "There's no finer blood in the world—the Hackaberrys have half made this town. But it's soft blood, easy blood. You've got to keep your will on top. They're both inside you, the blood and the will, Luther. They may get to whipping at each other one of these days. And if that time comes—well, just don't let the blood whip the will, that's all."

Young Hackaberry sat in an attitude of attention, but his smoldering eyes were ranging far. "But this takes my job away. I've always said I'd beat the old skinner at his own game. Why, from the time I was nine, ten—why, judge, this takes my lifetime job away. Now to have it all given to me—to have him give it to me—to take something from somebody you just hate, and always will hate ——" His shoulders riffled with acute distaste.

The jurist folded the triangle of paper, placed it in a legal envelope and looked up with mischievous eyes. "And when you and Eunice set up in the old Hackaberry place ——"

"Eunice!" shouted the boy and sprang to his feet.

"—— just tell her there's an old bachelor likes homemade waffles once in a while Sunday nights."

Young Luther told her that, and he told her many other things before the afternoon was gone. The crisp black waves fretting back from his forehead tossed gayly above the smooth honey-bright sheen of her head as they spun about, hand in hand, in ecstatic circles.

"We can be married right away!" he kept saying over and over.

"Oh, Luther!"

"And move into the Hackaberry house!"

"Oh, Luther!"

"And I'll buy back all the old stuff I can get track of ——"

"But—why, won't they ——"

"'Won't they ——'"

"Won't the folks that have it maybe charge a lot for it?"

"But won't we be willing to pay a lot for it? Remember, I've—we've got around eleven thousand in real money that rattles! And the Hackaberry house, and the old Striber shack next door—of course, though," he slowed and stood as though listening, "I will be careful. Only—why, Eunie, I can remember just where those pieces used to set! And after all these years at school, scrubbing dirty floors, weeding dirty yards, sometimes hungry so I couldn't sleep—why, I just got to cut loose a little. Not much, little thistledown, but a little."

"Oh, yes! Dear Luther! Poor Luther!" sobbed the little thistledown. "You must! And it will be such fun."

It was fun. They searched the town and the countryside for old Hackaberry walnut and mahogany, and they bought it in most cases for surprisingly moderate sums. The town was sentimental over anything concerning the Hackaberrys, and this restoration of the grand old place from which had emanated the best life Camptonville had ever known appealed to even the dullest imagination. And then there were those romantic details: The spectacular will which had made all this possible, the forthcoming wedding—Luther would be the third Hackaberry to lead a bride up those broad steps, and the others had been happy brides; the popularity of the groom to be; the beauty of the bride to be—Camptonville fairly rocked in an orgy of emotion. Even Mr. Juber, drayman for the nonce by the simple expedient of removing the rear seat of the surrey, was seen to smile as he slanted around the high doors, carrying this, placing that.

"Put it here, Jim; that's mother's sewing table. Here by the window—that's where she used to sit. And that's where you'll be sitting, little thistledown!"

"Oh, Luther! And that lovely thing over there—was that your father's smoking stand?"

"Grandfather's too. There, Jim; no, just a little closer the fireplace. So good of doc to let us have it again."

"And that's where you'll be sitting. Oh, Luther!"

And old Lon next door, who had never had occasion to laugh and who was too old to learn now, made strange happy noises as he stared at the workmen stripping the flour-gummed newspaper off the walls of the two-room shack and replacing it with a riot of upward-reaching flowers, blue and pink and yellow.

"Gardens to the sky!" mumbled old Lon.

"And they're yours, Lon. Not mine. Yours. You understand? All yours."

"Gardens to the sky!" squeaked old Lon and laid his loose lips to them, the flowers, blue and pink and yellow.

It was finished at last and the next day the wedding was to be—the wedding to which everybody was invited. "If there isn't room in the house, there'll be room in the yard, and if there isn't room in the yard, there'll be room in the street," young Hackaberry had announced. And every

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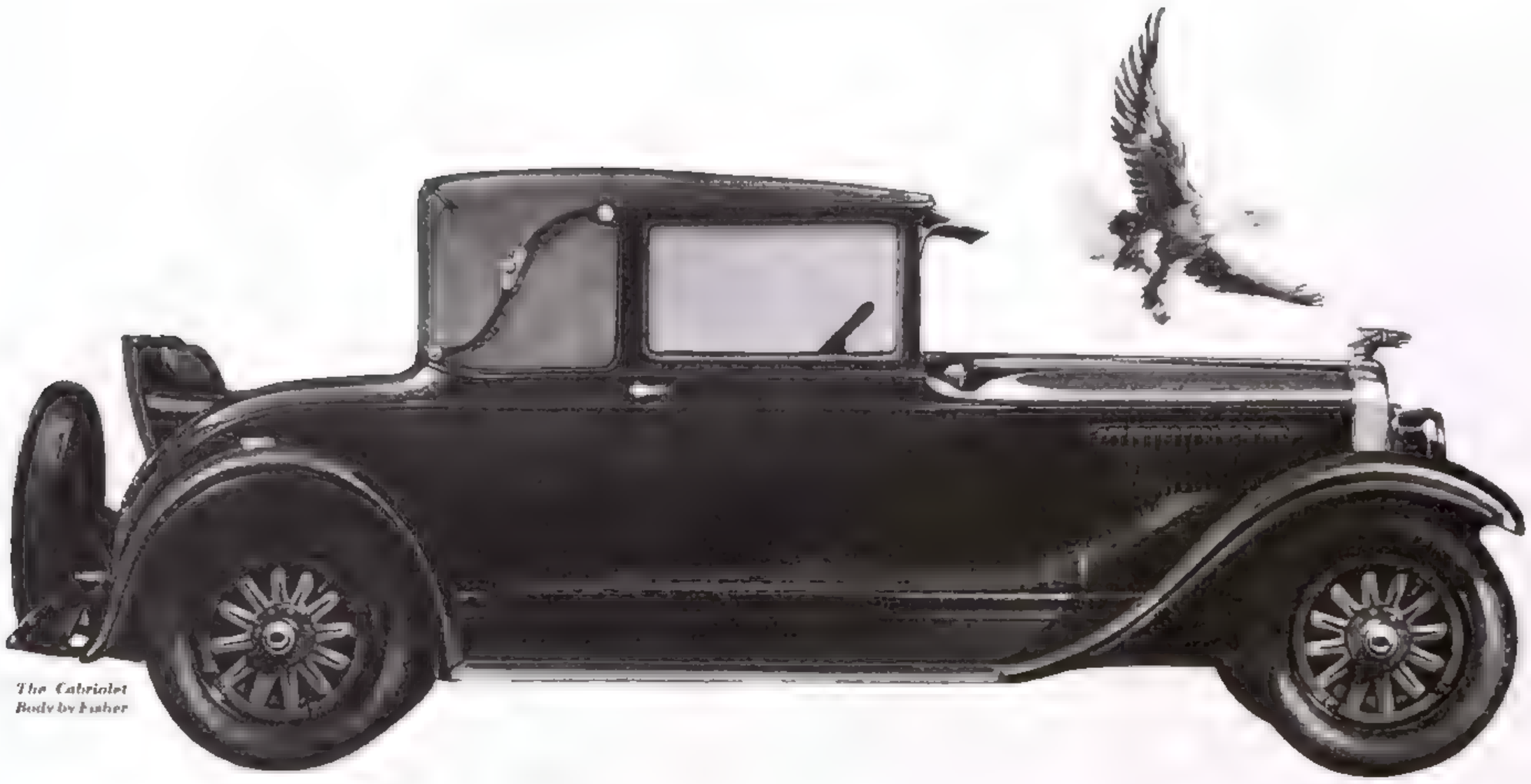
They Searched the Countryside for Old Hackaberry Walnut and Mahogany



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(Continued from Page 50

housewife in Camptonville was baking a cake that day; and the men were compounding barrels of lemonade and whatever else went into it; for thus the town had decreed.

The two young people had spent the day there, arranging, decorating. In the early twilight they left; but turned upon impulse as they reached the iron grill of the gate and stood looking back at the house, lustrous in its sheen of new white paint.

"The last thing's done," said Luther. "Except the housekeeper. Mrs. Cornwall hasn't said for sure she'll come."

Eunice turned toward him quickly. "But, Luther, I said—oh, let me do it! I want to, myself, for a while."

As always when his will was crossed, Luther's knees set stiffly and his eyes widened, then narrowed. "And I said you wouldn't!" He laughed after an instant and caught her fingers. "Those little hands, those big rooms—I guess not!"

Something of the thrift of that far Danish ancestor who had laid the snow-white skin of the North upon her body and the pale skein of gold upon her head spoke now in the single furrow which ruled above the anxious eyes she lifted to his. "But it's cost so much—it frightens me a little. More than half the money is gone. And we're only beginning."

The startle in her eyes seemed mirrored in his own for an instant as their gaze clung. "Yes, I know," he thrust baffled fists into his pockets. "I wouldn't ever have believed—but, of course, all those rich old things—well, you know how those cotton drapes looked, and those cheaper carpets—dishrags! And the paint inside and out, and the—oh, what's the use?" He kicked his young heels against the gate. "Here's you, and here's me, to enjoy it all together. Together, Eunie! Tomorrow, together! Always, together!"

He swept his arm about her and swung her through the gate. They went laughing down the street.

And as he bade her good night he tossed impishly back to her her earlier remark: "As you say, we're only beginning! Beginning to make money. When we get back from that two weeks' trip I'll hang out the shingle, Dad's old shingle all painted new."

"Two weeks? Why, I thought it was to be only one ——"

"Only one honeymoon," he corrected. "I'm never going to have but one, and I'm not going to let you have but one. No, we must have the two weeks."

"Oh, Luther!" And, as always, the snow white of her melted against the dark warmth of his breast.

So they were married. And Luther's father, portly and pink of cheek, seemed to be standing at the foot of the staircase, laughing upon them as they swept down over the freshly ivoried treads. And Grandfather Hackaberry seemed to be waiting in the bow window, his loose white curls shaking above his round face, his slightly full blue eyes prideful upon them as they entered the room.

Oh, life was beginning for them, and it was beginning so well! Once more the black-and-gold sign of a Hackaberry, attorney at law, swung above a door next the old courthouse, and Camptonville noted it, took a pride in it and turned cautious steps thitherward. Cautious, for a man's troubles are dear to him; and a young lawyer, though a Hackaberry, must be tested in small things at first. But Luther was a hard worker, as Eunice was a hard worker; and after some months Camptonville took a long breath, shook its head and said there never was such a Hackaberry as this one. For Luther was careful, as he had said he would be; he had put the remainder of his inheritance in the bank; he declined to enter a smart country club which was forming; he pushed impatiently to one side a deluge of letters offering gilded shares of this, plethoric stock in that. The older and more thoughtful declared that, after all, old Ira Striber had defeated his own purpose in stripping the Hackaberrys, for instead of destroying them root and branch, as he had vowed again and again that he would do, he had by his own methods toughened the fiber and given vigorous life to this the last of its scions.

"I suppose I ought to feel grateful to the old cuss," Luther said frankly as he opened the gate one Sunday night for Judge Pruett, "but I don't. When I think of the misery he caused mother and father in their old, helpless days, why, judge, right now there's nothing I'd like so well as to beat that old skinner. And yet, here's all this ——" He swept his arm toward the glistening house, the outbuildings, the orchard, the lawns. "Cripes, judge, that's a mess of a way to feel—to love it all best of anything in the world and to hate worst of all the chap that gave it to you. To want to beat him up!"

"Well, maybe you are beating him, Luther. Lord knows why he gave it to you, but if he ever comes snooping around—and I can't imagine him anything but a snooper, in the flesh or out of it—why ——" He laughed and waved his own arm. "You're doing well, Luther. You started out with twice the family most newlyweds have—Mrs. Cornwall, old Lon. And you haven't touched that money in the bank yet."

Luther stopped short again and kicked at the turf. "No, and I hate to. I've always, well, been kind of superstitious about that, sort of a feeling it was a symbol or something, sort of a feeling if it started to go I mightn't be able to stem the tide or something." He laughed in some embarrassment. "But, of course, that's all pish, tosh and tush. The fact is—well, there's liable to be some more family along in the spring. One of those little Mayflowers you've read about."

Judge Pruett crushed the young man's fingers in his fine old bachelor hand. "Break the bank wide open if you have to, Lute!" he shouted. Later in the evening, after a quiet cigar, he muttered half to himself, "There'll be a way."

He told Luther what the way was some three months later. Of course Luther was young to be the mayor of a small city, a city that was growing as fast as Camptonville was, and, of course, the mayoralty didn't pay a great deal; but there would be practically no opposition and there was the small salary and the opportunities, whatever they might be. Camptonville felt that Luther was the man for the place; he made a good appearance upon a platform and they had discovered that he had a really remarkable gift for oratory. This would be particularly useful during the following year, when the various candidates for the governorship would be campaigning—none of them would miss Camptonville now that the salt mines had been discovered back of the town on the old Juber place. Would Luther like the job?

Would he like it? Something leaped to life in Luther with the question, something which set the old Hackaberry blood to thrumming high in his cheeks. He was still somewhat breathless that night as he bent above the white little thistledown in Grandfather Hackaberry's wide old bed, and gazed from it to the tiny pink Mayflower nestled close beside it. "And he says," he confided in a boyishly boastful half whisper, "it's only the beginning. He says there isn't any reason why I shouldn't be governor some day. That boy there may be the governor's oldest son!"

There seemed no reason. Luther performed the duties of his office so well, his wife presided so charmingly in the home, that it became the accepted thing that the Hackaberrys would entertain any and all of consequence who visited the town. With the remainder of that money in the bank, Luther had purchased a car—not the best, but a good one for, as he countered Eunice's mild remonstrance: What kind of a city would the visitors think Camptonville was if its mayor racked them around in Jim Juber's hack?

And then it began to seem so—well, humiliating to have to borrow somebody's card when they wanted to entertain at the country club. Why, everybody belonged, Luther declared. Fellows that didn't have half what he had. As much as they went there, banquets and things, it seemed almost like living under false pretenses. Then, too, the golf would keep him fit.

"If it was only joining it," sighed Eunice; "but it's afterward. The dues and the dinners and the dances, everything extra."

Luther's knees stiffened. "You don't see," he said shortly "It's a good business getter."

It seemed to be. For upward of five years Luther's business increased. And in the meantime he joined a lodge, then another, and another. Good business getters, he claimed for each one. And Eunice, to keep pace, must join the Women's Club, and because she had a really pretty touch upon the harp she must join the Harmony Club. And during those years another little flower blossomed—an April flower this time—and later a little August flower; and the old Hackaberry house was a happy place.

There were eight in the family now; for Mrs. Cornwall remained faithful and old Lon was still happily puttering about, and, of course, with the three children, there must be a nursemaid.

Eunice had protested the services of the maid more vigorously than she had ever done.

"But I love to do it," she caught the one black head and the two golden ones to her. "And if I'm tired at night, it's a happy tired."

"You could be just as happy, rested," Luther parried. "And I want you to be free to go with me. Why, look here," he pulled a small book from his pocket; "here on the seventh I'm to run up to Fairmore to give the commencement address at the college. And down here— the eighteenth—the annual bar association, open to wives this year on my recommendation. I've made a little promise to myself that I'll be the best toastmaster they've ever had. But maybe you wouldn't care about that," he snapped the book shut. "The babies ——"

"Oh, Luther!" Eunice scattered her small brood as she flew to him. "It's so wonderful. You're so wonderful. Why, they simply don't have anything any more without you—all through this part of the state. It's just only"—she smothered her slowing voice against his rough cheviot—"just only that I get frightened sometimes. We're just managing to keep about even, Luther."

"'Managing' is good," commented Luther dryly. "How many chaps my age are managing to slip behind?"

Eunice clutched his lapel. "Oh, don't—don't say it! That word!" Her smooth voice had gone jagged. And as Luther held her at arm's length, staring at her in amazement, she forced her own blue eyes to his and faltered: "I mean I've thought that word 'slip' so many times lately. The money slips, and what if we'd slip with it—with all these ——" She vaguely indicated the children. "The money seems to go so easily now, Luther. We used to talk about it and plan about it, but now it just goes. We just let it go—so easily."

His eyes had widened, then narrowed, but they softened suddenly and he took her to him. "There, there! That just shows you're tired. You're nervous. We must get that nurse right away. Look here! Has my business increased these five years?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, so wonderfully, yes!"

"Will it keep on increasing? Is it reasonable to think so?"

"Oh, yes! Of course!"

"Well, then ——" He released her. "Get yourself a couple more pretty dresses. What did I marry the best-looking girl in town for?"

It did seem reasonable to think that his business would keep on increasing. But, curiously, it did not; or, at least, so little that the gain was at once negatived by increasing expenditure. And yet his popularity increased; anyone from street sweeper to bank president would have agreed that Luther Hackaberry was easily the best-liked man in town. A new club was formed and he couldn't keep out of it—he was, in fact, made its first president. A new golfing course was laid out, and Luther was upon its committee of ways and means. He promoted a better lighting system for the town. He was the first to see—with the growth of the salt industry—and to urge upon its citizens the necessity for better rail accommodations. His eloquence persuaded them into bonding the district for better roads and later for better schools.

And yet these pals of his, these influential men of affairs, did not bring him their big business. He knew they were genuinely fond of him, as he was fond of them; but again and again, when he would be sure of handling this deal or that suit, he would find later that old John Strunsky had the thing in his tight old hands or that Essen Brown, a little thin-lipped man down the street, was working away at the problem in his filbert-shaped head. And it was not as though he were not a hard worker. He was willing to work all day and all night—and had done so—on some civic project; and it was not as though he were untrustworthy because of bad habits; he didn't care for the taste of liquor; he cared less for tobacco. "What do I want to make a rotten bonfire out of myself for?" he would laughingly decline. "Stuff my mouth full of dead leaves and Lord knows what, and stick a match to it?"

But there it was: He was all these things, more than any one man should be expected to be, it seemed; but during those ten years he didn't get the business. He would not face the incredible situation at first; he made excuses to himself in this instance and in that. But as the years went on he had to. And it was then that the staunch spirit within him cried out in a confusion and loneliness it had never known. Outwardly he remained the same, excepting that his lips deepened more firmly at their corners and the crisp black waves of his hair began to crest with faint silver. Sometimes, too, when he was especially baffled, a sharp edge cut through the genial temper of his voice. And when that will of his was crossed his eyes widened, narrowed and ground more quickly than ever to a point.

He loved the town; his roots were struck deeply here; he had secret inner satisfactions as he glanced in almost any part of it and saw the tangible improvements and the intangible evidences of the prosperity he himself had had so large a part in bringing about. But what of his own prosperity? And what of the tangible improvements which were beginning to be so sadly needed at the big white house? What of the music lessons and the dancing lessons of the children—in arrears? What of the funeral expenses for old Lon? Oh, it had been a grand funeral for the poor soul who had had so little in life; Luther had insisted in his stubborn way on that—but now—in arrears?

Luther stopped outside the gate one night for a long moment and looked at the house. Even in the fading light it showed the need of paint. And the orchard needed pruning and the lawn was unkempt—what was the matter with that rascal of a gardener, anyway, that he wouldn't wait one more month?

Luther went in and up the steps. The children launched themselves upon him and clung to him. In the door Eunice waited and clung to him. He felt rich and the aching, confused little boy spirit within him was comforted once more.

But after dinner as he sat with Eunice upon the porch his eyes brooded and he blurted suddenly, "Sometimes I think I'd like to get away from it all."

Eunice studied him.

Luther waved his hand. "Oh, these schools, these lights, this—everything I've helped put over. I've—well, I've turned against it, that's all. Or maybe it's turned against me." He had never admitted so much, and his eyes swept from hers into the darkness.

"You're so tired. You ought to get away. Can't you ——"

(Continued on Page 54)

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P A I G E

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

REGINALD DENNY

Whose new pictures will delight all film fans

REGINALD DENNY has been a mighty busy young man this past Summer and has made several pictures which I am satisfied will afford the public delightful diversion. One of his best, I think, is entitled ***"Out All Night,"*** a fast-moving bit of delicious nonsense which shows how many things can happen in twenty-four hours.

DENNY is happily supported by MARIAN NIXON, one of the real beauties of the screen-world whose talent easily matches her charm. In the cast are other well-known laugh-makers such as BEN HENDRICKS, BOB SEITER, WHEELER OAKMAN, and DAN MASON—really an all-star cast. It is a William Seiter Production.

"Back to God's Country," starring RENEE ADOREE assisted by WALTER LONG, MITCHELL LEWIS and ROBERT FRAZER and an Irvin Willat Production. This is one of James Oliver Curwood's dramatic stories of the Northwest and has been beautifully put on. I know you will all enjoy every minute of it.

Also be on the watch for ***"The Lone Eagle,"*** an epic of the daring flying forces in the late war, starring RAYMOND KEANE and beautiful BARBARA KENT. The cast includes NIGEL BARRIE, JACK PENNICK and MARCELLA DALY. An Emory Johnson Production.

Above all be sure to see our two magnificent spectacles, ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** and ***"Les Miserables."*** I believe they will claim public attention for years to come, and they certainly deserve it. I would like to have your opinion of both.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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"Yes, I can," he cut in. "I'm going to run for Congress."

Eunice Hackaberry tensed, every muscle in her tensed. At an earlier date she would have flung herself upon him, have wound her arms about him, as though by the childish gesture she could have stayed him. But she had learned. Luther Hackaberry's wife had learned during those fifteen years. That one tiny intermittent line above her eyes had set in a faint fretwork of smaller lines. "But the campaign expenses——" she said almost dully; and pressed her throbbing lips with her fingers.

"I could get a second mortgage. A small one."

Not all the hard-learned repression could hold her in her chair at that. She sprang up. "No, no! Not that!" She shrank from this wall and from that as though the very house would tumble about her.

Luther, stung to his feet, confronted her. "What's the matter with you?" he said more roughly than he had ever spoken.

They stood thus for a moment. Luther sagged down into his chair. "What's the matter? Think I wouldn't get it?"

She sat down too. She stared at a firefly—one of many—flashing its tiny lantern above the ragged lawn. She turned, faced him straightly and said slowly, "I think you ought to. But all these years you haven't got what you ought to. And if you wouldn't get it—the children—the house——" Her palm thrust swiftly against her throat and she stopped.

She could feel his eyes upon her grinding, grinding to a point. She knew she had lost. She knew she had opposed him too far, as it was. Who was there, what was there in this world that could oppose that will of his? What could stop him from this last desperate move? This move which might take from them their very roof? These things she was thinking while at the same time she was confusedly aware that he was talking talking in abrupt, angry fragments: What sort of a wife was that? When the leading men in town were urging him? Yes, he was going up to the capital in the morning. Was going to look things over.

Eunice went in and up the stairway. At each step she laid her palm against the wall. But she did not know that she caressed the old house thus. She was heavy with foreboding for the future, heavy with her own sense of failure for the past. She had not been the wife for Luther; she had erred in loving him too much. She should have striven harder to stem that tendency in the Hackaberry blood—that fatal extravagance. If they had not had the money to start with, she wondered, would they have done better? For it had seemed to be the touch of the money, the feel of the money—the smooth money which slipped so smoothly from them—which had loosed that one lovable, disastrous strain deep in the Hackaberry blood. But even yet, why, he was only thirty-seven—if he would set that will of his to retrenching; as she would be so willing, so eager, to retrench with him—if he would only set his stubborn will to that, instead of to this other desperate measure which was so like to send him, in the prime of his life, to ruin, they could still live, they could still be happy. His earnings would be enough for that! But there it was. She wrung her slender hands upon the upper newel post. There was nothing, nobody in this world with power enough to block that will of his, to turn it in another channel.

He would go up to the capital in the morning, yes; after that the campaign would begin. And he would love it; anything which challenged all his wits he loved. And he would feel sure of winning right up to the end. The end? The end of what? What cost the end? Eunice Hackaberry lifted her face mutely to the warm brown roof beams which had twice been wrested from above the heads of the Hackaberry women. Then she went in swiftly to her children.

The next morning Luther went up to the capital; and in the afternoon of that same day Gideon Shiflet came back; came back in an array of silk and fine wool which clamped Mr. Juber motionless to his sagging springs. Indeed, only his eyes moved as Mr. Shiflet, bearing a leather case frenetic with brass and gold lettering, came skittering across the platform toward him.

"Looks like you might have found that mine," Mr. Juber neatly turned the corner as an avalanche of questions came tumbling down the spillway with which nature had endowed Mr. Shiflet.

The traveler chuckled largely "You could go further and hit it worse." He luxuriously straightened one plump leg after the other, exposing beneath his creased trousers lengths of cashmere hosiery. "You don't look like you'd struck one, though," he remarked with frank solicitude. "But, say, what about that salt mine of yours? You was kind of working that on the sly. Have you give that up?"

"In a way," admitted Mr. Juber. And, being an honest man, he interrupted a flow of sympathetic comment by offering to conduct the traveler upon that ceremonial journey with its stop-over privileges which old Ira Striber had so spectacularly frustrated fifteen years before.

But in the interims between hilarious greetings up one street and down the other, the two historians conferred, compared and deduced, until by noon of that first day Mr. Shiflet knew most of the major and many of the minor events which had transpired during his absence. And during the ensuing two days and a half, creaking in his patent leathers from cracker box in the grocery to nail keg in the factory and back to Mr. Juber's springs, and from stool in the drug store to barrel in the salt mine and back to Mr. Juber's springs, he knew, perhaps more than any other one citizen, of doings in high society and in low and, moreover, of the reasons therefor. Saving only, perhaps, his fellow historian, who like a lean shuttle had woven his way for those fifteen years through the homes and lives of high and low and all the undetermined grades between.

"For"—responded Mr. Juber to Gideon's grumbling query as to why, being a salt baron, he still retained his humble seat upon the decaying springs of the old Hackaberry surrey—"for the reason it's the best seat in town to see things from."

This remark, perhaps the most direct of Mr. Juber's lifetime, was made upon the third evening after Mr. Shiflet's arrival as the two sat at salubrious pork and beans across the former's red tablecloth. The next question—a double-barreled one—he slanted from, however, with his usual dexterity.

"What did you buy up that Hackaberry mortgage for and why don't you foreclose on him?" bludgeoned Gideon, his loose eyes focused full upon his host.

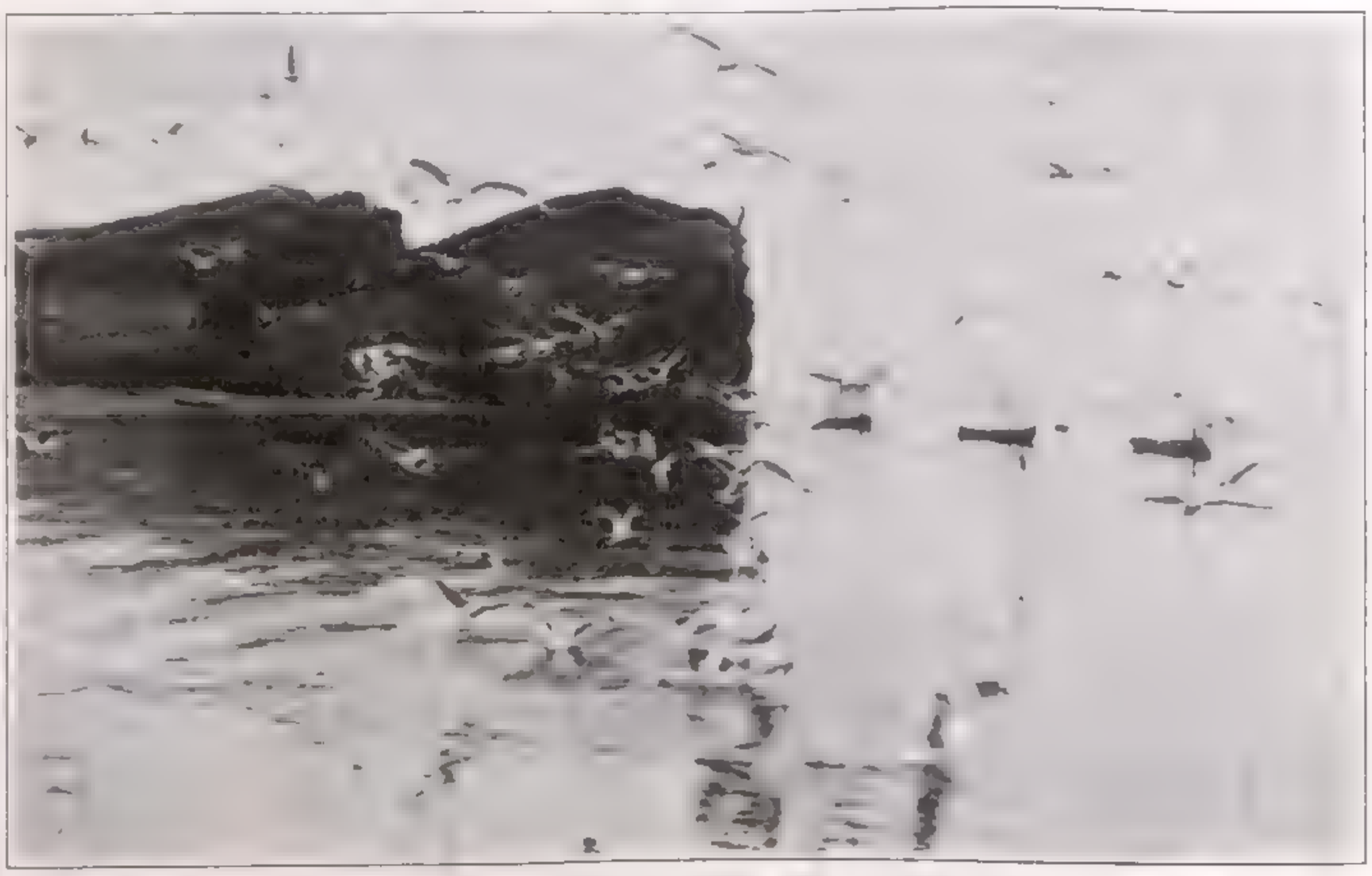
Mr. Juber evaded the loose eyes and devoted himself to the loose beans, racing the last of them about his plate with the blade of his knife.

"Because I like the Hackaberry place," he said finally.

"Because you like him, you mean!" roared Gideon. "Idiot! Give me that mortgage. Yes, I mean it. I want it, right here"—he struck his vest pocket—"for a day."

Luther Hackaberry got to his office at eleven o'clock the following morning and at

(Continued on Page 57)



Sea Birds at a Bird Sanctuary Off the Gaspé Coast of Quebec

"The Forges"

We are privileged to reproduce here one of a series of drawings of industrial subjects by the late Joseph Pennell, one of America's great artists. Courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Co.

TO MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

What your customers discovered about you

When you said to yourself, "I shall make a fine product and sell it at a fair price," you took your stand for quality.

Others have said, "Many people want bargains. I'll cut my costs to fit the lowest prices," . . . a constant temptation to compromise on quality.

Your business based on quality products may have grown slowly, but it grew steadily; for the public has a way of finding out that quality, best in the beginning, is best in the end and cheapest all along.

This sound sense in buying, among users of machinery, has carried us a long way in the lubrication business.

Efficient Lubrication: Its Importance

Last year, 17,106 pieces of machine equipment were shipped by their builders to plants throughout the United States, accompanied by recommendations that specific Gargoyle Lubricating Oils be used to ensure efficient operation. The manufacturers took this step because the useful life of their equipment depends on the use of precisely correct oils.

It is a far more difficult problem for the Vacuum Oil Company to make lubricating oils that will produce operating economies, than to make cheap oils to sell at a price.

After our oils are installed in a plant our engineering staff cooperates with the operating personnel to maintain effective lubrication results.

Our oils and our services are available throughout the world.

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for Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

HEADQUARTERS: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTING WAREHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

1001 CASH PRIZES in POSTUM'S $10,000 prize contest

THREE $1000. prizes 998 OTHER CASH PRIZES

"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each.

"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each.

"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way"—a letter not exceeding 300 words in length. First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 145 prizes of $1 each.

MONEY prizes! Three $1000 prizes! Three $500 prizes! Money that will buy trips to Europe—motor cars—education in college—any one of scores of things you've dreamed about!

Win some of this money! A thousand others will succeed. Why not yourself?

Your experience, written in the form of a letter. That's all that is wanted.

Write us about your experience with the thirty-day test of Postum. Hundreds of thousands have made this test—used Postum, in place of caffein beverages, as their mealtime drink for thirty days—and kept right on using it because of *results!* "Since changing from caffein to Postum, my old nervousness has vanished." "I sleep like a baby." "No more headaches." "I now digest my food without any trouble." These are random comments of others. Now we want to hear from *you*—whether you have used Postum for twenty years, or are only a beginner. Enter this contest! Hundreds of prizes for the best letters! Win one of them!

Or, if you prefer, write about Instant Postum made with milk, for children. This drink has made wonderful strides. Mothers all over the country are serving it to their children. The schools are taking it up, as part of the noon-day lunch. A hot drink, made from whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk! A drink made instantly in the cup! A drink which every child likes—even those who dislike milk alone! "Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls". It is certainly easy to write an enthusiastic letter on such a subject! And the first prize is $1000.

Lastly, there are hundreds of other prizes for letters on the subject, "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way." There are two forms of Postum, you know—Instant Postum and Postum Cereal. They are exactly the same drink, but prepared in different ways. Some people swear by Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others like Postum Cereal much better—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Some prefer Postum strong, some like it weak, others like it "medium". Just as with other hot drinks, a little experimenting is needed to prepare Postum so it is most delicious to the individual taste. A thousand dollars for the best letter on this subject! Other big prizes!

Read the rules on this page, then prepare to enter Postum's $10,000 contest *today!*

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to P. O. Box 574-B, Battle Creek, Michigan.
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.)

The Judges

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

(Continued from Page 54)

11:45 Gideon Shiflet had been in rapt communion with him for exactly thirty minutes. It was the high culmination of his visit, that half hour. No one had welcomed him with such unfeigned joy; and there was no one whose welcome he so much craved. No one had congratulated him with such whole-hearted pleasure upon the obvious good fortune he had achieved in the West.

"All dolled up like a horse in fly time!" Luther's eyes raced the elegance loosely heaped in the leather chair before him. "Got to celebrate this," he reached for the telephone. "Twelve o'clock already? Got to shake us down a private table. . . . Wonder . . . still like oyster scallop?"

Gideon flagged him with sudden palm. A soberness tilted down upon his face as incongruous as a tragic mask askew a kitten.

"Just thought I'd show you our new club," Luther's hand wavered disappointedly upon the instrument, "but, of course, if you're already hooked up. . . . But, look here. Where you stopping? Wherever it is, it's back to the old Hackaberry house for you. I stopped in there off the train and Eunice said she'd already ——"

"I been there every day, a-playin' around with them kids," Gideon's eyes rocketed a little wildly about the room. The tragic mask had slipped entirely into place now.

Luther laughed puzzledly. "Well, don't cry about it. Pretty nice kids, I sometimes think. Didn't they ——"

"That's just it!" burst out Gideon. He swung one knee off the other, he pushed upright in his chair and he fixed his eyes upon the other. "I ain't a-goin' there," he said deliberately, "because I got a mortgage on the place."

Luther cocked his head as though his hearing had failed. Gideon brought the legal paper from his pocket, held it up.

Luther's fingers clamped white upon the black teak of the desk. "You mean ——" His lips scarcely moved. "If this is one of your jokes ——"

"And it's overdue," said Gideon.

Luther's head weaved. "If that's what you're doing—coming back here with your money—if that's what money's done to you ——"

"It either softens a chap or it hardens him, I've took notice," observed Gideon. "And one's about as bad as the other. Now you—you've run soft, like the rest of your folks."

The storm broke. For one of the few times in his life Luther Hackaberry was profane. It is possible that he did not even know that he was. He was stuttering incoherencies of hurt and amazement. Then he suddenly left off his ramping and sat down. He faced his visitor with cold logic. If it had come to be a matter of dollars and cents—well, so-and-so. And as Gideon still sat like a pot-bellied Buddha, motionless and silent, Luther began to protest. It is worth recording, however, that through all the rack of his stupefaction, his amazement and his anger he never reminded his visitor of any of the past benefits he himself had received from the Hackaberrys. The Hackaberry stuff ran true to its breeding.

"If I must tell you," said Luther coldly, "I'm being urged to run for Congress. I'm to give my decision today. Perhaps you'd be willing to trust the Government—I can make out a paper against my future salary if that will satisfy you. But first I've got to have some cash on hand for necessary expenses. And if you push me now ——" He leaned back, looked at the other and almost quietly asked, "Why is it that you want to ruin me, Gid?"

For the first time Gideon spoke: "It ain't me. It's yourself."

All that was Luther Hackaberry tensed upright again. "It isn't necessary to be insolent," he cut in icily.

"You've talked a lot," said Gideon Shiflet. "Now leave me have my say. I ain't a-goin' to leave you run for no Congress fur the reason that you wouldn't git it. No, now set down. This here's my innings and I'm goin' to bat straight to the mark and then clear out."

But Luther had sprung to his feet. "All the men of influence in this town ——"

"Yes, all the men of influence'd prob'ly tell you to go ahead. But how many men of influence is the' compared to the men in the mines and the stores and the factories—them places where the heft of the votes comes from? And they ain't voting for you, Lute. I know it, for I ain't done nothing for three days but set around them places and find out."

The black, silver-tipped waves rode backward from Luther's forehead like angry, foam-flecked breakers. But he held his voice to a molten level: "And upon what do you base your assumption that I am so unpopular in this town?"

"You're popular enough. Too popular, one way. But they ain't trusting their vote to nobody that spills out his money so easy. If you can't hold onto your own money, you can't hold onto other folks' money; that's what they say. They ain't goin' to give their vote to somebody where's likely to tax 'em and bond 'em for maybe fancy stuff the state ain't so bad in need of. No. And since I'm talkin'—that's the reason they don't fetch you their business. When a feller goes to law he goes to save money somewheres or to git money somewheres, most gen'rally. Well, he ain't goin' to nobody that goes into debt for three automobiles when he ain't needin' but one; and neither he ain't goin' to nobody that hires him a fancy caterin' cook for his parties when he's got a plenty good cook settin' at home. No, you bet!

"He says, 'that feller wouldn't know how to save me no money,' he says. 'Nother thing—no, hold on a minute now! I'm pretty clost to out of breath, but not quite—when a feller goes to law, he's goin' at sumpin hard. He don't want to come into a room all soft and plushy"—he swept his palm vaguely—"all mushed up with crawly feelin' rugs and fancy black woods he ain't ever seen the like of. He says to himself: 'I got to help pay for them things,' he says. 'Gee whiz, I'll be gittin' out of there before I ever git in', he says."

"Which would suit me exactly," Luther's voice surged roughly. "I'm not maintaining this office for the sort that are not used to carpets. Which shows how much you know about a lawyer's business. The big money, if I must tell you, comes from the big men—the men with big business."

"And do they bring it to you?" inquired Gideon mildly.

Luther's eyes fell suddenly and the sound of his breathing could be heard. But he braced, stormy and defiant, toward his visitor and his lips flashed open.

"No," Gideon forestalled him with imperative palm, "they don't, and that's natural too. For if the little fellers know enough to go to the chap that can manage his own affairs, don't you think the big ones figger it out just that much the better? No, they like you to chum around with, Lute; they like to hear you make them witty speeches; but they ain't trusting their business to no man that don't use sense in his own business. When they git into trouble they ain't takin' it to no man that's a skatin' along on the thin edge of trouble hisself."

"That's about enough!" Luther's voice sliced thin and sharp. "If you think you can bully me ——"

"Yes, that's about enough for one dose," agreed Gideon and rose. "I told you why you ain't gittin' the business you'd ought to get. And I told you why I fixed it so you can't run for Congress." He replaced the legal paper deep in his pocket. "Now I guess I'll go on off and leave you think about it." He turned at the door, his fingers upon the knob. "You look a good bit like your pa," he said with seeming irrelevance.

"Can't run!" Luther grabbed the telephone to him. "I'll show you how I can't run. You wait and hear ——"

Gideon's fingers fell from the knob. He squared full about. His hand made no gesture, but in his eyes as he faced the other was the look of one who flings a last card. "That," he said, "would please old Ira Striber."

The two stood for the space of a breath. As always at mention of the old family enemy, Luther's eyes widened, narrowed and ground to a point.

"Yes," pursued Mr. Shiflet, "he was certainly smart, old Ira was. He seen that takin' away the money was goin' to make a man out of you. So what does he do? Why, turn around and give it back again. That was sense, wasn't it? Well, it worked. You certainly been takin' program from old Ira Striber these years. Against the Hackaberrys."

Luther's hand fumbled from the telephone.

"He'll surely be a laughin' if you hist the Hackaberry roof from off your head like he done it hisself a couple times," said Gideon inexorably. "Yes, I can sure see it plain now—the kind of fools he called your folks that night." He turned on his heel.

The anger and even the amazement had gone from Luther's eyes; only intense question remained. Mr. Shiflet turned in the door and saw the questioning eyes, the straining lips.

"He said, 'The Hackaberrys was always spendin' fools.'"

He went out swiftly, bumping into one door jamb and the other as he did so; and his feet had to feel for each of the stair treads.

A month later Mr. Juber drove Mr. Shiflet to the train. But as before there was, unexpectedly, no time for ceremonial leave-taking. "For," panted the traveler, with a feeble attempt at impatience, "them Hackaberry kids kept a holdin' onto me. I did want the worst way to git them cars of Lute's tinkered up—them two he's goin' to sell—but them kids kept gittin' in my way and holdin' onto me. Tryin' to make me lose the train, the little skinners. And I certainly would of liked to stop off and tell the town the joke I played on 'em."

"Joke?" queried the driver.

"Yes, and on you too," rocked Mr. Shiflet, slapping one plump knee after the other. "You thought I had sumpin, didn't you? Well, I ain't! I ain't got nothing. I don't own nothing but the tail end of this here round-trip ticket."

Mr. Juber slanted an incredulous glance down the length of fine raiment beside him.

"Yes, it was the clothes done it. But they ain't mine—at least they wasn't till they was give to me. A gay kid come leggin' it up our mountainside, and he didn't want nothin' but to git shut of his own clothes and a chancet to hide out in our shaft for a spell. So I figgered that was the time for me to go visitin'. But I certainly never figgered they was goin' to make me out a rich man. But when they did, why, I says ——"

"She's a-whistlin' for the station," warned Mr. Juber. "Didn't you tell Hackaberry either?"

"Lute? 'Course, I told him. I ain't never kept nothing from him. Except oncet—about an hour. And, whillikens!" Mr. Shiflet winced. "That hour about finished me as bad as it did him." His foot plowed for the step. "Shove me that there box. Eunie would put me up enough grub to ——"

"She's a stoppin'!" cried Mr. Juber. "Here's your walise. But, say, hold on! What about him givin' up that fight? I always thought maybe you ——"

"He's a-fightin' all right!" Mr. Shiflet, valise widely extended in one hand, lunch box and umbrella in the other, padded like a clip-winged bat toward the train step. Behind him, after a motionless instant, raced slantwise his fellow historian.

"Hey!" cried Mr. Juber. "Who's he fightin' against?"

Over the heaving crest of a shoulder the rising sun of Mr. Shiflet's visage rose merrily for the fraction of an instant. Out of shriek and grind and the winds of all space seemed borne to Mr. Juber's itching ear the one phrase:

"Old Ira Striber."

Simply De-lish! that aroma of Home-made CANDY

You can hardly wait—when home-made candy's on the fire. And here's the world's champion 4-ply, home-made candy recipe:

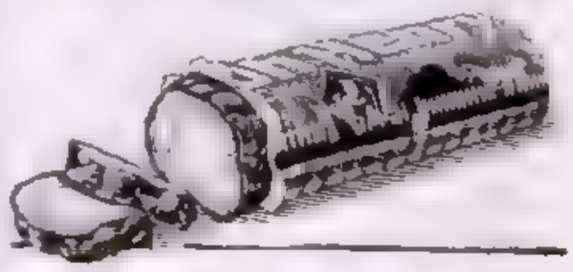
FUDGE CENTER: 1 cups pure cane sugar teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk, 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

No wonder it's good!—for that's Oh Henry!—originally home-made on that very plan, okayed by millions of folks, and still made that homelike, rough-hewn, home-made way. So when that hanker for real home-made candy comes over you, rush to the nearest candy counter and shout, Oh Henry!



Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

AMERICANA

FANTASTIC sense of honor encountered in the Arkansas Ozarks by Charles Morrow Wilson and reported in his Fayetteville, Arkansas, monthly:

Sammy Blankhall was born somewhere down on James River, but he has lived within two miles of Shell Knob for sixty years. He told me that he had kept a store at Shell Knob for twenty-odd years, and that he had done well, too, until the store burned, and since there was no insurance, he had been left not penniless but heavily in debt. He asked me into the single-room log cabin which he called home. In a bin built in a corner there were bushels and bushels of black walnuts. He explained that he was paying off what he owed the wholesale grocery house by picking out and selling walnut kernels.

The low-down on a well-known Jewish comedian from the inimitable Variety:

Eddie Cantor can get $1000 an appearance alone at any time he wants it, but invariably refuses extra dates, yet when Van and Schenck, his friends of years, asked him to come down to the Pavillon Royal, where they are working, he not only made an appearance, but went through an hour of work more strenuous than he ever did in the Follies, including a burlesque acrobatic act with Bert Wheeler, that not only netted him a few bruises, but completely ruined a suit of clothes. Cantor played 157 benefits one season while in Kid Boots and could have made $100,000 at least had he devoted the same time and energy to playing night-club dates.

Further horrible example of how machines are making Robots of us all, set down by the amiable New York World in the course of an editorial on the Jersey shore:

When Bradley and Osborn broke ground at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, vacations were still the prerogative of the well-to-do. The famous vacation spots—Saratoga, Newport, Trenton Falls, Sulphur Springs, Nahant—existed for those favored folk described by George W. Curtis in Lotus-Eating. Most clerical workers labored the year round; the week-end was unheard of, and not until about 1880 did Westinghouse startle people by giving workmen a Saturday half holiday.

The economic interpretation of Lindbergh is forecast by the clairvoyant New York Times:

It is pleasant to take note of strong, cool-headed individuals making their contribution, in the very swirl of the Lindbergh hysteria, to the ultimate debunking of one of the world's greatest myths. All sound historians must be grateful to the Communist Rote Fahne of Berlin, which lost no time in piercing to the true meaning of the Lindbergh, Chamberlain and Byrd flights. They are trial expeditions undertaken by American capitalistic imperialism in preparation for a wholesale invasion and bombardment of the working classes of Europe. . . . Thus approached, there should be no difficulty by the year 2028 in demonstrating that the Lindbergh expedition was an enterprise secretly financed by Messrs. Butler, Stearns and Slemp for reasons not difficult to visualize on the eve of a presidential year.

A venturesome couple from New York finds the natives of Kansas harmless, even kindly—contributed by former Congressman Charles F. Scott, editor of the Iola, Kansas, Register:

In mid-June a man and his wife motoring from New York to San Francisco met with an accident near Iola, resulting in injuries which confined them to a local hospital for several weeks. The first motorist who came after the accident rushed to a telephone and called an ambulance. The couple were hurried to the hospital where two surgeons were waiting. Both patients were utter strangers, without an acquaintance in the region, yet every day until their discharge they had friendly callers and their rooms were kept filled with fresh flowers.

Mr. Eli Siegel, the spirited author of There Were Hot Afternoons in Montana, sheds further light on what's wrong with America in a sonnet in free verse, a new lower-case Greenwich Village medium for the experimental:

Worms go south,
And worms go south,
And do they move through.
Worms are like locomotives;
They move, go south, exist; go south, move, exist, do something.
Worms live and do their stuff, as something asks, something makes them.
Worms fit in.
They fit in, and everything is nice, and that takes in worms.
Everything is nice and that takes in worms.

Postscript to Alfred Henry Lewis' Wolfville, found in a letter to the New York Times:

It is nothing out of the ordinary to expect art in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati or Atlanta, but in Kaw, Oklahoma, the case may seem different. Yet in this village of 800 connected with the outside world by a branch of the Santa Fe, Mrs. Laura A. Clubb has assembled, at an outlay of more than $1,000,000, one of the finest private collections of paintings in the country. Ike Clubb, her husband, came to Kaw Nation as a cowpuncher forty-five years ago. When he struck oil he built a fine forty-two-room hotel in Kaw. Over the front entrance are cryptic signs which I found on investigation to be his cattle brands. The first thing to greet one inside the hotel is a Corot valued at $120,000. The lobby, corridors, mezzanine and dining room are a procession of Holbeins, Sargents and other masters. The balance of the collection is in the Clubb home.

The Los Angeles Times traces the blame for Main Street to the romantic hidalgos:

The Main Streeters and the Anti-Main Streeters clashed yesterday before the City Council's City Planning Committee at its first session to consider whether or not to change the name of Main Street to something less Sinclair Lewisy. Florence Dodson Schoneman, a member of the Sepulveda family, said that in the early days Main Street bore the Spanish name, Calle Principal, which later was Anglicized to Main Street.

Baleful results of the refusal of the Lions Club, of Marlow, Oklahoma, to mind its own business:

A free clinic for cripples and otherwise physically disabled persons was conducted with the help of medical talent drawn from all of Oklahoma. A week previous, members of the club scoured the country to locate all in need of surgical and medical aid. Those who lived at a distance and were without means of reaching Marlow were called for and returned to their homes by club members. One hundred and seventy-two crippled and ailing persons were brought in for examination. Those who could not be helped by operations or treatment locally were urged to go to Oklahoma City to be cared for there without charge.

Fearless exposé of life in an orphanage—from the militant Milwaukee Journal:

Two hundred and fifty old boys of St. Aemilian Orphans' Home, St. Francis, came back Sunday to attend the seventy-fifth anniversary of the institution and the fourth annual reunion of the alumni association of 3370 members. Attending were merchants, railroad officials, lake-steamer captains, teachers, ordained priests, salesmen, engineers and superintendents of other orphanages, and their automobiles were parked in long rows. The oldest alumnus present was Math Glassen of '73, farmer, of Madison.

Dismaying picture of the state of the farm, right from headquarters—that is, the Almena, Kansas, Plaindealer:

Carl Foland, a great believer in power machinery, is harvesting his 375 acres of wheat with the latest type of combined harvester-thresher drawn by a tractor. With one helper Carl cut and threshed eighty-five acres the first day and a half. Four hundred bushels of threshed grain were delivered into the bin in one afternoon. Among the advantages he advances for the combine are that it solves the labor problem, halves the time needed for harvest, eliminates twine bills, saves the womenfolk from the feeding of hungry harvest and threshing crews, makes early plowing possible and thereby increases soil fertility, saves all threshing bills and the usual lost time waiting for an available threshing crew. With a tractor-drawn three-gang plow he can turn about sixty acres in three and a half days. Wheat land plowed right after harvest always yields two or three bushels more an acre.

Item in proof of nothing in particular, unless it is in what a drab and standardized land we live, via a Chincoteague, Virginia, message to the Baltimore Sun:

One day each year is devoted by residents of this island to rounding up the ponies that wander at will the other 364 days over the salt marshes of this and Assateague Island. On this holiday everyone who can sit on the back of a tamed pony goes out to drive the wild ones into the corrals from whence they are sold. This year the whole Eastern Shore has been invited to the Pony Penning and a full day's carnival program arranged. It is supposed that the little animals are the progeny of horses that swam ashore from a Spanish ship that foundered off Assateague Island in 1700. They are not actually ponies but dwarfed horses such as are found in the hills of Spain. They are quickly broken and are ideal for children. Chincoteague lies six miles out to sea. In recent years the residents have bridged the bay to the mainland of Accomac County, built good roads over the marshes and now there are hundreds of cars. The island is the home of the most delicious oyster on the coast, in the opinion of many.

Suspicious goings-on of Brother Elks, of Camden, New Jersey, from a page of similar reports in the Elks Magazine:

The report of the Crippled Children's Committee of Camden Lodge No. 293 shows an expenditure of close to $4000 for the past year. Two hundred and thirty-nine children received care during the year, ten of them in sanitariums, and seventeen operations were performed. Twenty-seven patients were given convalescent care and summer vacations and 140 were taken to picture shows. Many braces, special shoes, other accessories and much clothing were bought, and 1325 visits were made to the homes of patients.

European-papers-please-copy item under a Millen, Georgia, date line in Julian Harris' Columbus Enquirer-Sun:

John Young, thirty-two-year-old Negro farmer, was at home to 300 of his white friends yesterday, entertaining them at a barbecue on his farm near here. Each year Young invites his white friends to a barbecue in appreciation of their friendly interest and help. He rents a five-horse farm, but owns all implements and livestock and makes an annual cotton crop of from fifty to sixty bales. Last year he sold 500 bushels of corn and 200 bushels of peas. A truck, a passenger car, a radio, piano, adding machine and typewriter are part of his home equipment. For the past two years he has ginned the first bale of cotton in Jenkins County.

Outrage reported in the Roanoke, Virginia, Times, wherein American life is robbed of another illy spared bit of color:

A generation ago the Hatfields and the McCoys were bitter enemies, arrayed in a bloody feud in which thirty-five men and one woman, in all, were killed. Legendary accounts among the Kentucky-West Virginia mountaineers say the feud started over a razor-backed forest hog. The families are friends today. Two of the new generation, Bob McCoy, of Wyoming County, and Joe Hatfield, of Mingo County, West Virginia, are classmates and fraternity brothers at Marshall College, Huntington, West Virginia.

Notorious case of a minister's son from Tidewater Virginia, revived by the Chicago Daily News:

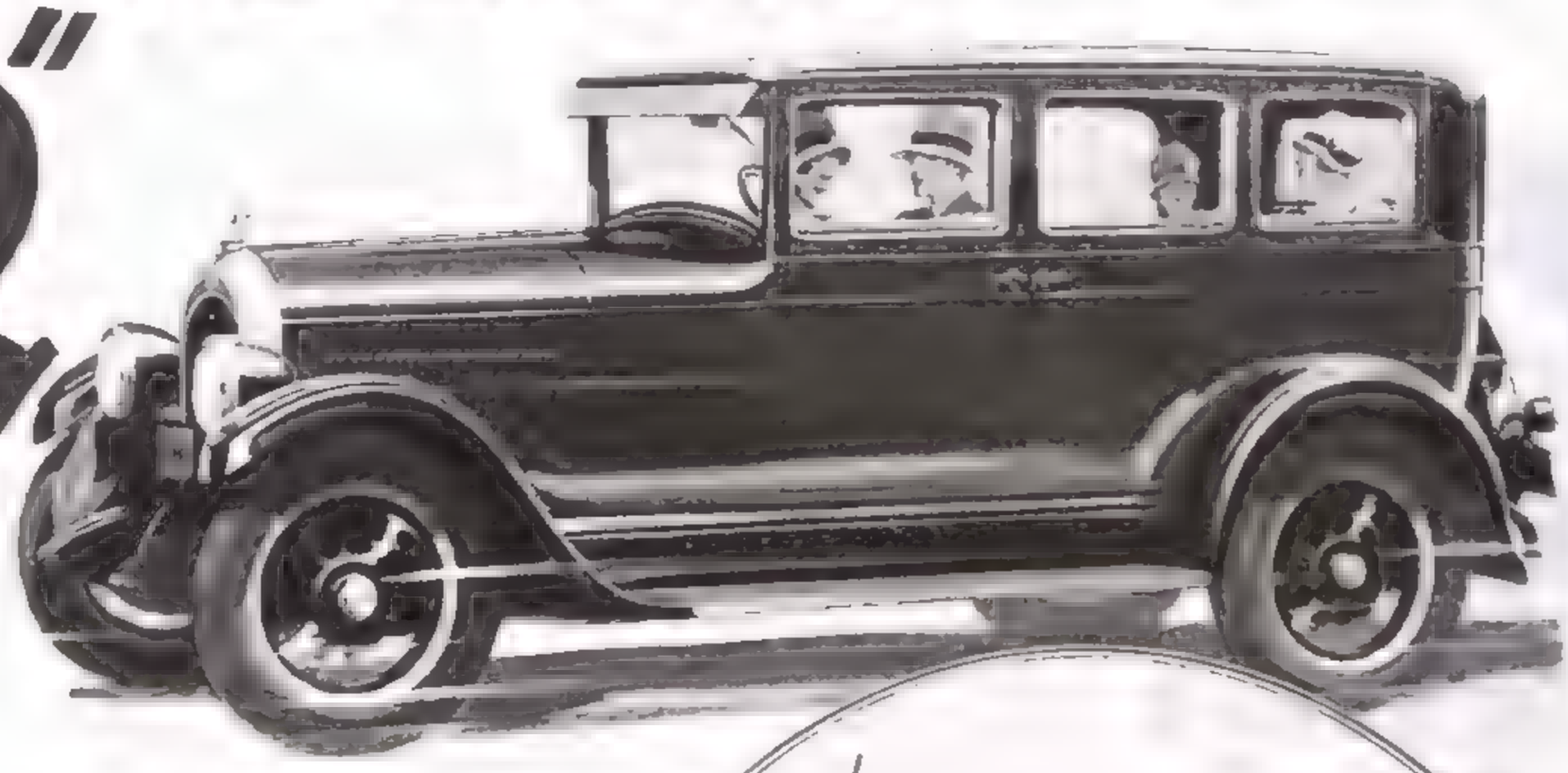
One million dollars is being raised by doctors throughout the world to establish a chair of medical research at the University of Virginia in honor of Dr. Walter Reed, the father of modern public health and the man who led the gallant little band which freed humanity of the old scourge of yellow fever. The weatherbeaten little house at Belroi, Virginia, in Gloucester County, where Doctor Reed was born, the son of a Methodist circuit rider, is to be restored by the Walter Reed Memorial Society.

Deplorable ignorance of Nietzsche displayed by a Lower East Side Boy Scout and flaunted by the New York Herald Tribune:

Ten weeks of the best kind of Boy Scout service in his own home ended yesterday for William Bode, ten years old, with the death of his mother in her two-room East Side tenement. While other boys were playing, William cooked the meals, ran errands, took care of his three-year-old brother, George, and in every other way shouldered the duties of his mother, who lay ill with pneumonia. Yesterday morning when he took her breakfast in he found her still and cold. Neighbors called in the police who took the two children to the Fifth Street station. William bore the news like a true Scout and kept it from George, who walked about the station wearing a policeman's cap and carrying a nightstick. No relatives are known. Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Bode supported her small family by

(Continued on Page 238)

NEW CHRYSLER "52"



Still Higher Quality— Yet Lower Prices

LOOK at the car pictured here—the new Chrysler "52"—a big, roomy, full-sized automobile with typical Chrysler dash and beauty.

At its astonishingly low price—the lowest for which you have ever been able to buy a Chrysler—the new "52", beyond any question, completely overshadows and dwarfs any car of comparable price.

Through Chrysler Standardized Quality of scientific engineering and precision manufacturing, these big, roomy cars give you 52 and more unvarying miles an hour; pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds; power that purrs smoothly and silently; comfort beyond compare—all at the cost of an ordinary car, plus a beauty of line and coloring, a luxury of appointment and the staunchness of wood and steel body construction, that you have come to expect only in far more expensive cars.

That's why thousands and thousands have already bought the new Chrysler "52". That is why scores of thousands more will buy it. That is why, once you see it and try it, you will not even consider any other car of equal price.

Coupe, $725; Roadster (with rumble seat), $725; 2-door Sedan, $735; 4-door Sedan, $795; De Luxe Sedan, $875; f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.

$725

TO $875 F.O.B. DETROIT.

-52 miles per hour
-5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds
-Full-sized Bodies, for adult passengers

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Now Available for New "52"

The new Chrysler "Red-Head" engine, giving extra speed, pick-up and hill-climbing ability, is designed to take full advantage of high-compression gas. It is now standard in the Roadsters of the new Chrysler "52" and is available for all other "52" body types at slight extra cost. Any Chrysler dealer will gladly give you full particulars and an impressive demonstration of the "Red-Head" engine advantages.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

Did You Lock the Car?

HOW many times have you stopped and wondered? "*Did* I lock that car?" You, too, must have had evenings spoiled time and again by worrying about it. Most everyone has. Was your car there when you returned?

Your car is *always* waiting just where you parked it when it is protected with a Hershey Coincidental Lock. You can't forget the Hershey Lock—you use it every time you shut off the engine—the ignition and steering are locked in one simple operation.

Be sure your next car has this modern theft protection. You'll find the Hershey Lock on the steering column at the dash—built in by the car maker. It's on scores of models—standard factory equipment on more than 1,500,000 cars this year. Before you order another car, be sure to read the booklet offered below.

Hershey Manufacturing Company
4644-4660 West Fulton Street
Chicago, Illinois

HERSHEY
COINCIDENTAL
LOCKS

More than 10,000 owners wrote one car builder that the Hershey Lock was one of the most appreciated features on their car. Don't you want to know about it?

Name

Address

ME—GANGSTER

(Continued from Page 42)

caught cold. That would finish him right. He refused to talk about his wound, according to the paper, and said he had no idea who shot him. Right in the same article I found a few lines that told me how hard Clancy had been hit, and I was glad when I saw it was nothing but a scrape on the arm and not serious.

The paper said there was something between the two shootings that convinced the police that they came from the same source and then, right in the same breath, so to speak, they announced that I had disappeared. It made it look bad for me. You know, I never had been away from home before and loneliness hit me hard. I did not miss anything in particular, I just missed everything. Even the sound of the trolley cars was different, the streets were filled with traffic that was run different than I was used to. The street lights glowed about the same, but they were different shapes, and there was not a familiar thing in sight. Maybe I got a little homesick.

The Big Break Comes

But I stuck it out, and after a long time that dick let go of my trail and Skinny's face did not always twist up in suspicion when he saw me, and down at the dirty saloon I was able to talk frankly with the bartender and he used to show signs of friendliness. After that I met guys, but they always kept a close mouth. There was a pool table in the back of the saloon and I used to sit beside that a lot of nights and watch different birds play pool. The balls sounded like putty, the cues were crooked and the green cloth was patched with black court-plaster in some places and just torn in others, but there were five or six guys that used to play there every night. They played for the drinks. Sometimes when the game was close and somebody made a good shot or missed an easy one, there would be a lot of laughing and shouting, and that gave me a chance to horn in on it and say a word or two. It is queer how quick a man will get used to seeing another man around and all of a sudden think he is a friend. That was what I was depending on to get me in.

There were times when I was about ready to quit. I sat tight and watched an awful lot of days and weeks and months roll past before anything broke. I had gone for most of my bankroll and in addition had pulled one or two little jobs that brought me two or three small scores which I had spent for living.

I was an older and a wiser guy when something finally broke and, when it did, it broke big. The morning papers told about a gang that had stuck up a bank wagon and oscared with forty thousand dollars in ready money and about three times that much in securities. It was the very kind of thing that had brought me to the town, and the gang that pulled this job was exactly the gang I wanted to reach. They knew their stuff. Of course, between the lines, I could read a lot more than just what the papers said about the crime. For instance, when they said that the bandits carried machine guns and swept the streets with bullets, I knew that the gang was smart. That was the first time I ever heard of machine guns being used by crooks. Of course any first-class gangster has one or two of them nowadays. They are like union cards. If you haven't got one you're a piker. But they were new then and caused a whole lot of excitement. Just the idea that stickup guys would spring them began to scare the public a lot.

The minute anybody cracked one they had everything their own way. Shooting one of those things is just like turning a fire hose on a crowd. You cannot miss. Give a gangster a machine gun and he will mow down twenty men with gats before they even get their rods out. The cops know that, too, and they would be fools to forget it.

Carrying the gun was smart, but the way they handled it was even smarter. The papers said it was a miracle that nobody was shot down as the bandits sent a hail of lead through crowded streets. It was easy to see that these birds let the machine gun kick up so it shot over the heads of people and just sent them oscaring for a safe place, cops and all. You know, it is almost impossible to hold one of those guns on a level when it is working on automatic. The recoil kicks it right up in the air.

The whole stickup only took eight minutes, and by the time the police riot gang was around the deal was over and the hand played. That meant it was a protected job too. You know, nobody can beat the patrol system that much, unless the system is jimmied up to help them. It is through the crooks that stick-up guys are most often caught. Let a stranger go after a stickup job and every crook in town gets sore and gives out tips that lead right to him. The dicks get the truth on jobs that regular workers pull off and then shy off on account of protection. But when a new guy shows and tries to pull one, he has both the dicks and the gang to beat. It cannot be done.

The gang is political and criminal both, and they know everybody in the district. Somebody is bound to get a flash at a holdup man, and unless he is protected he is about as safe as a drunk sliding down the Washington Monument in a high wind.

This gang had worked with a car and they carried the machine gun on the back seat. Just as soon as the bank wagon showed they blazed away with the gun and everything came their way. Anybody that fools around much in front of these new machine guns is a sap. Just reading about the way this gang had used the gun, carried me way back to the days when the old man was running for alderman and Clancy and I had nothing better to use than an ordinary revolver. A lot of water had flowed under the bridges since then! But the cops had not changed much. I could see plenty of room for a wise reader to see that the public was being kidded.

A Protected Job

The gang was smart, the papers said, because they left no clews. That is a laugh. Where are you going to get an automobile without leaving a clew? If you steal it, the owner knows where it was stolen from and they trace you from there. If you use phony numbers there is still the make of the car, and unless you are protected some of the gang, or just ordinary people, are sure to remember it! If not, how did the papers know the machine gun was carried on the back seat? Anybody close enough to hear the gun was close enough to see something, and anybody seeing something has a good clew, if the coppers will really work on it. Also, how are you going to get rid of the bus after the stickup? How about fingerprints and all that? Sometime take your own car and see what a chance you have got of driving through town with nobody knowing it. I mean just plain driving. You cannot do it even without the stickup or the machine gun. No. This was the gang I wanted all right, or they would have been collared two hours after the job had been pulled.

So I went right to the saloon and got my break. The bartender and Skinny and all the pool players were talking about the holdup, and that proved they had nothing to do with it first hand. I had hardly got myself a drink when the well-known dick that had followed me when I first came to town blew in. He had a drink and then walked up to me.

"Hello," he cracked; "quite a job they pulled yesterday afternoon, eh?"

"I'll say it was," I answered, noticing that his right hand was inside his coat pocket. "A peach. But you can keep the rod stowed away," I grinned, glancing at his pocket, "because I don't know nothin' about it!"

"You been around here quite a while," he said sourly, "and nobody has caught you doin' no work."

"Nobody will," I grunted. "I work in the dark. Mebbe you can git a name for yourself by runnin' me in for this big job, but you know your play won't last long."

"We got orders to pick up all strangers," he said, his voice only half-hearted.

"I ain't a stranger. You just said I been here quite a while. And anyhow, nobody knows better than you that no strangers pulled this one!"

He looked at me with a queer light in his eye and a sort of smirk about his mouth. "I can't quite make you," he said. "You seem to be smart ——"

"You admit you ain't caught me workin', an' it only took you a couple of months to find out I wasn't a dick!"

Scoring a Bull's-Eye

That one stopped him. What could I be but a crook? It showed him that I knew all the time he was following me and that he wanted to know whether I was a copper or not. He was more worried about that than he was about my being a crook. He raised his eyebrows and his lips worked in and out kind of fast.

"I guess you don't know nothin' about this job. You certainly ain't been hangin' out with a gang," he said lamely.

"Righto, kid," I cracked, "an' now that we are friends, have a little drink with me."

"I don't mind if I do. . . . Whisky, Rift." I never knew what the bartender's real name was, but everybody called him that: Rift.

"You almost got to hand it to a gang like that," I said when we had tipped our glasses. "They knew their stuff, an' just when, an' how, to pull it off."

He grunted sourly and nodded.

"These new machine guns," I went along, "are the hottest things ever, ain't they? I know that you birds have been tipped off on them an' you must know somethin' about the kind of a gang that could do such a job."

Seeing that we were talking pretty friendly, one of the pool players came along and bought a drink.

"It's the South-End gang," he said, and there was a certain amount of envy in his voice. "They get away with murder—and you know why!" He winked at the dick and they both grinned a little.

I had been reading the papers a good deal and I always made it my business to read the political news carefully. Every old paper I could get hold of helped me to find out what had been going on, and there are always a lot of old newspapers around a joint like Skinny's.

I knew the names of the political bosses that were mentioned from time to time. One of the aldermen from the South End was named Glench, so when this bird cracked about the South End I spoke Glench's name.

"This man Glench looks like a live one," I said casually. Right away the dick straightened like he had stepped on something hot, but the pool player laughed right out loud and leaned over and gave me a friendly push on the shoulder.

"You win!" he laughed. "Another drink on me. I don't know who you are or where you came from, but you win!"

I knew right away I had made a bull's-eye. Gangsters talk a lot among themselves and you can always tell when you crack a name that means a whole lot. Glench, I knew, was one of those birds that sits back and collects and sees that policemen are where he wants them when jobs are pulled. There are a whole lot of square coppers, and do not think there are not. But

(Continued on Page 63)

FRESH silk
in 24 DAYS
from YOKOHAMA to YOU

The best guarantee of quality is

CONSUMER SATISFACTION

(2)
Meanwhile, the Realsilk Gold Button Man has called on you and taken your order, which is sent direct to our Mills

(1)
Under our unique system, within 19 days after the raw silk first leaves Yokohama, the exquisite hosiery fashioned from it is ready for shipment

(3)
Your order is filled immediately from new-made, FRESH silk hosiery, and five days later, at most, is delivered to your door by your regular postman

IT is only natural for a company to take pride in the products it manufactures. "But what does the consumer say?" That is the important question . . . Expressions like the following are typical of what our several million customers think of Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery. They explain why Realsilk has earned the nation-wide reputation of producing "*without exception*, the best-wearing silk hosiery in America."

Wm. C. Kobin
President, REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS

Alton, Ill. • • My hosiery arrived very promptly and has proven very satisfactory in every way . . . I have used "Realsilk" Hosiery for several years and shall continue to do so.—MARTHA ANGLE.

American Falls, Idaho • • I have had the pleasure of wearing "Realsilk" Hosiery and at all times have received complete satisfaction. I have no adverse criticism . . . it is everything you advertised it to be. I can recommend "Realsilk" Hosiery to all who wish good serviceable silk hose.—MRS. C. M. THOMAS.

Atlanta, Ga. • • I have been buying "Realsilk" Hosiery for some time. Don't use anything else. It is better and cheaper.—J. E. HUNNICUTT, JR.

Billings, Mont. • • Your company has proved to be most reliable.—MRS. RUBY SMITH.

Birmingham, Ala. • • I have been using "Realsilk" Hosiery for two years or more and it has given me the best satisfaction of any hosiery I have ever used. —F. B. WHITEN.

Chicago, Ill. • • I am very well satisfied with both the appearance and wear of "Realsilk" Hosiery. I have had several orders and have found it to be of the same quality and dependability. For awhile I decided to try other brands but recently re-ordered a supply of "Realsilk" because I found it more durable and looked nicer.—MRS. H. WARD.

Clarksville, Tenn. • • I want to say "Realsilk" Hosiery has met with my approval in every way. —STELLA BURT.

Cleveland, Ohio • • I have worn your hosiery for quite a few years and can say it wears better than any others I have tried.—MRS. ETTA GOLDRICK.

Canon City, Colo. • • I find "Realsilk" Hosiery all that you claim for it . . . very satisfactory in every respect.—MISS CORA TERRY.

Davenport, Iowa • • I have been perfectly satisfied with all the "Realsilk" products. They are beyond comparison with any hosiery and underwear in wearing quality; also in fit and looks.—MRS. F. J. WOODS.

Detroit, Mich. • • I find your hosiery very satisfactory.—ETHEL LINTON.

Eugene, Ore. • • Both my husband and I purchased hosiery from your firm and have been very much satisfied. They are wearing splendidly. I have bought several pairs of chiffon hose of other makes and paid good prices for them and truly they haven't worn me half like yours have. Personally, I don't think "Realsilk" Hosiery could be improved.—MRS. J. H. WEAVER.

Fond du Lac, Wisc. • • I am very much pleased with your hosiery and the service I've received. I could find no fault if I tried.—MRS. ADDIE WATSON.

Fort Worth, Texas • • I am taking this means of telling you how pleased I am with my "Realsilk" Hosiery. The hose are all they are represented to be, and the service rendered by you is unexcelled. I have no hesitancy whatsoever in recommending your goods to my friends.—MRS. ANNIE SMITH.

Greensboro, N. C. • • Have been wearing "Realsilk" Hosiery several years . . . it is very satisfactory and long wearing.—CHAS. W. LEWIS.

Hollywood, Cal. • • "Realsilk" Hosiery is the best for the money I have ever used. It wears nicely and looks good.—MARGARET C. LORD.

Hot Springs, Ark. • • I have been wearing "Realsilk" Hosiery for several years and have been perfectly satisfied. This spring I ordered some lingerie and it seems to me there is nothing more to be desired in regard to looks, fit, quality and price. I am a satisfied customer.—MRS. A. W. MEADOWS.

Huntington, W. Va. • • I have bought "Realsilk" Socks for my husband for several years and can say they outwear all others.—MRS. G. C. BAKER.

Jackson, Miss. • • The "Realsilk" Socks are *no plus ultra* in material and workmanship. One pair will outlast six pairs of anything else for me. I have never had a bad pair and have been using them for years. The pair I have on at this time is three years old and still going strong.—C. A. BOLES.

A GUARANTEE OF WEAR WITH EVERY PAIR

MADE of 100% pure, FRESH silk and featuring the new and exclusive DURA-*foot*, Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery possesses unequaled beauty and strength where the stocking is revealed, as well as extraordinary durability at the "unseen" points of wear. To assure you in advance of complete satisfaction every pair carries our guarantee.

REALSILK

Gold Button Brand

HOSIERY

and SUPER SERVICE SOCKS

This Gold Button identifies the Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
250 Branch Offices in the United States and Canada • Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

Jacksonville, Fla. • • Have been using "Realsilk" Hosiery for about five years during which time I have found it to give excellent satisfaction. I find that a pair bought of half a dozen pairs at a time will run me easily through six months.—J. C. PERRY.

Kansas City, Mo. • • I am very well satisfied with "Realsilk" Hosiery.—MRS. W. H. HITCHCOCK.

Los Angeles, Cal. • • Thank you very much for your prompt and courteous service. It will be an indulgement for further orders as well as passing along a good word about your service.—MRS. W. K. BOOTH.

Minneapolis, Minn. • • Have been an ardent "Realsilk" fan for years and so is my husband. He prefers "Realsilk" Socks to any others. When it comes to stockings and socks there isn't much chance to improve yours as they are just about as right as they can be made.—MRS. G. C. KOWFELDT.

New Orleans, La. • • I have been wearing your hosiery for four years and since receiving my last order I find that none wear as well. They are entirely satisfactory in every respect and I recommend your goods to all my friends.—DR. J. C. MCMAHON.

Oklahoma City, Okla. • • I have gotten real service out of the "Realsilk" Hosiery. I find it to be well worth the price.—GRACE AYERS.

Philadelphia, Pa. • • I have always been perfectly satisfied with "Realsilk" Hosiery.—MISS D. MADDEN.

Piedmont, Ala. • • If I continue to find "Realsilk" Hosiery what I have always found it to be, I think I'll wear it altogether.—MRS. JOHN DAVID MORRIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah • • The last order was my third one, which, I believe, is evidence that I am entirely satisfied with your socks.—GEORGE T. PETERSON.

South Orange, N. J. • • I have worn "Realsilk" Hosiery for several years and have always been pleased with it.—HELEN S. JEFFERSON.

Springfield, Mass. • • My family and myself have used your goods for several years and found them very reliable.—MRS. H. F. TREWORGY.

Spokane, Wash. • • I have long been a customer of "Realsilk" and have found your hosiery satisfactory.—FRIEDA ALTMAN.

St. Louis, Mo. • • Am more than pleased to get such good hosiery at such low cost. In January I ordered six pairs. My next order was in April when I ordered six pairs. You will not find a worn place or run in any of the eleven pairs.—MRS. EVELYN WILSON.

Stuart, Neb. • • "Realsilk" Hosiery is great and I am a very satisfied customer.—MRS. J. P. GANS.

Tampa, Fla. • • "Realsilk" Hosiery gives more service than any other hosiery that I ever bought. —MISS H. WARGO.

Tarrytown, N. Y. • • I find the hosiery very satisfactory both as to wear and to appearance.—MABEL T. WOOD.

Washington, D. C. • • I have been using the merchandise which I purchased from the Real Silk Mills for exactly one month steadily and haven't a hole or run or even the suggestion of either. I shall continue to deal with your firm and tell everyone I know of my experiences.—HELEN PAYNE.

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Only Chevrolet offers Bodies *by* Fisher at *such low prices!*

Built of wood and steel, the finest combination of materials known to the body builders' craft—finished in charming colors of lustrous, lasting Duco—and styled as low-priced cars were never styled before—

—the bodies that Fisher has built for today's Chevrolet are comparable, in every respect, to the coachwork of the world's finest automobiles.

No other car in the low-price field offers bodies by Fisher, with all the comfort and elegance that the Fisher name assures.

Go to the display room of the nearest Chevrolet dealer and make your own inspection of Chevrolet coachwork. Note the deep, restful seats . . . the durable upholstery . . . the Ternstedt hardware . . . the patented Fisher VV windshield and the complete modern appointments.

Here is quality you never thought possible except in cars costing hundreds of dollars more—quality that establishes Chevrolet as the world's finest low-priced car!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Roadster $525. The Touring $525. The Coach $595. The Coupe $625. The Sedan $695. The Sport Cabriolet $715. The Imperial Landau $745. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. In addition, Chevrolet's delivered prices include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

BODY by FISHER

(Continued from Page 60

many a cop who is on the level has answered a bum order to be in a certain spot at a certain time and then found out that, at the same time, a sweet job has been pulled at some other point on his beat.

Glench ran a big saloon and a fight club and a gambling house down in the South End. That was well known and nobody seemed to hold it much against him. He had the knack of keeping his name in print, and it was always in connection with some humane reform.

You know, after what I have seen of politicians, I figure I could have saved a lot of time in that town by picking out the biggest reform guy and going straight to him. I have learned, when a man hollers about how good he is, and how square and honest, to buckle up the money belt mighty fast.

Well, after the pool player pulled his line I knew just where I had to make my contact, and I felt pretty good about it. I bought a couple of more drinks and finally got the dick to talking a bit. I learned that Glench was a smart worker and that he ran the South End from stem to stern.

"That's a tough neighborhood, that South End," the dick assured me. "I used to walk a beat down there an' there's been many a night when only good sense kept me from bein' bumped. Take guys like Mickey Flenk an' Grapes Quant an' Snift Weller—those birds are in the game for real dough, an' they get it. A guy that would try to cut in on them would be nutty as a soused chickadee!" I thought maybe he had wised up to my idea and was tipping me off to keep clear of the South End.

We stayed at Rift's place till dark, and after that I set out to locate some of the guys they had named. One of the names I had seen in the papers, and that was Snift Weller. He ran a saloon down in the South End, too, and after what the dick had cracked I knew he stood in with the political mob. Prohibition never meant anything to Snift but increased prices.

In one of the old newspapers I had read about a bird named Flop Gannon who had pulled some big jobs and beat it. I decided to take a chance on using his name. It never could do me any harm, because if he was enemies with the bunch I met I would explain I just knew him by chance and did not know much about him.

Crashing the Gates

So that night I located Snift's place. It was a big place with a brass rail fifty feet long and mirrors that never showed a speck all the time I hung around the dump. They had four porters and three bartenders going all the time. Most of the guys coming in were just suckers that worked for a living. But every little while I would spot somebody smart, and once I saw a chump made in Snift's place and knew that Snift was wise. When they make a chump it means that they frame him on some smart racket and clean him out of his dough. Snift saw the guys working on this one, and so I knew Snift could be talked to. After I had been playing the joint for a week or two I went up to him to get better acquainted.

"Could I see you alone, Snift?" I cracked. "I'm flush an' not lookin' fer a touch ——"

"Sure thing!" he cracked. He was always that way. He had a smile a mile wide, and it looked bigger because there were two gold teeth in his mouth, one on each side, and that seemed to make him shine every time he grinned. He led me into a little sort of office near the end of the bar and we sat down at a desk.

"I'll make it snappy, Snift," I opened up, "an' tell you that I'm reg'lar an' a bit strange in town. I got told that you was a swell guy an' if I ever hit this burg to get in touch with you. I pulled a little prowl with the guy that told me an' he shot square with me, no matter what he might 'a' done here before I knew him. He may be your friend or your enemy, but he told me you was a straight shooter."

"Who the hell you talkin' about?" Snift demanded.

"Flop Gannon," I said, and right away his face lit up and he glanced up quick to see if there might be anybody around listening. I knew I had guessed right. Flop was a friend of his. But instead of asking me something about Flop, which I would have answered by saying that my buddy must have taken Flop's name if I got showed up, Snift says:

"Yeah? Flop's doin' time on the Coast. Got a three stretch under the name of Abrams—we had to stop identification here so's he could—what did you say your name was, pardner?"

"The one I'm usin' now is Smith," I cracked. "Dave Smith. I'm kind of hidin' away, Snift, an' lookin' fer a break to come my way."

It is funny how easy a man will tip his mitt when he is sure you are on the bend in his corner. Snift looked at me for a couple of seconds, then he grinned, and I knew I was in. "Things break pretty fast around here when they break, kid," he said.

"That bank wagon was the slickest job I ever heard of, Snift," I cracked. "I ain't sayin', or thinkin', you know anythin' about it, but from what Flop tipped me off, I figger that's the kind of a job you might put me in on."

"You needn't be scared, kid," Snift laughed. "We pulled off that job an' we'll pull off some more like it. The thing is to prove we did!"

In With the Gang

I guess I looked surprised at the way he talked so open about it all, but he settled it for me in a second. He laughed again and his teeth shimmered like little lights. Then he laid a big hand on my knee and squeezed it and said:

"You're the kid that's been hangin' around Rift's place tryin' to make a connection." He was still smiling that mile-wide smile and ready to say more, so I just nodded. I guess that was all I could have done anyway, I was so surprised.

"Good! Now come clean—what was your last racket—where are you from, an' what do you want?"

I told him. Told him everything from the old man down to the minute I shot Clancy, and then he told me that Clancy was hardly hit at all and if I wanted to work with them I would have to start hitting people hard when they began fishing for rods.

"When we shoot we hit hard," he grinned; "because you got to keep people in their places."

We had a drink on it and shook hands. "Here's luck, Jimmie," Snift cracked, still smiling, "but I guess it's just as well if I call you Dave."

"It is," I answered, "an' you can bet on me to go through, Snift."

"Your old man was a fool, Dave, but I'll take a chance on you just because of the way you took to get at me. You act reasonable careful."

"I try to be, Snift," I told him, "but you sure knocked me flat when you sprang that about Rift's joint."

"Don't make any mistake," he laughed at me. "We know every time a guy spits in this town! We have to. That dick that was followin' you has been my man since he was poundin' a beat aroun' here ten years ago. Rift an' Skinny are plants we put over there to find out what was goin' on when some birds tried to organize in that district. Say, did you ever meet Flop Gannon?"

"No," I grinned honestly.

"That helps," he grinned back; "because Flop is upstairs now an' was one of the boys on the bank job. I'll have you meet him after a while. Stick around outside till I give you the high sign."

So I did that.

I felt so good over the way things had come my way that I went outside in the saloon and took a couple of drinks. The way it looked to me was that gangs could work easy enough so long as bosses kept out of fights between themselves. Snift and Grapes and Mickey, I guessed, all worked under Glench, and all of them made plenty. Maybe Glench owned all the saloons and they just ran them. I never saw prohibition violated like they did it.

If Lefty Todd and Clancy and my old man and others like that had only had brains they would be making plenty and not taking many chances. When protection is right, there is nobody can reach you even if the evidence is bad against you. The trouble comes when gangs get to thinking they are being crossed and bosses think their end of the money is not big enough. That is what starts fighting and shooting each other; and when that starts nobody is safe.

I lit up a cigarette and hung around smoking it. While I smoked I was doing some steady thinking. Take Flop Gannon, for instance. Here he was right in town and pulling off snappy jobs like that bank-wagon thing, and all the time the police of all big cities were supposed to be looking for him! Here was a layout that nobody could beat. Snift was about as smooth as they come. I had found that out for myself. And now that I was in with them it looked like I might pull off one, or maybe two, quick jobs and get a real break. Then I would fade out of the picture and go to the Coast and find some way to get Mary out there, and that would make the hills just high enough, as the saying is.

About ten o'clock I saw Snift taking off his white coat. He always wore that white coat back of the bar, but he never did any bartending. He winked at me and jerked his head, and I went into the little office with him again.

"I will take you up to meet the gang," he grinned. "Flop will be glad to meet an old pal like you!"

We both laughed. "I had to find some angle to git at you," I explained.

"You worked it out great. We been watchin' you do it fer quite a while, Dave." That was the last time he ever called me Dave. When we got upstairs the gang all called me "Kid," and that name stuck to me, and it always reminded me of the old man, and lots of times made me wonder what the old guy was doing and how they were breaking for him.

A Sweet Hangout

When Snift had put his coat on—I mean his street coat—he led me through another door that opened off the back of his office, and we went upstairs. There was a door there and he opened it with a notched key. Back of the door there was a swell room. There was a table in the middle of it and several ash trays spread over it. Three nice lamps—as good as we had at home—stood around the room, and four or five deep leather chairs filled up corners and sides. The floor had a thick rug on it and in the entrance that led into another room there was a keg of beer with two big steins standing on top of it. It was just a well-furnished apartment.

"This here is where the boys hang out when they don't want to be kickin' around too much," Snift grinned. I could tell that he was proud of the place, so I played it up. I could do it honestly too. It was a sweet spot.

"Lots of times," Snift cracked, "there are guys that would put the slug on some of the boys if they got a chance, so we hide 'em away here till we git things fixed up."

I mean, this was real gang stuff. It was a business out in this town and they knew how to handle it. They were real pals that stuck together, and working that way a guy gets a break.

From that first room we went into another. It was as big as our big room at home and furnished even better. The table in the center looked like a billiard table and was covered with green cloth that had different gold lines on it. It was a gambling table, and I knew they must have some pretty sweet crap games there when the gang had made a real good haul.

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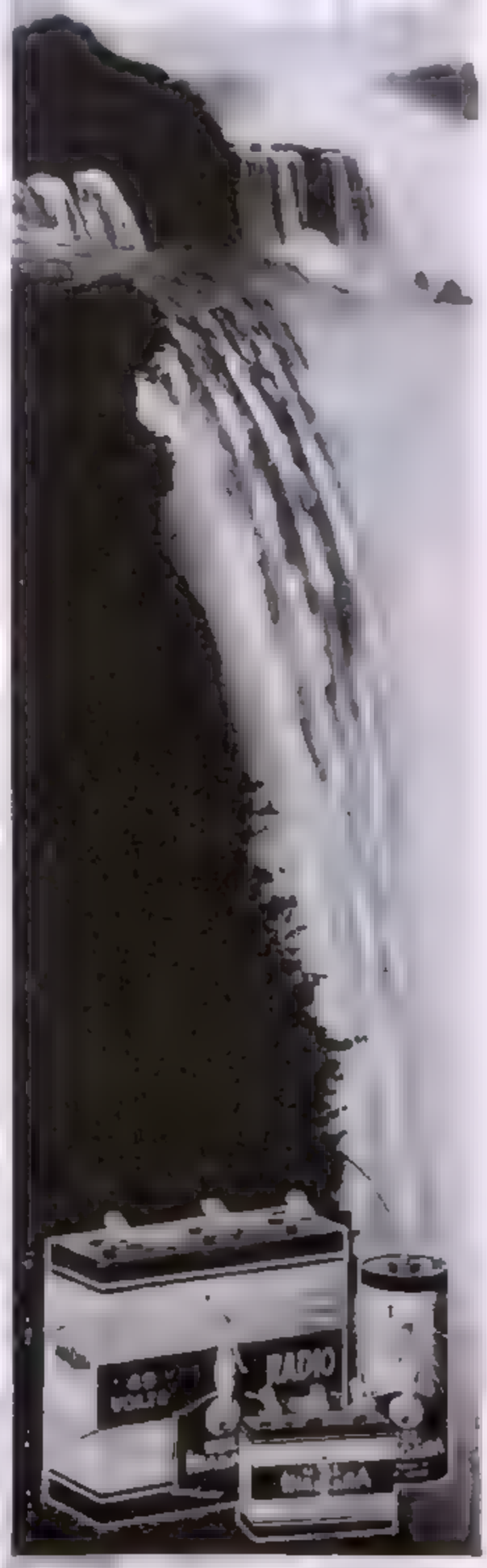

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ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where razor works.

Small-bubble lather *attacks beard at base*

Softens every whisker close to skin, right where razor works

COLGATE "small-bubble" lather seeps between whiskers. Myriads of midget bubbles douse every hair at the base—soften it ready for shaving. This is why Colgate's gives a quicker, more comfortable shave.

Small bubbles hold more water than large bubbles, and water is what softens whiskers, science says. Look at the lather pictures above.

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1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

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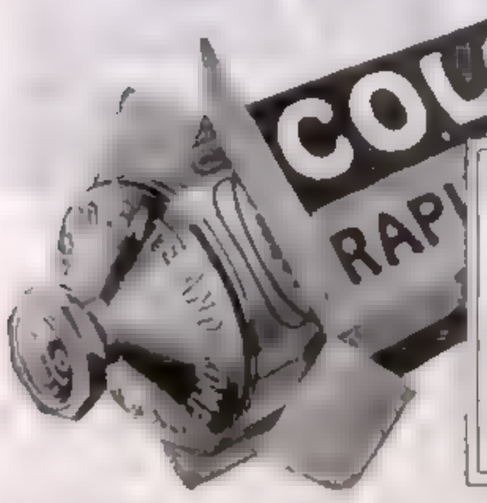

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

We walked across, Snift smiling all the while, and finally he took another key and unlocked a door, and as soon as he did I began to hear voices. He shoved me ahead of him, and after we walked through a little hall we came out into a sort of library where there were papers spread around and plenty of books if a guy felt like reading.

Five men were sitting at a little table playing poker, and when we went in three of them got up and stretched.

"Hi, Snift," one of them cracked, "what's the news?"

"Got a guy that is a great pal of Flop's here," Snift laughed. One of the men still sitting down raised his head and looked at me. I knew by the way he looked that he was Flop Gannon, but nobody would ever have picked him out for a gunman.

He had the blackest hair I ever saw, and the whitest skin. When I first flashed him I thought he was a hop head, because he was so white, and later on I found out he was. But when a jam came he proved he had a mighty steady nerve and was as game as a man could be. He smiled a little when Snift spoke, and there was an inquiring look on his face. He left the talking to Snift, so I knew he was smart.

"You must know the kid," Snift laughed. "You an' him pulled off a prowl an' you told him to come to me if he hit this burg!"

Introduced to an Old Buddy

Still Flop never cracked a thing, just sat there grinning. He must have known I was all right or Snift never would have brought me up there. Then Snift turned to me and said: "Ain't you goin' to shake with yer old buddy, kid?"

"The laugh's on me," I said, walking over to Flop Gannon, "but you gotta hand it to me. I'm in!"

Flop took my hand, and I felt that his fingers were long and strong. His eyes were steady as standing lights and his chin looked as square as my old man's. It did not stick out and his eyes were not close together. He shook hands, but he never spoke a word.

"This is the kid that has been at Skinny's," Snift cracked, as though that explained everything, and it seemed it did, because Flop tossed back his head and his lips formed a soundless "Oh." One or two of the others laughed and a big, tall one came over and slapped me on the back.

"Damned if we don't hand it to you," he said. "I wish you coulda seen an' heard that dick tellin' us all about you here. For a while you had them guessin' plenty!"

Snift set a bottle on the table and the gang broke off the game and went to a little cabinet on the wall and took glasses. I went along and we all had a couple of drinks.

You could have knocked me kicking with a feather when Flop Gannon filled his glass about a quarter full of liquor and the rest with siphon! I wondered if he was thinking of running for alderman, but the way he handled the bottle and the way he enjoyed the drink showed me he must have been a gentleman.

Take this whole gang and they were way ahead of Dutch and Nick and Twist and Dandy and Slug. This was a real gang, all right, and they took a dollar where we got a cent, and on top of that they did not look at all tough. They were all well dressed and they talked only when it seemed necessary and then they talked pretty good.

"The way this kid worked around me was good," Snift was explaining to them. He smiled with every word and those gold teeth of his seemed to fit just right with the rest of his face. "When he cracked that about Flop I figgered he was a sweetheart!"

"I got it out of an old paper," I admitted.

Flop just smiled again and nodded toward me as though he saw I was smart and wise to use his name.

Snift asked, "How did you connect me an' Flop together?"

"I figgered you were on the bend an' might be a friend of Flop's," I answered. "It was just a good an' a lucky guess that I hit you. First I was goin' to see Grapes Quant an' try to work it on him ——"

Everybody started to laugh at that crack and one of the gang—the big, tall one again—poked me in the ribs with his thumb and told me it was a mighty lucky break for me that I had kept away from Grapes.

"Why?" I asked. "I figgered he was reg'lar, from what little I could hear."

"He's a rat!" the tall guy cracked. When you call a man a rat in the underworld that is the worst you can say for him, and the way this big guy talked I went for the racket. I guess I looked pretty serious until I happened to see Flop's face. Then I knew I was getting a bum steer, and I looked up quick at the tall guy and saw the same grin on his face.

"A rat?" I asked. "I dunno nothin' about the town, but I never heard anythin' against Grapes."

"He's an awful mug," the tall guy cracked. "If you had gone to him he would have tipped off the bulls on you. Nobody knows Grapes better'n me. It makes me sore the way he cuts in on Snift's booze racket!"

I knew this was some kind of a play to make a chump out of me, so I just shut up. Snift said, "He's a rotten saloon keeper, this Grapes. I sell more booze in an hour than he does in a month."

Everybody laughed like that was a whale of a joke, and in a minute the tall guy poked me in the ribs again and said, "I tell you to keep away from Grapes. Take my word fer it, he's a tough baby. He would take this mob in one hand an' throw 'em right out of the window, Flop first. I know him best of all—I'm him!"

He held out his hand and I shook, and you can see for yourself the kind of a break these birds were getting. They were all together and nobody could move without them knowing all about it. But there was one thing that struck me funny in what he said. It was that crack about Flop.

I could see they all thought Flop was pretty tough, and yet he was about the smallest man in the room. I found out later on why this was. Flop was the best machine-gun handler in the country. If I start talking about that now I will get ahead of my story, but I want to say that I saw Flop do his stuff a little later on, and there never will be a better one!

A Toy for Flop Gannon

After we had another drink I met the other guys. One of them was Mickey Flenk, and I could see that Snift and Mickey and Grapes were the birds who kept out of sight and pulled the strings for Glench. The other two, besides Flop, in the room were Carrots Bell and Gip Marr.

Just as soon as I flashed Gip I recognized him from pictures I had seen in the papers that made me come to this town when I beat it from home. He was a fairly big guy, but his right leg was all twisted up and he limped like he was going to fall down when he moved around. I remembered the story about him. He had stuck up a bank in a small town not far from where we were sitting and a game sheriff had blasted away at him for fair. A couple of shots had taken effect in Gip's right leg and made a vine of it, and he had been pinched. A week after he was pinched he beat the can and never had been heard of since. I could see the answer now. Glench and his mob had sprung the Gip from jail and healed him up, probably right here in this spot. I wondered how he could work in a quick stickup with a leg like that.

We sat around smoking and talking and now and then having a drink. Nobody asked me any questions. They seemed to take me for granted. It was like each one had his own place and was not interested in what a new guy might do. I guess they all trusted Snift and bet that he knew what he was doing.

I felt pretty secure and pretty happy over the break I was getting. I was in the mob

(Continued on Page 66)

"Sluggish . . Tired . . *I looked as bad as I felt"*

Los Angeles, Calif.

WORST OF ALL was the way I looked. I greeted the world with a complexion that ran a close second to a pumpkin's!

"No wonder. Constipation was clogging my system. I was sluggish, fagged out—tired when I went to bed, tired when I got up.

"As time went on I began to fear this condition was becoming habitual.

"A close friend gave me the tip that enabled me to stage my come-back. 'Fleischmann's Yeast' was his advice. For four months now I've been eating it daily.

"The miracle has been performed! Today I feel great. And kind friends tell me I am looking well too."

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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST gets at the *source* of common skin disorders—of indigestion—of that constant, draggy, discouraging all-in feeling.

Ills such as these generally come from poisons absorbed from an *unclean intestinal tract.*

As delightfully fresh as the first vegetables from the garden, Fleischmann's Yeast counteracts intestinal putrefaction, strengthens the sluggish muscles of elimination.

Gradually your chronic constipation gives way—your elimination becomes normal, regular, more *complete.* Your indigestion disappears, your blood clears, reflecting itself in a radiant, healthy skin.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D45, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

ABOVE, MR. ROY L. WALFORD, *Los Angeles*

LEFT

"MY HUSBAND, being an athletic director, pursues all of his sports with exceeding vigor, and you can readily understand that the amount of vitality necessary to keep pace with him is very great. For several years I was troubled with indigestion which kept me from taking part in his various outdoor activities. I tried different medicines, without relief. Someone advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In a short time I was very much better. After taking Yeast for one month I was able to eat all foods without distress. Now I am fit and able to go on long camping and fishing trips with my husband."

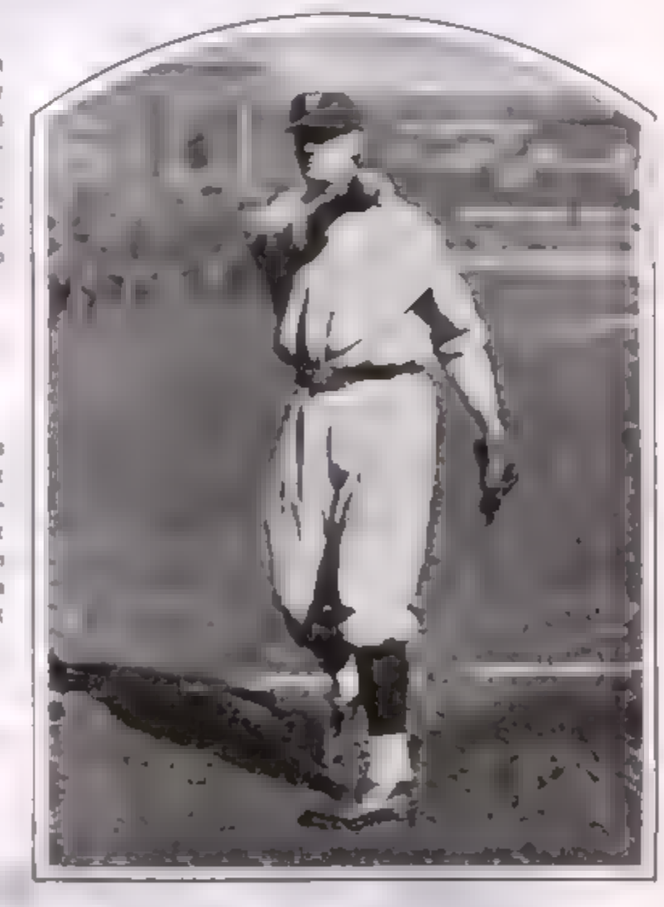
MRS. DAISY BATCHELLER, Minneapolis, Minn

RIGHT

WALTER JOHNSON, *world's greatest baseball pitcher*

"TO MEET the constant, heavy demands made on a ball player's energy throughout the season he has got to keep himself in perfect physical shape. For several years, now, whenever I have felt myself out of condition or run down, I have made it a point to eat Fleischmann's Yeast—two or three cakes a day. I find it tones up my system and gives me pep. It has been a great help to me in keeping in condition. My wife and four of my children also eat Fleischmann's Yeast to help them keep fit."

WALTER JOHNSON, Washington, D. C



RIGHT

MRS. EDITH ELLIOTT CLARK, *posing for her daughter, Miss Edith Clark*

"I USED TO BE so active I would go to Fairmount Park at six in the morning to reserve a tennis court for the day, taking my lunch and returning home in the evening. But by degrees the joy of health slipped away from me. Constipation set in. My vitality was depleted. I grew irritable, disagreeable. Reading in the papers about Fleischmann's Yeast, I decided to try it, and started eating it every day with hot water. In two weeks I felt the good of it. As my vitality increased, my old interest in sports returned. More than this—I am so entirely well that I even have the energy and patience to sit often by the hour posing for my daughter in order to encourage her in her work." MRS. EDITH ELLIOTT CLARK, Philadelphia, Pa

Easy, natural—*this new way to health:*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal, or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to eat one cake with a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Made for You, *Sir*

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One thousand men were consulted as to what they sought in a shaving cream. From them we learned four things in which they said others had failed.

With these as our goal our laboratories started in. Time after time they failed, only to try again. The 130th formula brought success. Brought, too, a fifth feature to assure still greater shaving joy.

Now we ask you to try this shaving cream we've made for you. In simple fairness let us send a 10-day tube to try. We believe we'll win you.

We know how

Our laboratories are competent, superlatively equipped. For 60 years they have studied soap chemistry. The leading toilet soap of the world—Palmolive—is one of our creations.

Before we would consent to put our name on a shaving cream we had to know that, in this highly competitive field, our cream would be outstanding. And today millions are flocking to it, deserting preparations that never quite satisfied.

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3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Don't buy—yet

Now we ask that for 10 days you shave our way. At our expense. If we have excelled, you will want to know. If we have not, you will know that, too. You can't fool men about shaving.

Do us the courtesy of a 10-day test. Cut out the coupon now.

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To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After-Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1381, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

(Continued from Page 64)

now, anybody could see that, and I figured the thing to do was shut up until somebody propositioned me and told me the cut I would get and what I had to do to get it. They were all so nice and laughed so much and kidded back and forth all the time that I could hardly believe they were gangsters that lugged machine guns around.

It was after midnight when somebody opened the door into the little library. I grinned when I saw who it was; I could not help it. The man was the dick that had trailed me so long down around Rift's. Imagine that bird making a stall to pinch me as a stranger and a suspect of having pulled off the bank-wagon stickup! He knew all about it before it was pulled off!

He winked at me and went over to the table and took a drink. After he had smacked his lips he looked at Snift and asked, "Brad shown up yet?"

"Not yet," Snift cracked.

"He'll be along soon," the dick said. "Everything is fixed. The old man sent the guns out this afternoon and they're waitin' at the shop."

Flop showed a little interest then. For the first time I heard him speak, and he did it in a voice almost like a girl's, it was so soft and steady. "Which ones?" was all he asked.

"The ones you wanted," the dick said proudly; "the same ones we used on the bank job. They are goin' out to be tested an' adjusted an' balanced, an' they get returned to the department in four days. The gag is that they have been used in the shootin' gallery an' the department wants to be sure they are right in case any more stickups break."

Flop smiled just a little and nodded his head.

"Brad is goin' to bring one over tonight?" Grapes asked.

"He said he would," the dick answered. "He might as well. Flop here wants it, an' I can't see that we're takin' any chances to worry about. It's a cinch the old man'll have it fixed so's nobody is goin' to start hollerin' for them before we pull the job."

"I like to get the feel of 'em, Snift," Flop said casually, and Snift nodded like he understood.

In about fifteen minutes the door opened again and a new guy came in. Flop got up quick and took a package from him. "Hello, Brad," he cracked, quiet-like; "let me fondle that baby."

"It's the one you wanted, Flop," Brad answered, "or, if it ain't, we'll git the one you wanted!" I did not like this bird as well as I did the others. Brad was boastful, and you could tell he was a crooked copper as far as you could see him.

The Artist's Touch

But I watched Flop undo that package, and finally I walked over and saw what it was—a machine gun. I never did see such a murderous contrivance as that thing was. It was short and had what I thought were three handles on it, but almost as soon as Flop got hold of it he snatched one of the handles off, and I saw it was really a cartridge clip that stuck down just ahead of the trigger guard.

Under the barrel of the rifle was one grip that was notched for fingers and at the rear of the gun was another. They were just like big pistol grips. Laying on the table where Flop had put it, was a wooden stock that fitted on the rear of the gun in case you wanted to fire from the shoulder like an ordinary rifle.

"This is the baby I wanted," Flop announced after he had swung the thing up to level and gripped both handles. Then he stood in the center of the room and played it around just like a guy might handle a garden hose. It gave me the creeps just to see the nifty way he done it. I must have shown it in my face, because Flop grinned at me and said:

"Never seen one before, eh? These things are what makes the roads open up, kid! Try it."

He slipped the gun into my hands, and I found it only weighed nine pounds and you could handle it fast as lightning.

"Gee! What a hell-rippin' thing this would be," I grunted.

"Fifteen hundred shots a minute when you want to blast your way out, kid," Flop laughed. "When they hear the song this rod sings they creep away into corners like mice in a warehouse!"

"Fifteen hundred a minute?" I asked.

"At that rate," Snift cracked. His smile was still working and a little bit of boastfulness showed in his manner. "All you got to do is turn that little switch on the side of her there an' hold the trigger back! Put the switch on automatic." He came over and showed me, and Flop looked on like a father seeing his kid operated on.

I could see they meant it and the gun really worked that fast. What a break for anybody that wanted to make trouble! The thing fired a forty-five-caliber automatic cartridge, and when I picked up a few of them they sure were brutal-looking babies.

Flop handled the gun like a machinist does a cutting tool. I mean, he took hold of it and you could see the difference in his touch right away. Sometime hand your watch to a jeweler and see how different he handles it than you do, then you will know what I mean.

The Big Play

All of a sudden Flop looked up at the dick. "You said we had it for four days?" he asked, and the dick nodded again. Then Flop looked at Snift and his eyes asked a big question. Snift answered it.

"I figgered on Thursday, Flop," he said. "We'll take that sucker mob out at Gander's Mills. That's why I let the kid in tonight," nodding at me. "I figger he can go out there an' get the lay of the land, an' then we can use him in the pay-off. He can walk around there with nobody apt to recognize him."

"Thursday's all right with me, Snift," Flop cracked back at him. "The sooner the quicker. I'll pull that one, then we can break off for a while. I can stand a little trip for my health. There's a broad I'm sweet on out in Frisco."

"Count me in," I said. "If you're plannin' to stick that black baby that speaks fifteen hundred times a minute under somebody's kisser, the only place fer me is on the right end of it!"

"We are goin' to stick up Gander's Mills on Thursday," Snift told me, still smiling his gold teeth into view, "an' this will be your break. They pay their help on Thursdays an' we'll let you get the dope fer us on the lay of the land."

"Anythin' you say," I cracked, trying to be cool, but knowing I was in on a big play at last.

"He can do that," Flop said, "an' handle the sawed-off when we make the grab."

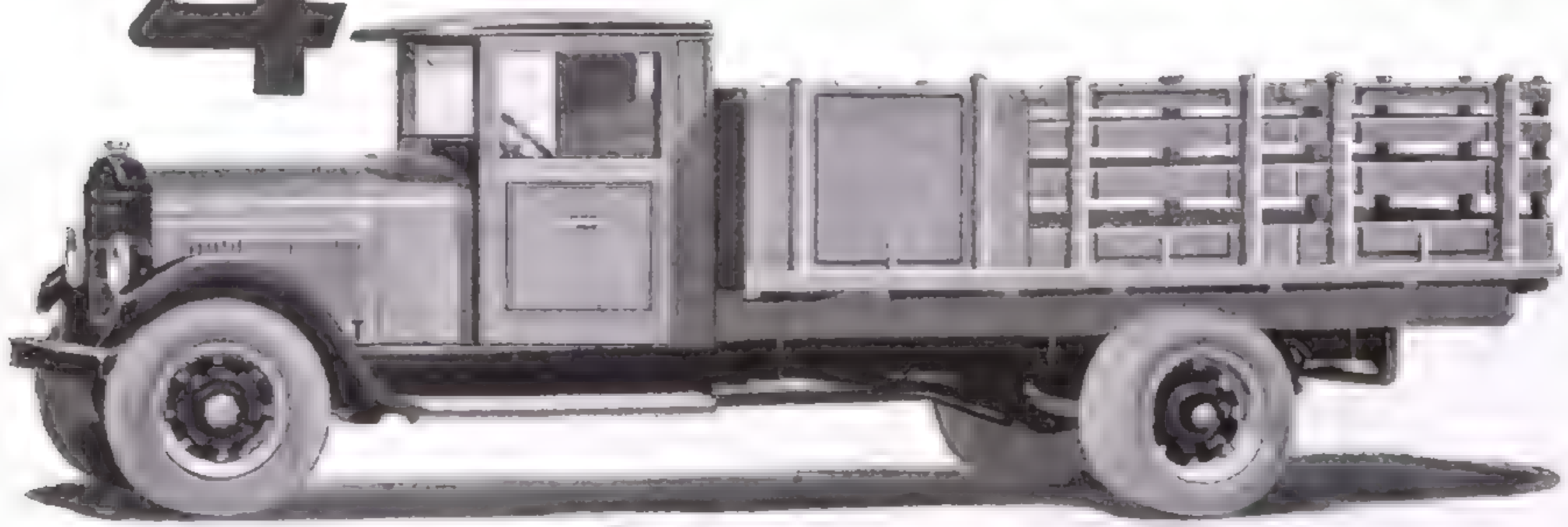
Snift nodded and turned again to me: "You can park here, kid. Back of this is bedrooms, an' we'll feed you as good as Rift or Skinny did." He laughed uproariously at that. "We'll have a snappy talk tonight an' lay out the plant. We got three days to work in."

That was all that was said about it then, but Flop stuck over in the corner monkeying with the machine gun, and I finally took a hand in the poker game, knowing all the time that I was headed for one of these new holdups where the only birds that have no chance are the birds with the money and the police.

I would get the lay of the land and I would handle the sawed-off, whatever that meant. I may as well tell you now that it meant a ten-inch-barrel shotgun with two barrels, and buckshot shells that spread like hail in the wind. I handled it and never will forget that fact, but let that come a bit later on when I tell, in the order things happened, just what kind of a business it is to grab a pay roll with the help of a machine gun. The way this gang worked was pretty slick.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The 4th of the NEW Speed Wagons



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THE KIDDER

(Continued from Page 17)

gang was playing penny ante, and I says, "Let's give Pinky a buggy ride."

So I goes to the telephone and calls up his house, disguising my voice. "Is this Mr. Wilmer Bunnell's residence?" I says.

Pinky had come downstairs in his nightshirt to answer the phone, and I could hear his teeth chattering. "Yes," he chirps.

"Mr. Bunnell," I says, "this is the manager of the electric-light company. Will you do me a favor?"

"Glad to oblige," says Pinky.

"Look out the window and see if the street light on your corner is lit," I says.

"Sure," says Pinky. "Hold the wire." Pretty soon he comes back and says, "Yes, she's lit."

"Then I'll ask you to do one more favor for me," I says.

"Give it a name," says Pinky.

"Go out, climb up the pole and blow the light out," I says, and hangs up.

Do you know, the next morning I met Pinky and he says to me, "Joe, I had a funny experience last night. Somebody at the electric-light plant—I didn't catch the name—called me up in the middle of the night and asked me to blow out one of the street lights. Do you suppose he was loony or drunk?"

"I'd report him," I says, looking very grave.

"Aw, he might lose his job," says Pinky.

That spring we was sitting around one night, wondering what to do to kill time, when I says, "We ain't had any sport with Pinky lately."

"What can we do?" Doc Lyman asks.

"I got it," I says. "The funniest thing I can think of is seeing Pinky in love."

"Yeah," says Doc, "that would be rich. But you ain't apt to. He's scared to death of girls."

"We'll frame up something," I says.

So we worked up a dandy scheme. Over to Richfield was a girl named Mabel Grove whose old man ran the drug store and was well off. Mabel was a peach of a kid, blond and pretty and full of life, but strictly all right, if you know what I mean. And she was one grand little kidder. Pinky knew her, though I don't suppose he'd ever said more than a dozen words to her in his life. At sociables and parties he was always following her around with his eyes, and he always colored up when she happened to look in his direction. I was sort of sweet on the little lady myself, but I was too busy having a good time to think of marrying her and settling down yet a while. Well, we got a piece of pink note paper and Doc Lyman wrote a note in phony handwriting, like a girl's. He sent it to Pinky. It read:

Dear Wilmer: Why don't you come over to see me? Are you mad or something? I know you are a very, very busy man, but perhaps you'd come over next Saturday at eight.

Your sincere friend,
MABEL GROVE.

Did Pinky fall for it? With a thud! Of course none of us let on that we'd cooked it up. We knew he was all excited about his date—the first he'd ever had—because he bought a brand-new blue serge suit and a new purple necktie at Ernie Swanson's haberdashery and blew six berries on a five-pound box of candy at the Élite Druggery. The new suit had to be altered a bit, Pinky being a sawed-off shrimp that weighed about a hundred and ten with his overcoat on. Pinky made Ernie Swanson promise three times that he'd deliver the suit without fail by six o'clock Saturday night. He spent most of Saturday taking baths and brushing his hair and pacing up and down the house in his underwear, he having sent his only other suit to the cleaners. That made it a cinch for us.

I stopped Tony Cuneo, the kid who delivers packages for Ernie Swanson, just as he was leaving the store at twenty minutes to six. I took Tony into the Élite and blew him to an ice-cream soda, and while he was gulping it I switched packages on him. So Tony delivered to Pinky not his new suit but an old one Doc Lyman was ready to throw away, one of those checked things you can hear coming. It was miles too big for Pinky, Doc being a six-footer and fat to boot.

Well, Pinky musta been frantic, but there wasn't nothing he could do. Ernie Swanson had locked up his store and gone off on a joy ride, and the cleaners had sent Pinky's old suit to Danbury, and it was getting on to eight o'clock. But anyhow, Pinky made the 7:30 bus to Richfield. You should have see him. You'd have laughed yourself sick. Doc's coat swallowed him up, and the pants were baggy and flapped in the breeze. We was all waiting on the corner to see Pinky get on the bus.

"Hello, Pinky," I says, very solemn. "Going to a masquerade?"

"No," says Pinky, just as solemn; "this ain't my suit. Ernie Swanson sent it to me by mistake, and I had to wear it because I got to go to Richfield—on business."

"You ought to shoot Ernie for sending you a tent like that," I says, not batting an eyelash.

"Well, I sort of felt like it for a minute," says Pinky, "but then I remembered that Ernie's having a lot of trouble at home and so it must be hard for him to keep his mind on his work. . . . Well, so long."

Off he went with his big box of candy under his arm, as funny a sight as I ever hope to see. At least he thought it was candy. He was due for a surprise when Mabel opened it. While I was talking with him, Doc Lyman pinched the box of candy and put in its place another box wrapped up just like it—and full of pebbles.

We sat round Fred's store laughing at what would happen when Mabel Grove opened her front door and saw Pinky standing there, all red and fussed, dressed up like a Dutch comedian in a burlesque show and with a box of pebbles under his arm. We decided to breeze down to Richfield and crash in at Mabel's house, but Doc's car went on the blink and we didn't make it.

Next day we saw Pinky, in overalls, fooling around the flower beds in his yard.

"Hear you went calling last night," I says.

Pinky blushes. "Well, yes," he says.

"And how was the little lady?"

"Fine and dandy," says Pinky, the color of a beet.

"Then that box you had was candy," I says, winking at the gang.

Pinky laughs—yes, sir, laughs. "No," he says. "A funny thing happened. They musta give me one of those dummy boxes they put in the show windows. It was full of pebbles. Me and Mabel had to laugh when she opened it. But she didn't mind. We made fudge."

"How'd she like your get-up?" I asks.

"We had a good laugh at that, too," says Pinky. "Mabel thought I'd dressed up like that to entertain her."

Now what can you do with a sap like that? Of course Mabel had kidded the stuffing outa him, and he didn't know it. She'd never even let on to him that she hadn't written the note. I found that out later. Well, sir, the next Saturday night we spot Pinky in his new suit, climbing aboard the Richfield bus, with a big bunch of sweet peas in his hand and a goofy look on his map. Our joke had turned out even better than we'd expected. Pinky was dizzy, and we figured Mabel was keeping up her end of the joke and would give him the air when she got tired of it.

We didn't see much of Pinky that summer. He got himself a one-lung runabout and was out on the road most of the time. Besides, the gang had other things to keep them busy. Doc Lyman's father died in a hurry, leaving Doc a wad of cash and the bank. Doc pitched right in and ran things. He's a shrewd egg, Doc is, and like his dad, mighty close in money matters. He don't care no more about a dollar than you do about your left leg.

I had a bit of luck too. My Uncle Mort, over to Olean, kicked the bucket. He'd never had much time for me since the day I stuffed his corncob with flash-light powder, but I was next of kin and came in for eighteen thousand berries. Of course I threw up my job at the print shop and began to take it easy and look round for a chance to invest my money and make some more. I left it laying in Doc Lyman's bank, and Doc said he'd keep his eyes open for a good investment for me; and I knew Doc knew his Lima beans when it came to investments, so I told him if he saw a chance to make dough for me to grab it quick. Duke Mack had a couple of thousand he'd won playing crap with some wise guys in Bridgeport, and I, he and Doc talked of clubbing together and opening up a selling agency for some good car.

Well, one night in September things was dull, as usual, and so I says, "Let's give old Pinky a whirl."

"I got the very thing," Doc Lyman says. "Today I got a letter at the bank from an outfit of gyps that's selling oil stock. Turkey Hill Oil, they call it, and it's a turkey all right. They promise 20 per cent and talk about big profits when they hit a gusher. Well, they got about as much chance to hit a gusher as I got to be Czar of Russia."

"The very thing," I says. "We'll sell Pinky some."

"Right," says Doc. "He comes to me for advice, just like he used to come to my old man. He's got between six and seven thousand salted away and, if I know Pinky, he'll jump at the chance to shoot the works in the hope of making a killing in oil."

"Will you let him blow the whole pile?" says Fred Hall.

"Sure! Why not?" I says. "It'll teach the little tightwad a lesson. If he gets a good bump it may wake him up."

So, sure enough, Doc Lyman lets on to Pinky that he knows about a red-hot buy in oil stock, and Pinky begs to be let in on it; and Doc, trying to keep a straight face, passes over to Pinky ten thousand beautiful shares of Turkey Hill common that are worth almost what it cost to print 'em, and Pinky hands over a check for sixty-five hundred, which is all he has on tap, and goes home to wait for the dividends to flow in. The gang waits for him to wake up and wonder what hit him.

Round the first of October I took a run over to Springfield to see a stenog over there who's stuck on me, and while I was waiting round her office I got an idea—a new way to kid Pinky. So while she was powdering her nose I sneaked a sheet of the letter paper of the firm she worked for and punched out a letter on her machine. It went something like this:

Dear Mr. Bunnell: We are informed that you own ten thousand shares of Turkey Hill common. We know, of course, that you are aware of the recent developments in the Turkey Hill fields. We are prepared to buy your holdings for a client of ours. Kindly let us know at once your lowest cash figure.

I signed it, sort of smeary, Edward Z. Mark. Get it? E. Z. Mark. I mailed it off to Pinky, figuring it would have him turning cart wheels till he got hep to the fact that he'd been made a monkey of once again. Then I and the girl had ourselves a good time, doing the cabarets and movies, and I didn't get back to Shiloh Corners for four days. I blew into Fred Hall's store soon as I hit town. The gang was all there, tanking up on near-gin and singing Ye Old Oaken Bucket and having a high old time generally.

"Why the party?" I asks.

"Listen," says Doc Lyman. "Shake me by the hand. I done you a good turn today."

"How come?" I says.

"We're all rich, thanks to me."

"Yeah?" I says.

"Yeah," Doc says. "Listen!"

"I'm listening," I says.

"Well," says Doc, "yesterday Pinky comes into the bank all goggle-eyed about a letter he'd got offering to buy his Turkey Hill stock."

"You don't say!" I says, beginning to laugh up my sleeve.

"Yes, sir," says Doc Lyman; "and it was from Booth, Fisher & Talbot, the biggest and most reliable firm of lawyers in the state. They practically told Pinky he could name his own price too. Of course a firm like that meant business. I see what's doing right away. By some miracle those Turkey Hill people musta hit a gusher—and you know what that means. Somebody tipped off Booth, Fisher & Talbot.

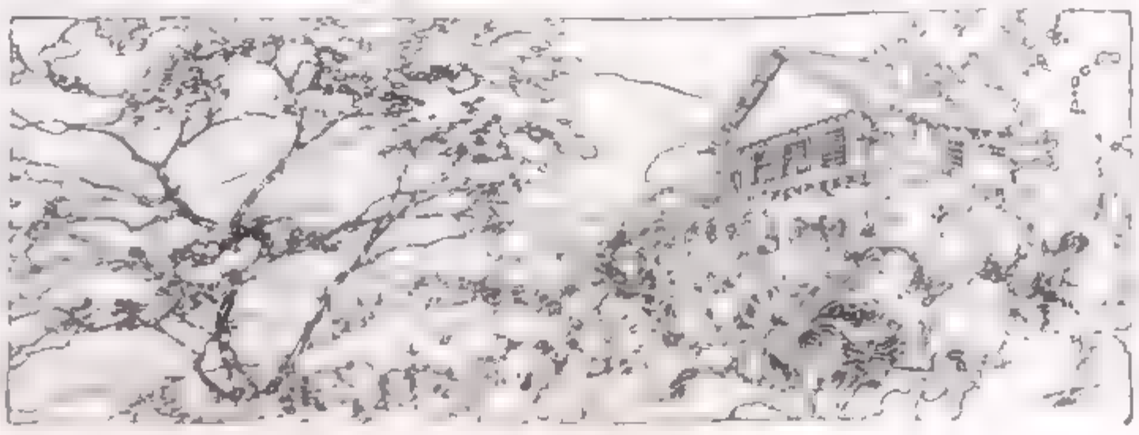
"Well, I handed Pinky the soft soap. 'What do you think you should get for your stock?' I asked.

"'I dunno,' Pinky said. 'I don't want to cheat anybody, but I would like to get fifty thousand, because I know a dandy going business in Danbury I can buy for forty-four.'

"'Look here, Pinky,' I said, 'you don't want to take a chance of being swindled by strangers. Tell you what I'll do. I'll take that stock off your hands at fifty thousand.'

"He almost sprained his wrist grabbing my offer. So I got busy and dug up the coin. I'm a square guy, I am, and I wanted to let my pals in on a good thing. I tried to get you on the phone in Springfield, Joe, but you couldn't be got; but I knew you'd be sore if you were left out in the cold, so I used your balance—like you authorized me to—seventeen thousand one hundred, it was; and I got forty-three hundred from Duke and a thousand from Roy and a thousand from Fred and twenty-six hundred from Ed Fleming, and I put in the balance myself; and I sent off a wire to Booth, Fisher & Talbot saying we won't consider a cent less than half a million for our Turkey Hill holdings. We should be getting an answer from them any minute now."

"Yeah?" I says, and had a fit.



Mr. Patton ate another match. "Don't try to tell me there's any sense in anything," he said. "Not when a dumb-bell like Pinky gets a break like that. The miserable little sap! Did you notice that new store on the corner as you come through Danbury? That's his. Opened it just after he married Mabel. Guess I'll drop in on him some day soon and sell him a machine for making diamonds outa skim milk. Well, I gotta be shoving off. I'll be late at the print shop as it is. I'm on the night shift now."

The song that STOPPED!

A CHILD of five skipped down the garden path and laughed because the sky was blue. "Jane," called her mother from the kitchen window, "come here and help me bake your birthday cake" Little feet sped. "Don't fall," her mother warned.

Jane stood in the kitchen door and wrinkled her nose in joy. Her gingham dress was luminous against the sun. What a child! Dr. and Mrs. Wentworth cherished Jane.

"Go down cellar and get mother some preserves . . . the kind you like."

"The preserves are in the cellar," she chanted, making a progress twice around the kitchen. "Heigh-ho a derry-o, the preserves are . . ." Her voice grew fainter as she danced off. ". . . in the . . ."

The thread of song snapped. A soft thud-thud. Fear fluttered Mrs. Wentworth's heart. She rushed to the cellar door.

"Mother!" . . . a child screaming in pain. Mrs. Wentworth saw a little morsel of girlhood lying in a heap of gingham and yellow hair at the bottom of the dark stairs.

The sky is still blue. But there will be no birthday party tomorrow. An ambulance clanged up to Dr. Wentworth's house today. Jane's leg is broken.

* * *

If a flashlight had been hanging on a hook at the head of the cellar stairs, this little tragedy would have been averted. If Jane had been taught to use a flashlight as carefully as her father, Dr. Wentworth, had taught her to use a tooth-brush, a life need not have been endangered.

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Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

HERE are 24 Paramount Pictures released in August, September and October. Behind this bare listing of titles and players is romance, adventure, mystery, excitement, LIFE! Life as it is today—a true reflection of this brilliant, breathless age! An age with so many demands on your time that if you are wise you will get the dates from your Theatre Manager. Then you will be making the most of your leisure time by seeing only worthwhile pictures. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

TITLE	DIRECTOR	PLAYERS	DATE
BEAU GESTE	Herbert Brenon	RONALD COLMAN, Noah Beery, Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, Mary Brian, William Powell, Norman Trevor, Ralph Forbes	
FIREMEN SAVE MY CHILD	Edward Sutherland	WALLACE BEERY, RAYMOND HATTON, Josephine Dunn, Tom Kennedy	
THE COVERED WAGON	James Cruze	Revival of a World Famous Picture	
SERVICE FOR LADIES	H. D. D'Arrast	ADOLPHE MENJOU, Kathryn Carver	
METROPOLIS	Fritz Lang	Paramount-Ufa Cine-Miracle. Special Cast	
MME. POMPADOUR	Herbert Wilcox	DOROTHY GISH, Antonio Moreno	
RUNNING WILD	Gregory La Cava	W. C. FIELDS, Mary Brian	
HULA	Victor Fleming	CLARA BOW, Clive Brook, Arlette Marchal	
CHANG	Cooper-Shoedsack	Wild beasts and natives of darkest Siam	
WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS	James Cruze	THOMAS MEIGHAN, Marietta Millner	
BARBED WIRE	Rowland V. Lee	POLA NEGRI, Clive Brook, Einar Hanson	
Zane Grey's NEVADA	John Waters	Gary Cooper, Thelma Todd, Phillip Strange, William Powell	
SWIM, GIRL, SWIM	Clarence Badger	BEBE DANIELS, Gertrude Ederle, James Hall, Josephine Dunn	
STARK LOVE	Karl Brown	Natives of the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee	
HEAVEN HELP THE WORKING GIRL	Edward Sutherland	ESTHER RALSTON, Richard Arlen	
TELL IT TO SWEENEY	Gregory La Cava	CHESTER CONKLIN, GEO. BANCROFT	
THE ROUGH RIDERS	Victor Fleming	Noah Beery, Mary Astor, Charles Farrell, George Bancroft, Charles Emmett Mack	
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH	Victor Fleming	EMIL JANNINGS, Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver, Donald Keith	
A CELEBRATED WOMAN	Frank Tuttle	FLORENCE VIDOR, Arnold Kent	
THE BIG SNEEZE	James Cruze	WALLACE BEERY, ZaSu Pitts, Ford Sterling	
SHOOTIN' IRONS	Arthur Rosson	JACK LUDEN	
SHANGHAI BOUND	Luther Reed	RICHARD DIX, Mary Brian	
A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS	H. D. D'Arrast	ADOLPHE MENJOU, Shirley O'Hara	
JESSE JAMES	Lloyd Ingraham	FRED THOMSON	

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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

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FIVE FALLACIES OF AVIATION

(Continued from Page 47)

The first of these five fallacies—and the one on which all the others are based to some extent—concerns what may be called the dream of flying. If men's minds were free of all conjecture about flight, it would be a simple matter to tell people how a heavier-than-air machine is kept aloft. But you cannot prevent human beings from attempting to supply by imagination the reason for natural phenomena that puzzle them. Hence even the man who admits being mystified has worked out some explanation of why flight is possible. He has seen birds flying and soaring before the wind on motionless wings. He has seen clouds with no visible means of support. Most human beings have seen balloons rise, and the spectacle of a kite in the sky is a universal human experience. When all this is added to the almost equally universal flight experience of dreams, it is only natural that men should connect flying in a plane, in their imaginations, with floating. In other words, the airplane is confused in their minds with the balloon or lighter-than-air ship.

Out of this confusion arise other fallacies such as that the ultimate achievement in safe flight is the helicopter, and that water provides a safer and easier medium for taking off and alighting than land, and that a slow landing speed is less likely to result in accident than a high speed, and that the lighter-than-air ship is more dependable than the airplane. These ideas persist even where there has been considerable opportunity to observe the flight of airplanes. They could not long endure in the old-fashioned planes open to the air, where the passenger discovered for himself that atmosphere plus the speed of a moving body becomes a solid in its relation to that body. But in the commercial planes now being built, with inclosed and almost soundproof cabins, a man may take several flights and still think he is floating unless he is told to put his hand out the window.

Nothing to Do But Sleep

After a passenger has had this experience it is a relatively simple matter to explain to him everything else he really wants to know about aviation. But before he has tested for himself this indubitable solidity of the air, even a rather intelligent person is likely to find difficulty in understanding flight. He may say he understands. But in the next breath he will speak longingly of the helicopter or the dirigible. If he had attained complete comprehension, as he attains it in the test of flight during which he feels the solidity of the air, he would find his notions of the flight process completely reversed. He would look for his safety in the rate of motion rather than in the lack of it.

In passing, it might be stated, as having some bearing on this whole problem of understanding, that flying is nothing like what one imagines it will be. The sense of height is lost at an elevation of about 100 feet. Most people expect to get dizzy, but I have never heard of this actually happening. The reason, of course, is that the perspective is lost. There are none of the converging lines of buildings which people always associate with height. The sense of motion also gradually diminishes as the plane rises. This, too, is a matter of perspective. While the plane is rushing along the ground for its take-off, nearly everything within the range of vision is relatively close. Objects rush by at high speed. But as the plane rises the field of vision enlarges.

This also is the reason why flying is the most monotonous form of travel in anything like good weather. In a motor car, even on a straight road in flat and featureless country, one's eyes automatically pick up marks by which to note the passage of distance. But on a clear day a passenger in an airplane a few thousand feet in the air may see a city for twenty minutes without feeling that it is getting any nearer. This is one of the reasons why most passengers in airplanes sleep the greater part of the time in the air on a long trip. There is nothing else to do. The scenery is flat and has been thoroughly advertised by the atlas makers. In other words, it looks like a map. It is an interesting fact that the more excited a passenger is before taking off on his first long flight, the more certain he is to sleep. This is the natural reaction after the expenditure of a great deal of nervous energy, when there is nothing in the experience to keep up the excitement.

Over the Air Bumps

In ordinary weather a plane rides more smoothly than any other type of vehicle, but under other conditions it takes on exactly the motions of a ship at sea. In other words, it meets in the air a series of bumps which give a sensation very much like what one would get were he to drive over a pile of feather beds with an automobile. A number of things cause this. On windy days the air is turbulent, and if we could see it it would look much like the waves of the ocean, except that the waves run in every direction instead of merely horizontally. Over these waves the plane gently rides, the smoothness of its going depending on the amount of weight the wings are carrying. The more load per square foot of wing the smoother it will ride.

The air, however, is bumpy on other than windy days. Wind denotes movement of the air horizontally. On calm hot days there is a great deal of movement vertically. From a freshly plowed sand field with the sun beating down on it a hot chimney of air is rising up which can be felt for several thousand feet above. Somewhere near it is a cool wood and plenty of shade, and above this the air is descending rapidly. As the plane proceeds on its way over these two points it gets a bump up after it crosses the hot field and a drop after it crosses the cool spot, just enough so you know it is there.

These bumps are more pronounced in small planes built for low landing speeds than in modern passenger planes designed for short landings and extreme safety. In the older types of planes there was really discomfort from the noise of the engines, particularly those of big bore and few cylinders. The old Liberty engine was a particular mischief-maker in this respect. In the new radial air-cooled types the noise is distributed and for passenger work is muffled almost out of existence. Two things contribute to this. One is the improvement in engine design, making it possible to supply excess power, so that at cruising speed the motors and propellers are much quieter. Another is that exhausts are carried up over the wing, so that the noise of the explosion is lost almost as thoroughly as in the muffler of an automobile.

American manufacturers have already discovered that passengers in this country will not submit to the discomforts accepted as a matter of course abroad. Aviation here must be not only comfortable but enjoyable. Many planes in passenger service are now equipped with electric cigar lighters, smoking rooms and berths, as well as the essential lavatory and wash room. In addition, we have placed advertising signs in some of our planes for the psychological effect. Nearly all American planes are also trimmed in light colors, as contrasted to the dark shades used abroad.

When a man learns that air plus speed becomes a solid, and that an airplane is supported in this element as certainly as a ship in the water, it is possible to make him understand why the helicopter is almost as impractical as perpetual motion. There are innumerable reasons why this is true, but the simple demonstration is to tell a person to jump off a low wall—two to three feet high—in such a manner as to drop straight down. The shock of landing will be very much more violent than if he were to jump off a moving vehicle from the same height. Instinctively, in such an action, human beings learn to land like an airplane. They shoot forward into the air as in a broad jump and strike the earth at an angle, and the landing, instead of being a sudden jolt, becomes a short run or a series of light jolts.

Mathematically it is possible to build a helicopter; but economically it is impossible, and scientifically it is unsafe. A certain load per horse power is possible if you are drawing a weight up an inclined plane of 2 per cent. If you increase the plane angle to 20 per cent you have not only the problem of increasing the horse power but also that of making the wheels stick, in a land vehicle. The same principle operates in the air, so that, without going into the mathematical details, a weight carried up at 90 degrees or in a straight vertical line may require as much as 100 times the horse power per pound.

Many types of high-speed pursuit planes are now in service which will rise straight up after they have attained maximum speed. Such planes carry one man—the pilot—and have engines rated up to 500 horse power. A plane of this type that will rise 2000 feet a minute with one man uses power sufficient to carry twenty passengers in level flight.

If mathematical factors were not what they are, there would still be the element of air turbulence. An airplane may land safely because it shoots across the rising and falling columns of air, but what would happen to a helicopter making its landing that suddenly found itself in a falling column? It is a fact also known to all pilots that nobody can make an accurate estimate of distance vertically. A pilot estimates his height by angles, sighting on trees and other objects when he is not using instruments to determine it for him.

The idea which the public has that water flying is safer than flying over land is a further fallacy. This is a combination of the idea of dreamily floating through the air plus the obsession that water is soft and may be used as a cushion. If air, however, becomes semisolid in the speeds at which a plane travels, water becomes concrete. One can visualize this merely by slapping his hand down flat on top of the water while in swimming, and even at that small velocity a lesson is quickly learned.

When All Water Is Hard

No builder would think of dropping a boat into the water when launching it. He slides the boat in. Even then in rough weather as the boat proceeds on its way the water can become a terrific battering force so that steel ships built with the strength of bridges are broken up. If it were possible to float down gently, as men imagine the helicopter to float, water might be the ideal landing medium; but even then it would be useful only in good weather. An airplane cannot hope to withstand the buffeting of waves. At the speed required to make the air sufficiently solid to support a plane, water is far more dangerous than land. Its solidity, like air, increases with the speed of the vessel entering it.

Every schoolboy knows that water is incompressible. In other words, it is more of a solid than earth. If it were not a liquid this would make no difference; but being a liquid, and subject to violent disturbances, it cannot be controlled as a landing field. A pilot must bring his plane down into the wind. If there are cross waves he may be wrecked. Visibility over the water is also poor. Every flying man knows that it is

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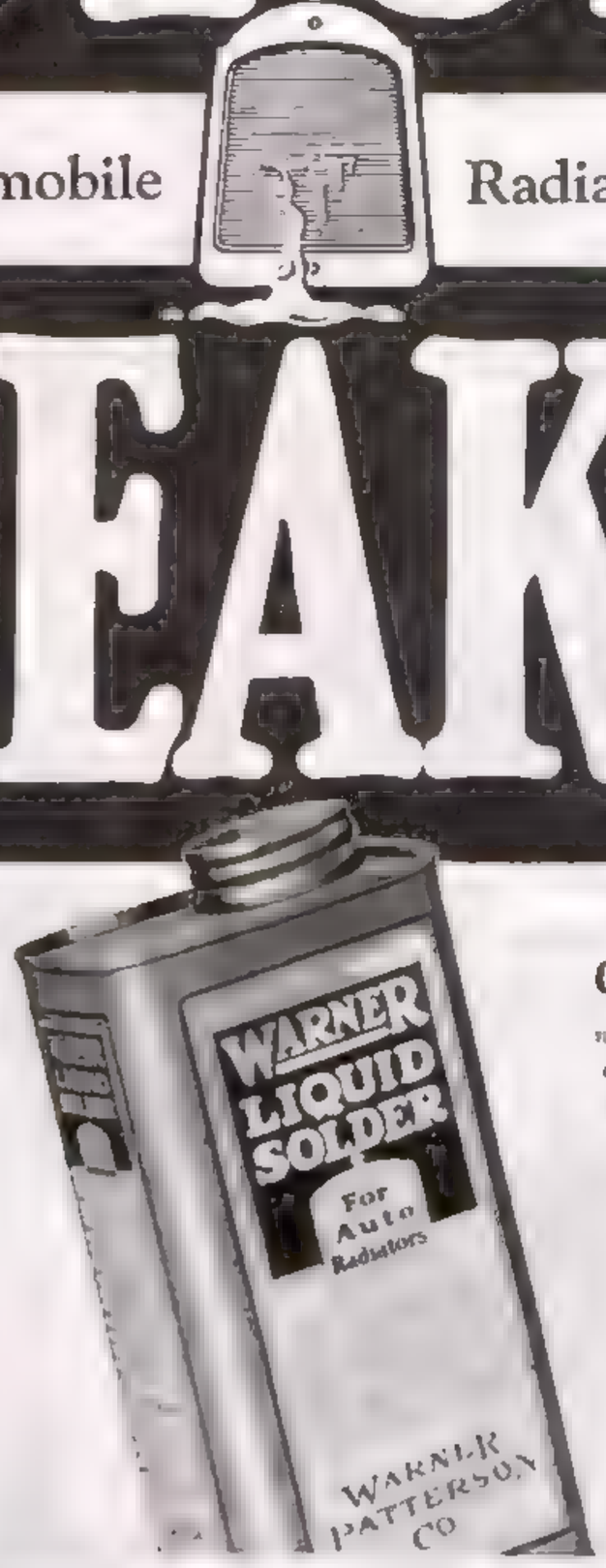

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difficult on a calm day to determine where the air ends and the water begins. In a fog this is next to impossible and the pilot must trust to luck or his sixth sense. The take-off is equally difficult. It is limited not only by rough weather but also by extreme calm. In order to rise, the flying boat must have waves. I have seen planes taxi around for an hour trying to make their own ripples, unable to rise because of the surface tension.

From the emergency point of view, water is even less desirable. Good landing places may be found by a pilot over 95 per cent of the land area of the United States, but water is suitable for landing only for a limited number of days in the year. Having landed in an emergency, the pilot and passengers are at the mercy of the elements. There are no beacons, no telephones, and one may not walk to the nearest farmhouse to get these conveniences. In case of trouble over land the pilot takes a quick look around and selects the best looking field close to the widest road and the largest farmhouse. He can travel in a glide seven times his height, so that at ordinary flying height he has his choice of a wide radius in which to select a landing field.

The idea that slow landing speed is safer is also associated with the initial fallacy. Once a man grasps the fact that air plus speed becomes a solid, he can easily understand the reverse. The slower the rate of motion, in other words, the less the support. Airplanes may be built to land at twenty miles an hour, but I do not believe any experienced pilot could be induced to land them at that speed. The reason for this is that even on a still day wind gusts may be expected. A gust of wind going in the direction of the plane at five miles an hour would therefore remove 25 per cent of the supporting force. At ten miles it would take away half this support. In either event a severe drop, and possibly a crash, would be inevitable.

The safest landing speed is from forty-five to fifty-five miles an hour, and in gusty weather pilots will bring down their machines at higher speeds. This is so much greater than the average wind speed that there is less danger of losing an important percentage of the support while in the air. But assuming that it is lost, the momentum is more likely to carry the plane ahead until it reaches solid air again. The problem, it will be noted, is to retain the support of one element until the other—the land—is reached. In a slow landing plane a long glide is necessary.

Three-Point Landing

With a higher speed landing the pilot settles at a suitable angle, pulls up the nose of his plane so that it glides parallel to the earth, and settles without jar to the ground long before the low landing plane would be anywhere near it. Just before the wheels touch he pulls his stick clear back, letting the tail down so that a perfect landing touches all three points at once—two wheels up front and the tail wheel at the rear.

Even with rather heavy planes of the new types now being built it is possible to land in a very short run. These planes are equipped with shock absorbers. The landing gear is wider—that is, the distance between the wheels is much greater, thus eliminating much of the danger of turning over. Wheels are equipped with brakes which may be operated separately. If a gust of wind strikes the plane as it is slowing up after having alighted, the pilot holds its nose into the wind by braking one wheel. This design eliminates the necessity for the tail skid, the only purpose of which was to act as a land brake, and a pivoted wheel is substituted.

It might be noted here that the remarkable development in engine efficiency during the past few years has eliminated much of the economic need for slow landing. In the older planes the weight of the engine constituted so large a percentage of the whole that relative overloading was necessary in order to attain a pay load. The engines now are light—a half pound to a horse power—more efficient and less expensive. The Liberty was perhaps the best of the old water-cooled engines. It would run from 100 to 150 hours, after which it was necessary to overhaul it. The average cost of this overhaul in an efficient plant was $500 to $700. In practice most operators found it necessary to do this work every 100 hours, and after five overhauls the engine was ready for the scrap heap. At an average of 100 miles an hour, this gave a maximum life of 50,000 miles.

The new air-cooled engines will run 250 hours in safety, or 25,000 miles, before needing overhauling. The cost of the work will even then be appreciably lower. Engines are still good after five overhauls; and actual life is at least five times greater than that of the old Liberty. We have engines in operation now which perform as efficiently after 150,000 miles as they did during the first 1000. The thirty-three to thirty-six hours required to cross the Atlantic is therefore well within the limits of safety for the new air-cooled engines. There are records of motors delivering the full-rated horse power after 300 hours of non-stop operation.

All-Weather Flying

The fifth fallacy—that the balloon is safer than the heavier-than-air craft—is now being rapidly exploded, but people cling to it mainly because they do not understand what flying is. When the engine stalls in an airplane the craft lands. When it stalls in a balloon the ship is at the mercy of the elements. Landing a balloon is a far more difficult undertaking than landing an airplane. It is surrounded with hazards inherent in the ship as well as those on the land. There is far more danger of a crash. Assuming that a landing field has been selected and that gas has been released in order to bring down the ship, the difference between a balloon and a flying craft is like the difference between a soap bubble and an arrow.

The balloon is safe enough under ideal weather conditions, but commercial aviation, if it is to succeed, must do so under average conditions. Not so many years ago flying was possible anywhere in this country only on a limited number of days a year. Equipment today is being designed to fly regardless of the weather, and every year the number of possible flying days has been increased. The day of thrill flying is over and there is now general agreement that a commercial plane is one which will support itself in the air financially as well as physically. It must earn a certain sum per dollar of investment after paying its operation costs. All that is necessary to bring about the demand which will bring down costs by increasing volume is to make the public understand what aviation is.

Much has been accomplished by all the recent activity in the air, and capital has been encouraged to talk of new engines, new planes, one-hundred-passenger aircraft, and the like. These will be built, more of both land and water types. Areas grow in two dimensions, but volume grows in three. To double the dimensions of a plane gives you only four times as much wing area, but brings eight times the volume or weight. This increase of weight with size soon brings one to the limit of present construction and size. This cannot be increased very materially until our engines give us more power per pound or our fuel gives us more heat units per gallon or our metallurgists give us more strength per unit of material. The standard plane of the future which you and I will use will probably be a five-passenger sedan as it is in the modern car industry. This will have self-starters, wide landing gears, brakes, electrical lighting, automatic navigation apparatus and every item for safety, and will probably give occupation to thousands comparable to the other great transportation industries, for at last after millions of years of two-dimensional life man has started to move and think in three dimensions.

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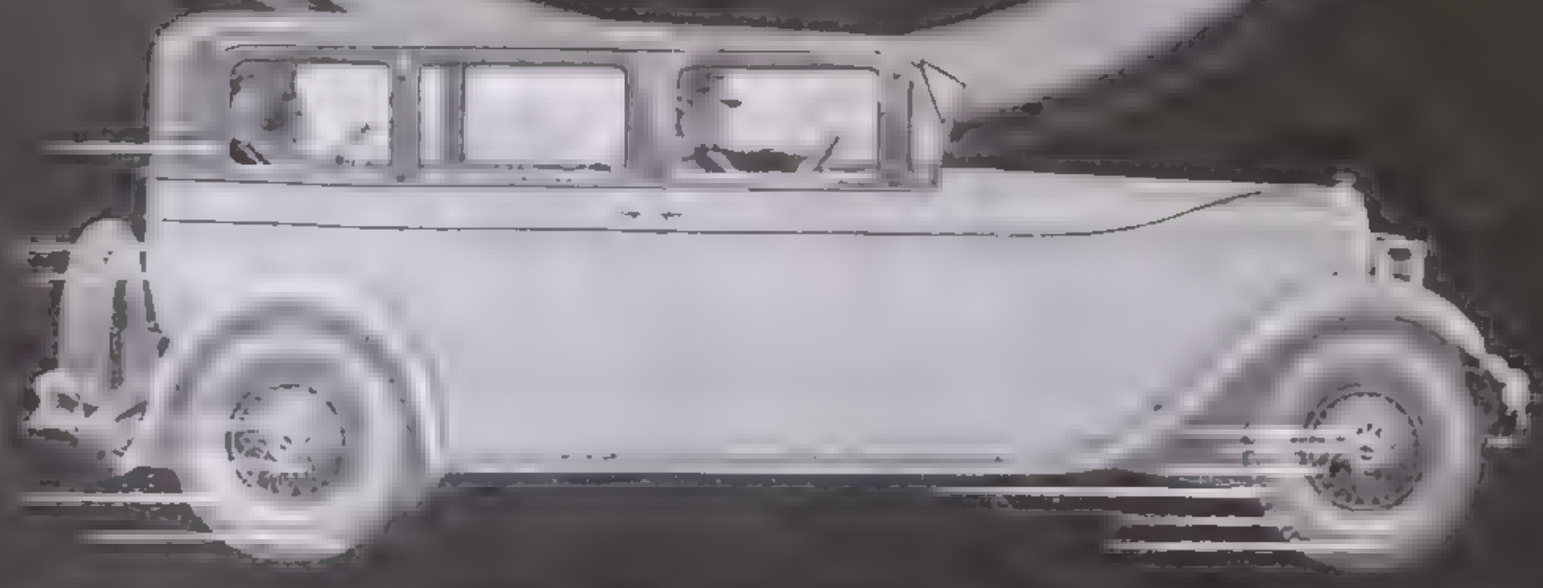

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WHO SHOULD GO TO COLLEGE?

(Continued from Page 25)

as to declare that "overenthusiasm for sports and other extra-curriculum activities is perhaps the most frequent factor accounting for losses"—that is, for the elimination and wastage involved in the great American flunking system.

Undergraduates, alumni and to no small extent public opinion look upon the classroom or curriculum work as the price which youth must pay for football and other activities. Now this is not the place to argue the question of whether success in life, especially in business pursuits, has a close relation to high standards of scholarship. There is a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject. But most of the general colleges and universities are not set up or intended to give a strictly business course, and they are even less intended to give courses in a good time. College men, graduate and undergraduate, find it fashionable to deprecate the importance of high excellence in attaining a degree, yet a definite major goal in a young man's life develops volitional powers.

If he finishes without a whole-hearted belief in the worthwhileness of the objective, and only because of family sentiment, social pressure and outside activities, his volitional power is thereby weakened. The man who quits once, or who thinks there is no especial harm in quitting, will quit again. He has acquired the habit. Thus, even from the psychological viewpoint, with the college goal or objective what it is, many a student is like the vaudeville Irishman who beat the railroad because he bought a round-trip ticket and never came back, or in the words of a prominent humorist: "A college graduate is a gink who has just finished a four-year loaf."

Yet the extraordinary development of athletics and other outside activities is defended on the ground that these possess a reality to youth which scholarship lacks. What the boy and girl want is to live rather than to prepare to live. They, with the help of the alumni, so it is argued, would not have founded a great superinstitution consisting of football and a hundred other extra-curriculum affairs without reason. The cause lies in the seeming unreality of books, themes, classrooms and lectures. Youth can act out athletics, dramatics and the like in daily life.

Why is a College?

We know that man will work for an object that he wants and can see clearly. A boy will train earnestly for a game. In professional schools the object is clearly in view. But in general education, which does not prepare directly for a specific work in life, the connection between effort and result is not so clear. As President Lowell has said, a few scholars will be diligent from a natural mental energy, but "the common attitude is not unlike that of their fathers toward the payment of taxes, a duty to be performed not for pleasure, but from conscience or compulsion, and in the case of the unscrupulous, to be evaded so far as possible."

So what is a college for anyway; what is its goal or objective? To this question scores of answers are given, and a careful examination of volumes of them discloses no uniformity of reply. Indeed, one cynical view is that colleges and universities have grown by accretion, without real aims, and according to the features which appealed to individual benefactors.

Is a college more than a socializing agency for the whole population, more than a place for unguided leisure and social diversion for perpetual holiday makers? Or is it a mere trade school for industry, a glorified employment agency, a purely vocational institution, shifting from one industry to another, as these rise and fall, like the farmer changing from crop to crop? There are a few people who cling to the old-fashioned idea that a college should make scholars, but a far larger number who insist that its true function is to produce citizens who will serve humanity. Finally there is the even more popular but rather vague point of view that a college should prepare for life, whatever that may mean. But who shall say what kind? The business man will emphasize finance, the doctor will insist upon health, the minister upon religion, the artist upon beauty and the musician upon harmony. Who shall decide what kind of life, the employer or the employe, the professional educator, the scholar, the scientist or the mob?

President Angell of Yale has said that we should not speak of "the college," or use the singular term for a group of institutions differing among themselves in the most extraordinary way, from those which frankly exploit the vocational to those which look askance upon anything but cultural and liberal material. Single institutions, he suggests, are not vague in objective or uncertain of purpose, but a great variety of different institutions are trying to do different things.

Another Inalienable Right

Despite this assurance, we know only too well that almost any single institution, except the out-and-out trade and professional school, is attended by youth for a confusing and unrelated variety of reasons:

"To prepare to teach in secondary schools, or to satisfy the preliminary requirements for law or medicine, or perhaps to have the world explained and one's life enriched; but one may, and does, attend quite as comfortably in order to raise or maintain one's social status, or to make important friends and connections of value later in business, or to enjoy sports and diversions."

Common sense indicates that no single institution, no single process can perform all these services effectively. It is a sheer physical impossibility. But that is not all. The moment we talk of goals and objectives other than the training of the mind, excepting the strictly vocational, we open the floodgates to mental incapacity, mediocrity, softness and sloth. When a great deal of noise is made about the colleges training for citizenship and preparing for life and leadership, the suspicion arises that these worthy but rather vague slogans are intended to cover up or justify sheer mental failure.

School and college curriculums are constantly being changed to make things easier for those who lack the capacity or desire to do hard work. Small men who could not succeed whatever their training, blame their colleges for not having given them practical courses. So many courses of every description are now given by so many colleges to so many men and women that I do not see how the present generation will be able to explain any failures it may have.

More and more we seem inclined to look upon higher education as a natural, universal right instead of a privilege made available to a rather limited type of mentally active. This neatly shifts the responsibility from the individual to the college, upon which a burden is placed that no institution is able to carry. Thus we have the absurdity of parents and friends vehemently blaming what is after all a rather vague entity, the college or university, because nice boys and girls fail in their studies.

Perhaps the most careful investigations yet made of this whole subject are those of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and in one of its reports is found the remark that leadership, good citizenship and like qualities cannot be produced in an intellectual vacuum. Certainly these qualities cannot be based upon indolence and self-will, or on anything but industry and perseverance.

The general college becomes lost in a maze the moment it abandons mental training and capacity to grasp problems and to think them through as its major goal. Yet we have the preposterous situation that students, alumni and parents often regard it as unfair when colleges which are organized for the express purpose of applying intellectual pressure do so, even though the students are invariably educated at public expense, either that of the taxpayer or the philanthropist.

The "soft and irresponsible enjoyment of public endowment" in youth means softness in manhood. President Hadley has said that the boy who studies only what he likes in school is governed in after life by his likes and dislikes rather than by his reason.

Very little mental strength is gained from massage, from soft, spoon-fed, predigested knowledge. Why should the boy or girl educated so largely at public expense regard it as unfair that they show what the process has wrought in them?

For so many of the higher activities of life there can never be any substitute except severe mental training. The Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education cites as one of the primary causes for eliminations from engineering schools the "stuffing of both high school and college curriculums with diverting and informational subject matter which requires little real study and does not develop the intellectual power of the student, but which does consume his time." It also speaks in the same connection of the overemphasis in school upon such educational theories as "training in preparation for life" and "stimulating vocational interest," with a consequent lack of preparation for engineering school because "the more fundamental substance" has been neglected.

Even when the student is thinking almost solely of an immediate vocational aim, what spurs him on is often the fact that "the mind defines sharply and for the first time an intellectual objective which then occupies it to the exclusion of any mere vocational impulse." A boy starts out perhaps rather carelessly to study medicine, but soon he finds such intellectual satisfaction that he is forced to devote his life to the subject with little thought of money.

The Main Task Subordinated

The reader may seem to detect a serious inconsistency or defect in my line of arguments. Why talk about loafers and students who have neither ability nor desire, when it is well known that so many boys work their way through college? Surely these must be worthy and deserving! My reply is that we have large numbers of both kinds, just as the colleges contain a large population of both poor men's and rich men's sons. But it is a question whether working one's way through college is always a thing to boast of, on the part either of the institution or the student. In so many cases it is too great a strain, and the youth finds that if he supports himself he cannot really profit by the educational facilities.

One cause assigned for the failure of engineering students is the inability of any but the exceptional man to carry the double burden. It is brutal to say, but the fact is that many boys who work their way through college would be better off without such an education. There is such a thing as paying too great a price for one's achievements.

But coming back to the main point we find that the colleges are overwhelmed by those who neither can learn nor desire to learn, because in a new, fast-growing and democratic country there has been a natural eagerness to expand educational facilities, like everything else, and make them available for all.

"What, however, has been the result?" asks the Carnegie Foundation. "As attendance has relatively increased, the average of ability has sensibly diminished, and the will to learn has weakened still faster. Instead of inventing new forms of training appropriate to the ideals and capacities of the newcomers, we have clung to a unity that has long since betrayed us.

"Released from genuine intellectual demands, an abounding student energy has raised a crop of general activities that have subordinated the main task. We bewail the fact and seek to regulate student activities, without perceiving that if what we still believe to be the major operations were convincingly carried out, the others of themselves would fall into the proper perspective."

An Intellectual Measure

Thus there have grown up two great sprawling systems of education, high school and college, overlapping, duplicating work and maladjusted one to the other. In a single family three different students may be studying government or civics, one in junior high school, one in senior high school and one in college. There is very little unity or continuity about it all, just a thin spreading of education over a colossal acreage, a gigantic supply of smatterings, mostly free. Colleges do over again what is really part of the school work, and the school is always reaching up and trying to do college work. In the upper grades of school are many who should be in the colleges, and in the colleges are countless thousands who should never have gone any farther than school. School-minded and college-minded are inextricably mixed in the two types of institutions.

It is not quite fair to compare all this with English, German and French education, because our job is far tougher, being about ten times as great. But in any case the European countries manage to knit together their schools and universities so that the average boy is from one to three years ahead of his American cousin at the same age.

We cannot tell who should go to college or really decide whether too many are going until the contrast between the European and American systems is understood. The essential difference is that in Europe responsibility is thrown upon the student himself over long-protracted ranges or periods of time. He is pulled up with a terrific jerk on the day of reckoning, with a final comprehensive examination the mere existence of which would keep a large portion of American college students from ever attempting even to matriculate. Distinguished professors give lectures, and in England, especially, there are tutors to help the student in every way to prepare for the final ordeal. In France a student may be given a topic a month in advance on which to make a long oral report. He then criticizes himself, is criticized by the class and by the professor, who then discusses the subject. This is all by way of a preparation.

But the main point is, at least in England and Germany, that the student gets little or no credit for attending classes and lectures. He can go and come much as he pleases, and though he can always get help in his reading from a tutor, or attend, if he sees fit, a learned lecture, these tutors and professors are not the men who give him the final examination. That is not held by his own instructor at all, but by a board of examiners not connected with his college and sometimes not even with his own university.

Thus the final test, which is all important, is impersonal, objective and absolutely real. The pupil is conscious of no terminus except this thorough search. There is no remoteness in it from life itself. He must be able to use and fuse all the knowledge he

(Continued on Page 81)

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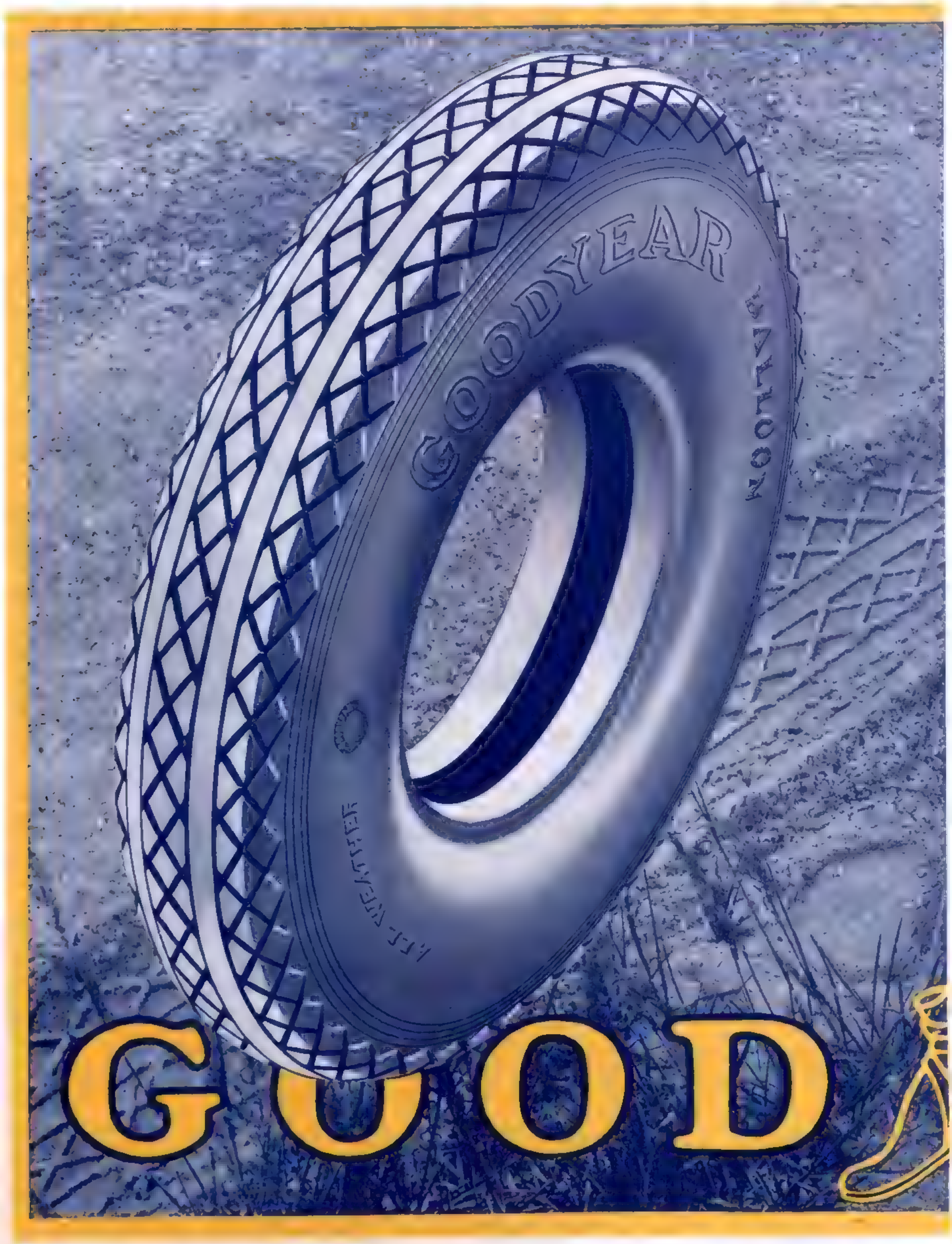
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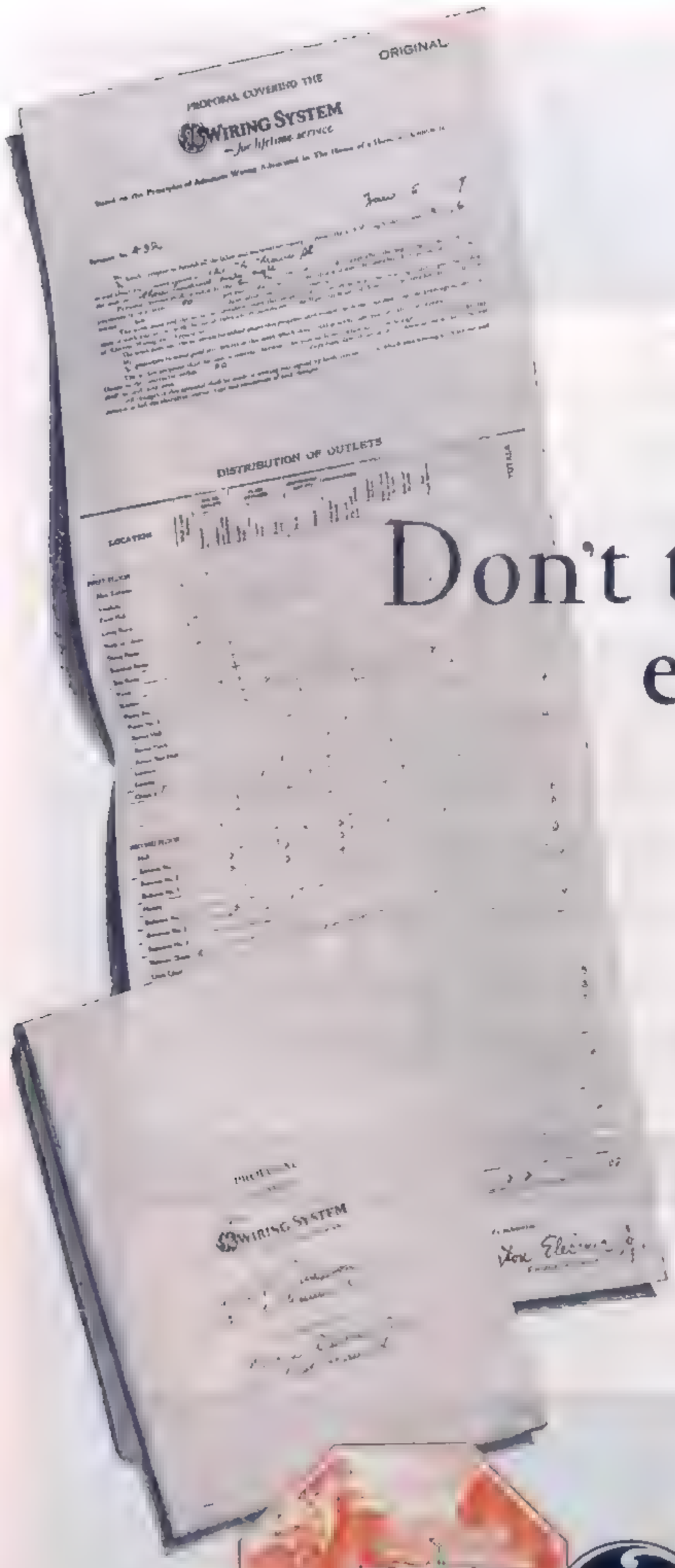

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(Continued from Page 76)

has gained for years back, for he is not examined on merely one term's work but on all he has done for years. This makes a clearly defined aim or goal, and fixes attention on the quality of the man's whole thinking process. He expects to be measured intellectually, as one of the Carnegie reports puts it, as freely, frankly and definitely as he would if his weight were being taken or his skill in cricket were being tested for a college team. This makes just as open competition in mental activities as in athletics.

To pass such examinations the student cannot meander around from course to course and from subject to subject, taking one credit here and one there until he has an accumulation of samples large enough to get a degree. He must concentrate and follow one general group of subjects continuously, intensively and persistently for years, in order to pass the examination at all. It is said that in a German gymnasium more time is spent on a single subject than on all subjects in an American high school.

Once the youth has made his choice he must stick. There are no disconnected and scattered spurts and little morsels of information. There is no overlapping. Everything applies to and develops toward one comprehensive, searching examination, which tests the whole mental nerve and tissue. There is no cramming the week before; the work of years in a given field must be thought through and back.

English universities especially are easy to get into, and there is no particular boast in having a degree from one of them. The thing that counts is the standing on the examination, whether one is first, second third, fourth, and the like.

A hundred years ago the American college put its students through similar searching examinations, but as numbers increased, the tendency to mechanize the whole process and to apply the principles of mass production became too tempting. Gradually we have set up a system of interchangeable bits or fragments of credit, by depositing enough of which the student may get a degree. High schools and colleges have not been welded together to form a consistent whole, and there are those who blame the school the more. It certainly has given very free access to a nondescript, unorganized mass of courses, and provides the colleges with pupils, who, as Prof. Charles M. Gayley has said, are "crammed with sweets of individual caprices."

A Patchwork of Credits

But I for one cannot see that the colleges and universities are much better. Most of them undertake to teach everything about something and something about everything to almost everybody. It is a matter of acreage rather than depth, and is cut off by the yard. Students are patched up with hours and quarters and terms and semesters. For the most part they are not compelled to stick to any one subject or any one teacher long enough to master a field of knowledge, or to insure themselves a harmonious, consistent mental development.

The English student says he is reading so many hours a day; the American that he is carrying so many credits. He graduates by what he has once known, not by what he now knows, by passing tiny fragments and segments of subjects, known as courses, rather than by grasping a field of knowledge. He acquires a mass of scraps, a pile of raw materials rather than a house. He piles up educational counters, and regards it is an impertinence for a teacher to inquire concerning any of them after they have been left on deposit.

President Frank of the University of Wisconsin has said that there would be no overemphasis upon athletics if a football game were divided up into hours and days—the punting at nine on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, forward passes at two on Thursdays and Saturdays, and so on. But a football game as now played has coherence and unity.

Professor Gayley has said that the boy goes through college accumulating courses, but not education; desperately selecting studies least foreign to his slender capability for assimilation, or most easy to slur, or most likely to turn to superficial ends.

"He is by no means always lazy, nor oblivious that now is the chance of his life; but he has no core of knowledge to which the facts he fumbles may cling, no keen-edged linguistic or scientific tools with which to cut to the heart of the matter; no memory trained or enriched, no judgment balanced by frequent trial, no habits of remorseless application.

The Search for Talent

"He has bluff but not confidence; he has promise but not power. The subjects of his study have not been correlated. The goal has been neither discipline nor intrinsic worth. He has probably never studied one thing thoroughly. He has not been guided; he has not been taught; he has not conquered work. He has been distracted; he has been amused."

There is nothing exaggerated, however, in this statement of Doctor W. S. Learned, to whose exhaustive studies of European and American education for the Carnegie Foundation I am especially indebted:

"Lacking the cohesion that results from well-directed thinking, the American curriculum flies to pieces. Aims are shortened and multiplied into a number of comparatively trivial, discontinuous and undeveloped items. Though the student is apparently busier [than in Europe] the intellectual pace is greatly relaxed owing to the lack of steady converging effort and the intrusion of much administrative detail. A large portion of the student's potential energy is sacrificed by terminating his obligations at the end of each semester."

The effect upon the student of this mechanical setting of what should be a purely intellectual problem, says Doctor Learned, is to teach him to play a game with the adding, or credit-granting machine, to circumvent it in the interests "of a steadily changing web of personal purposes, some trivial, some worthy, but few of them bearing any relation to a clear educational objective."

But however poor the college process or product, there will always be those who take an extremely democratic view of the situation. What they see in the indisputable facts is not proof that too many are going to college, but merely evidence of inventive failure on the part of education. The fault, they say, lies not in swamping the colleges with numbers of inferior minds but in obsolete and inadequate methods of selection and admission, in poor teaching and useless courses. It is a false assumption that hordes of inferior students are trying to go to or through college; the trouble is ineffectiveness on the part of the colleges themselves.

More and more the tendency of the colleges is to restrict and limit attendance, to select students deliberately and individually. The double process, first of shutting out and then of flunking out, is gaining headway. Yet this may be looked upon as a policy of mere negation and suppression; it does not solve the problems of great numbers of young men and women. So we have the charge of snobbishness, of social exclusiveness and of fostering class discrimination and dissension. It is contended that universal higher education is a right and not a privilege, that it belongs as inalienably to the young American as does the ballot.

As the superintendent of schools in one large city remarked to the writer, "The mass of individuals now desire what the best have had in the past."

Those who say that too many are going to college are accused of belonging to the class who want cheap labor and see that commodity vanishing before the extension of public education. To compel the bulk of the children of the poor or laboring classes to content themselves with short trade or vocational courses is nothing but a blind-alley form of slavery. Who can predict talent in advance? Therefore to prevent the possible exclusion from college of some who may have talent, it is better that as many as possible be let in and kept in.

All education was once private and restricted, but it has been made free and universal at one level after another—the grammar school, the academy and the high school. Why should the college resist the onward march of democracy? Any institution that takes only the intellectually gifted is riding to a fall. There are other equally desirable types, and why should the colleges neglect their academic salvation? The colleges take only the upper fourth or fifth, but what of the three or four lower groups? Youth at other levels also glows with vitality that must find expression. The child has a right to development irrespective of his type.

No expression of such views has met with more enthusiasm than that of F. D. Boynton, superintendent of public schools of Ithaca, New York, at several meetings of the National Education Association, which is the great organization of public-school teachers, principals and superintendents. His subject was The Open Door, and after his speech in 1925, President McAndrew, in putting the motion that copies be sent to all college presidents, said:

"It has been regularly moved and seconded that a missionary tract be sent the heathen."

"Education is the big business of the nation," said Mr. Boynton at the conclusion of the speech which led to a most enthusiastic adoption of the motion. "Officered by a million teachers, the Grand Army of the Republic, an army of twenty-five million children is marching against the citadels of ignorance and superstition and race hatred, upholding the traditions and defending the ideals of the Republic—an army assembling from hill and dale, from city and village, from the farm, the workshop, the mine, from industry and commerce, from homes of the rich and the poor, with the blood of the Orient and Occident coursing through their veins, destined in each of the forty-eight states to become citizens, not subjects—an army whose well-being places an obligation upon every American to support to the limit this stronghold of our democracy, the bulwark of our free institutions—the American school system from kindergarten through university in every state of this nation."

Besieging the City of Knowledge

"Gentlemen, this is not just one more paper to be added to the files. This is a crusade upon which we have entered—a crusade to be preached with increasing power until the people, laying hold of the doors of the gate of the city of knowledge, shall pluck them up and carry them away, leaving free and unobstructed the pathway to the acropolis."

But how is it physically possible for education on such a scale as Mr. Boynton appears to contemplate to be carried on by the colleges without these places ceasing to be colleges? To say that universal education and higher education are the same thing seems to me like a contradiction in terms. Or it is like telling every single man, woman and child in New York City that he or she has the right to live at a given number on Park Avenue or any other single address.

"If the views of some men are to prevail," says the Association of University Professors, "everybody except the sheer idiot is to go to college and pursue chiefly sociology, Nature study, child study and community service, and we shall have a society unique only in its ignorance and vulgarity. It will not do to dismiss lightly even so extreme a view as this; it is too indicative. Such influences are very strong, their pressure is constant."

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where he finishes with high honors. Irrespective of his family or social origin, such a Britisher is quite certain to possess a rich, graceful and flexible command over the English language, spoken and written, which is the despair of our more highly educated, and is so far beyond the average diluted type of American college graduate that he would hardly know what I am talking about.

Now I am not here to argue that such a command of language is necessarily a priceless possession. That is a question of personal taste and opinion. But I do assert without fear of successful contradiction that if the whole British populace were to tear away all the gates of the door which leads to this acropolis of knowledge, such a culture would no longer exist.

Vocational Education

No amount of theorizing about democracy will alter the fact that individual capacities vary enormously. To open wide the present college doors merely flies in the face of biology and every other science. Democracy in education cannot possibly mean that all should have the same education; it can only mean that all with certain types of capacities should have certain types of education, regardless of family or social origin. It is the height of democracy to give men what they can profit by, not what other men can profit by. A fair field and no favor, freedom to develop talents, is the true democratic ideal in education. To open wide the doors of a particular type of institution to all aptitudes is just exactly like flooding a fertile valley. There will be no excellence, no leadership and no standards.

The old-fashioned liberal-arts type of college was originally intended chiefly to train ministers. It still gives an excellent preliminary preparation for ministers, lawyers, journalists, professors, scientists, government officials and, possibly, for doctors and business men whose parents can afford a long, fancy and luxurious education. Now it is true that this college was originally aimed at one social class and contemplated static rather than dynamic social conditions. So it is often accused of being snobbish and un-American. But the taunt really arises from the fact that this type of college refuses to throw wide its doors to hordes of boys and girls whom its education cannot possibly fit. But why in the name of common sense criticize it for that? It does fit a small but important group.

I have yet to hear of a greater or more unadulterated piece of foolishness and misery than the all-too-common effort made these days by college graduates, and even by college professors, to force their own children into the type of institution just described, when these children are not the kind that should go there. It makes for a life-long inferiority complex.

We have tried to fit all types of boys and girls to one type of institution. In the name of democracy we are committing one of the greatest cruelties of history; one either has to go through a four-year college course—preferably an arts course leading to an A.B. degree—or one is regarded as uneducated. It is really a preposterous form of torture for many splendid young men and women. All the liberal arts, four years A.B. education really is or should be is a "crown for a process which fits only one type of mind."

The general assumption has been that one who completes a secondary-school course should either go to work or enter upon a four-year college course. But if we are to educate for democracy we must reach down and give a shorter course than that of the college. Despite our elaborate and long-extended system of elementary and secondary school and college, we lack many of the schools for technical training that play such a large part in the industrial and social life of Europe.

Professor David Snedden has pointed out the curious anomaly that in this country real vocational education exists only for the gifted and relatively prosperous who can go to schools of medicine, theology, law and engineering. On the other hand, general education, which in a logical system one might expect to be for the gifted and fairly prosperous, is very democratic, open to rich and poor, to all social classes, and to nearly all grades of ability. This paradox is not quite as striking as it seems, but there is only too much truth in it at that. Boys and girls who have not the type of mind or financial means for the higher professional schools go to work in a sink-or-swim fashion, with only pick-up methods of training.

It is safe to say that industry and commerce could absorb from two to five times as many graduates of a one or two years' vocational or technical course in a high-class junior college as it can regular four-year college products. Also, it is probable that from two to five times as many young people can profit as much mentally from the short as from the long courses. Corporations and other employers are gradually developing schools of their own, and high-school graduates are swamped with circulars from privately owned short-course business colleges, polytechnic schools, electrical schools and the like. But these can hardly have the prestige or authority of the public-school system or the great endowed colleges and universities.

The Elements of Endowed Sloth

A few privately owned short courses provide an excellent education. Making the student pay for what he gets insures earnestness and eliminates the element of endowed sloth so common in the tax or philanthropist supported institution.

There are those who think the crying need is for more continuation schools. The present abrupt ending of schooling for all except those who go on to a four-year college course is quite illogical. There will have to be more dovetailing and correlation between the secondary school and the job. But in any case, how can we avoid a crisis if we continue to educate an increasing number of people for a limited number of jobs? More and more the white-collar ranks are being loaded up with those who were intended by the irrevocable decree of natural endowment to do a different kind of work. The only hope is that the overwhelming pressure of numbers of white-collar workers, all seeking soft jobs, will eventually force the development of a system of real vocational, technical and artistic education on less than the four-year level.

To me there is nothing democratic in trying to force open the gates of the four-year so-called liberal-arts college to great numbers for whom no positions commensurate with such an admittedly expensive luxury are waiting. But of course the foolish, futile and enormously costly attempt will continue to be made until other choices as attractive and as respectable are offered. Mr. Ford is right when he says we think our way into living too much and fail to live our way into thinking enough. The problem of the age is to give one process the social prestige which the other so falsely monopolizes.

What we need is plain enough—it is the serene pride of craft of the old Mexican timberman in the United Verde copper mine in Arizona. Robert E. Tally, now general manager of the company and chancellor of the state university, was once a timberman himself.

When the old Mexican heard that Mr. Tally had been promoted from assistant manager to manager, he remarked: "Well, he was a poor timberman."

Consider the girls' high schools in even the slum sections of the great cities. Academic and commercial courses are crowded, although only the best graduates can secure good positions. Many girls are of such inferior abilities that they cannot finish such courses, but they turn up their noses at the idea of the specialized training of a trade school or even of a domestic-science course.

(Continued on Page 84)

don't fool yourself

Decency demands it

Don't fool yourself by thinking that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath). The worst offenders are usually unaware of it. You, yourself, can never tell.

Therefore, common decency demands that before meeting people, you put yourself on the polite side by the use of Listerine. You simply rinse the mouth.

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(Continued from Page 82)

Too often the trade school is the dumping ground for the very stupid or for disciplinary cases. One can only hope that all this foolishness will have to change in time from the sheer pressure of supply and demand.

But it will be said that no education quite equals that of the cultural courses of the old, traditional, conservative arts colleges. The ideal education, President Hadley has said, is one where a student learns things that he is not going to use in after life, by methods that he is going to use. Then, too, the very high type of earlier graduates of these colleges is often referred to. But one suspects that it was not so much Latin and Greek and mathematics which gave them culture and ability, as the fact that they were unusually superior human stock to begin with. The old-fashioned college is really praised and distinguished not so much for what it gave its students as for what the young men brought to it. It made silk purses not out of sows' ears but out of silk cloth.

The modern, practical, applied vocational subject may be just as rich as any other in cultural values, in mental training and in inspiration, if the pupil studies hard and thinks clearly, and if he is taught, as President MacCracken of Vassar has said, with "a single-minded devotion to the matters in hand, and in the mystical combination of truth and personal honor that is bound up in the word 'scholarship.'"

The idea of culture cannot be aimed at directly; it is the by-product of an earnest educational process. It ill behooves the old-fashioned cultural liberal-arts college to make a sneering comparison between a course in radio or machine shop and one in Latin. For the old institution itself was strictly vocational to begin with—preparing for the ministry.

In education each individual has an imperative need for something which has immediate value, which is worth doing for the reward he gets out of it now, not twenty years hence. It must mean something to his mental equipment; it must be sympathetic to his tastes and ambitions. Now, there is one type of boy who finds a genuine response to his own being in a course in Greek civilization at Princeton or Amherst or Yale or Williams, and who is there not merely because it is a fad to go or because he is a nice boy. But there is another type of lad who finds immediate mental satisfaction in a machine-shop course in a Detroit trade school. We make a great mistake in saying that one type is superior to the other, perhaps because one takes from six months to two years and the other from four to seven years. No one knows which is superior. What we all know and should cling to is the fact that they are utterly different.

The trouble is that so many families can afford, or are willing to make the sacrifice, to give their sons the education for an Episcopal bishop, a newspaper editorial writer, a secretary of a research bureau or a supreme-court judge, when in reality he is adapted by nature to be a building inspector, an electrician, a decorator, a foreman on concrete work, an actor or musician or artist of whatever degree, low, medium or high.

As long as families insist upon sending untold thousands of hand-minded, technical, artistic, musical types of boys to book-minded types of colleges, and as long as students in liberal-arts colleges refer to those in agricultural colleges as "aggies," education itself will be in a mess and family unhappiness will increase.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Atwood. The third will appear in an early issue.

BATTLES OF THE CENTURY

(Continued from Page 21)

account of the development of an industry that has produced more gold than those hills around Goldfield, we will proceed to the narrative of the big business.

Other newspapermen began to filter in. With the vanguard were Bill Naughton, Charles E. Van Loan, the venerable Sandy Griswold, Bat Masterson, Robert Edgren, and other newspapermen from all over the world. The telegraph office rushed operators, and columns were clicking out of Goldfield. There are those who insist that newspapers exaggerate these affairs, but I submit that the world wanted to know of this bizarre carnival. Also, any circulation manager will tell you that there is more interest in a championship prize fight than there is in perhaps any other story of the year.

It was all very colorful, the boom of the roaring camp and the fight itself. But a newspaperman could see what Goldberg expressed so patly: "At night everybody is talking Mohawk, lease, high grade, millions; but in the morning I never saw so many millionaires scurrying around for ham-and-egg money in my life. I just made eleven passes at craps and I had to stake eight millionaires to coffee and cakes because they saw me win the money. The aftermath of this will be terrible."

It was, but the fight drew gate receipts of $65,000 and Tex Rickard had become known all over the world as a daring fight promoter. Rickard seemed to mutter to himself, "How long has this been going on?" He dipped into the future with a dreamy look.

Rolling Out to Reno

It was after the boom at Goldfield had collapsed that Rickard was dealing in copper properties.

The man whose interest he was trying to catch said: "Why don't you promote the Jeffries-Johnson fight? I don't think so much of your copper properties, but if you want backing for that—well, I might do something, and all I want is a couple of ringside tickets."

Just about a month later Rickard, on a guaranty of $101,000, had the signed agreement of James J. Jeffries to come back and restore the heavyweight championship to the Caucasians.

In promoting this historic contest Rickard had his troubles. He planned to stage the bout in San Francisco. He had the assurance of the city authorities that it could be held and his arena was in the course of construction. Then the governor of California announced that there would be no heavyweight championship fight between a white man and a black in California. He announced this with such emphasis that Tex Rickard moved his gladiators and his fight to Reno, Nevada, the last wide-open city of the United States.

In this emergency Rickard's training in the gambling houses of Alaska and Nevada stood him in good stead. He was playing desperate poker that would have given pause to a man who lacked the poker temperament. The "Battle of the Century" at Reno ended in tragic fashion for the ego satisfaction of the Caucasians, because it revealed the fact that Jeffries was the first "hollow shell" of ring history. It did not end so unhappily for Rickard, for the gate receipts exceeded all records. They showed $270,755, and there were in addition profits from the motion pictures until an indignant Congress passed a law prohibiting the passage of prize-fight pictures from state to state.

But Rickard then and there decided that he never again would become involved in the promotion of a mixed bout. His notion was that the big money in prize fighting was to come from nice people and that nice people did not care for mixed bouts.

For this reason Rickard had no traffic with the syndicate that was formed to arrange the meeting of Jess Willard and Jack Johnson in Cuba in order that the championship might come back to the white race. This venture brought no profits whatever to the originator of the idea. Willard raised enough money to buy himself away from the syndicate and placed himself under Rickard.

By this time Tex Rickard had established himself permanently in New York, where the unerring instinct of the pioneer told him there was more gold—and that it was easier to get—than there was in all the hills of Nevada or under the tundra in Alaska.

He arranged the bout between Jess Willard and Frank Moran at Madison Square Garden. When I happened around he said: "Gosh, I'm glad to see you! Wait till you see all the nice people I am going to have at this fight—a lot of millionaires and governors and society ladies. I can hardly believe what is happening, myself, to this business. You know, it is a great business and I think it has a great future."

The profits of that bout were not heavy, for the total gate receipts amounted to only $151,554; but this was more than ever had been taken in for a prize fight in New York. And it was the metropolitan debut of Tex Rickard, causing great chagrin to the local promoters, but apparently full satisfaction to all the nice people who attended it.

There was just one note of disparagement. John L. Sullivan was sitting at the ringside as a literary observer. When it was all over, John L.'s Boswell demanded to know what he thought about it.

"What do I think?" said John L. "It's an outrage that a big bum like that one should get that much money." Whereupon he wrapped the drapery of his fur-lined coat about him and stalked majestically from Madison Square Garden. He felt that there was no justice anywhere.

This venture established Rickard as the prize-fight promoter of the country. Unhampered by any technical knowledge of the manly art, his mind was clear to discern what his customers wanted. In him was instilled an instinct for showmanship. Prize-fight promoters who thought in pennies while he thought in the twenty-dollar gold pieces of the Golden West said that he was just a lucky stiff. But he showed himself so consistently lucky that they grudgingly admitted there must be something else.

The Fight Game Revived

The prize-fight industry, with the colorless and dull Willard heavyweight champion—permanently, it seemed—was going to seed, when Jack Kearns, manager of Jack Dempsey and a master of ballyhoo, led his gladiator to Rickard. The promoter thought that Willard was invincible. It was hard to convince him that there would be either profit or prestige that would bring future profit in a Willard-Dempsey bout. But he was willing to listen to the arguments of certain sporting writers who had no use for the colorless Willard. That is one of the secrets of Rickard's success. He is an intent listener. One might say that he listened his way into millions through the noisy corridors of the sporting world.

Eventually Rickard was convinced. Jess Willard, who was running a Wild West show, was willing to meet anybody for his set fee, $100,000—a fee that had been fixed by Rickard for James J. Jeffries, the famous "hollow shell" of Reno. Dempsey would be satisfied with $27,500, and it was generally conceded that he would be overpaid. Nobody expected him to make any better showing than Frank Moran against the Kansas Giant.

At this time prize fighting was dead in New York. Because of larcenous outcroppings in the cauliflower mines, Governor Whitman had ended the game by removing the boxing commission. Rickard, in search of a site for this particular "Battle of the Century," was invited to Toledo, Ohio. I don't think he made any immediate profits on this venture, because certain expenses had to be paid and an arena had to be built. The total gate receipts were $452,522, which was encouraging, at least, for it created a new record.

Out of that steaming wooden caldron on the shore of Maumee Bay, where Willard was battered down, emerged William Harrison Dempsey, called Jack Dempsey, hailed as a greater ring fighter than John L. Sullivan and the greatest drawing card of the prize-fight business.

Of the latter there is no doubt, for since that time he has been the central figure and the dollar magnet of three $1,000,000 bouts, and now promises to be the drawing card for a $3,000,000 bout.

Rickard was not grateful for Dempsey at first, though he liked the big fellow. For that reason Rickard had no part in the next bout that involved Dempsey. It is one of his theories that the public will stand for one of these big things only once ever so often.

In the meantime the New York State Legislature once again legalized prize fighting, with the understanding that the gentlemen concerned would refrain from engaging in larcenous practices. Rickard achieved the ambition of a decade and leased Madison Square Garden, which had produced nothing but a deficit for the New York Life Insurance Company under various managements.

His first big fight was the bout between the new champion, Jack Dempsey the Killer and Bill Brennan, a fighter of the ham-and-bean variety, who already had been knocked out by Dempsey while the latter was a mere pugilistic climber.

In this bout Dempsey was a decided disappointment. Brennan walked up to him in one of the early rounds and banged him on the ear. When Dempsey fought back Brennan said coolly, "If that's your right, I don't think much of it." For ten rounds Dempsey, the Killer of Toledo, as the experts said, looked terrible. But in the twelfth he knocked the fat and weary Brennan out.

Eventually the poor showing of Dempsey was a fortunate thing for Rickard, who had been planning a bout with an international flavor—the meeting of Dempsey and Georges Carpentier, a gallant and glamorous figure from France. If Dempsey had knocked Brennan out in the first round this bout might never have been considered and the expensive drama of Boyle's Thirty Acres never have been staged.

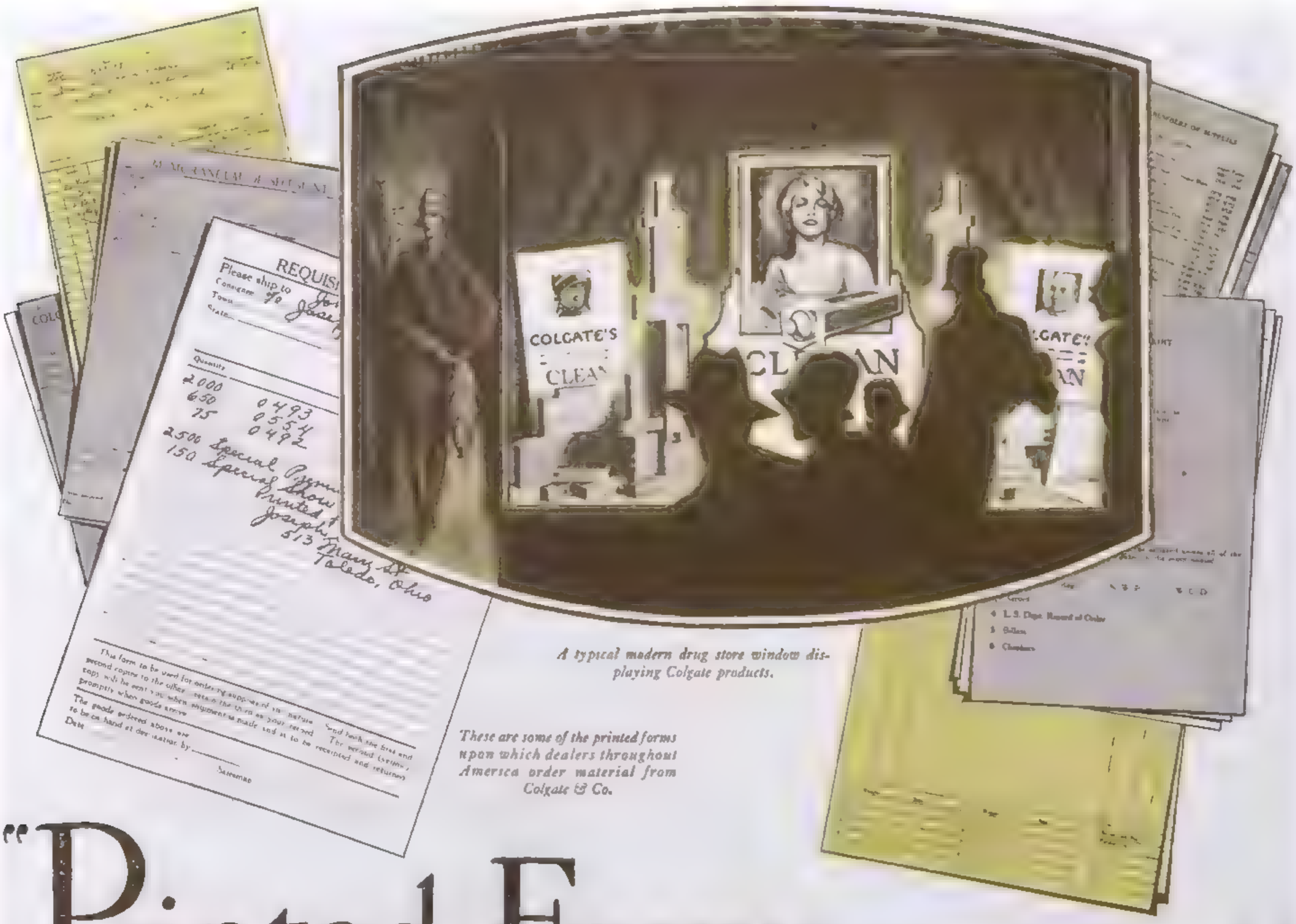
Here let us digress to consider how easy it is to bring about one of these $1,000,000 fights as compared with any other business venture. To get the signatures of Dempsey and Carpentier, Rickard had to guarantee $300,000 to the former and $200,000 to the latter. That sounds as though the venture would need $500,000 in capital at least even to open negotiations—but does it?

If Mr. Rickard, for instance, were to decide to promote and sell a Florida development, he would have to produce the cash at the start. He would have to buy his tract. Then he would have to dress it with pavements and plant a few orange groves here and there. He would have to build one of those stucco hotels and a few sample villas. Then he would have to start advertising, and altogether there would be a considerable cash expenditure.

To promote a mine or an oil well, Rickard would first have to buy the property. He would have to spend money for the sinking of shafts or the drilling of wells. Then again he would have to advertise and he would have to have a corps of salesmen.

But in this prize-fight industry the promoter does not spend a thin dime in advertising. His wares sell themselves. I do not mean that anybody can do it; but with

Continued on Page 89



A typical modern drug store window displaying Colgate products.

These are some of the printed forms upon which dealers throughout America order material from Colgate & Co.

"Printed Forms *simplify work*" ...says Colgate & Company

WHEN the public demand for a manufacturer's product becomes nation-wide, many obligations are shouldered.

For one thing, dealers everywhere want co-operative advertising material—window trims, counter displays, racks, cut-outs, strips—all sorts of advertising help that will enable them to reap the benefits of the manufacturer's national advertising effort.

Colgate & Company gladly gives such aid. Each year, advertising material valued at many thousands of dollars is distributed. All of this costly material is ordered by dealers on simple printed forms such as those reproduced above.

Printed forms simplify work. They keep an accurate watch on every activity of business. They minimize errors, speed up operations, fix responsibility for every job to be done, keep business moving swiftly, smoothly, without friction or lost motion.

Shipment records, dealer mailing list memos, stock number supply forms, selling lists, sales records, are a few of the printed forms that contribute to the operating efficiency of Colgate & Company. And for all such forms Hammermill Bond is used extensively. There are five good reasons why:

Many concerns now standardize on Hammermill Bond

First, because this standard bond paper has just the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon, or printing. Second, because it is available in twelve colors and white so that forms for different jobs or departments can be identified by color. Also, because Hammermill Bond is uniform in quality. In addition, because it stands rough usage. Finally, because its reasonable price makes its use a genuine economy.

Go to your printer. Let him help you get better printed forms. He knows Hammermill Bond, uses it, likes it—because it gives satisfactory results and makes satisfied customers.

Send for Free Working Kit

Dictate a note now. Ask for the Working Kit of printed forms with samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. It will be mailed to you without charge or obligation. Please write for it on your business letterhead. Address Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

Get more for your money!

AS a car owner, you have just one interest in any tire manufacturer's policy—*"What will it do for me?"*

Expressed in terms of your car, "Plenty of Rubber" means this:

The United States Rubber Company has the rubber resources and is using these resources to make United States Tires give you truly "More for your money."

As rubber growers, rubber experts and tire authorities, we know that the *plenty of rubber* we build into Royal Cord Balloons will *prove* itself.

It will prove itself in ordinary day-after-day service on average roads. It will prove itself under unusual road conditions and the sudden strains where any skimping of rubber soon sends tires to the repair shop or junk heap.

The test *on the wheels of your car* is the final answer to all theories and questions.

That is the place where U. S. Royal Cords will demonstrate that "Plenty of Rubber"—inside the tire where it doesn't show as well as outside where it does—means *mileage*.

United States Rubber Company

PLENTY OF RUBBER

IN

U.S.ROYAL

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Question: Just what do you mean when you say that the United States Rubber Company has the *rubber resources?*

Answer: We mean this: As *growers of rubber*, this company is the greatest large-scale farmer in the world and the largest single producer of rubber. Its rubber plantations in the Far East total 136,000 acres. On these plantations are 10,000,000 rubber trees. These large developments make certain of an ever-increasing supply of the finest rubber that can be grown. They are the rubber resources behind the policy of "Plenty of Rubber in U. S. Royal Cords."

CORDS

US

Trade Mark

A Radiotron for every purpose

RADIOTRON UX-201-A
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UV-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-199
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WD-11
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON WX-12
Detector Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-200
Detector Only

RADIOTRON UX-200-A
Detector Only

RADIOTRON UX-120
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-112
Power Amplifier

RADIOTRON UX-171
Power Amplifier Last Audio Stage Only

RADIOTRON UX-210
Power Amplifier Oscillator

RADIOTRON UX-240
Detector Amplifier for Resistance-coupled Amplification

RADIOTRON UX-213
Full Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-216-B
Half Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-226
A C Filament

RADIOTRON UY-227
A C Heater

RADIOTRON UX-280
Full Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-281
Half Wave Rectifier

RADIOTRON UX-874
Voltage Regulator Tube

RADIOTRON UV-876
Ballast Tube

RADIOTRON UV-886
Ballast Tube

RADIOTRON UV-877
Protective Tube

The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated

Testing sensitivity of Radiotrons at RCA Laboratories

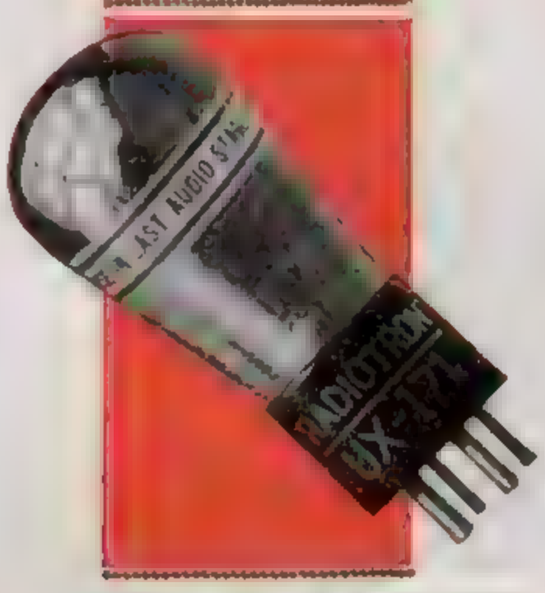
From time to time other tubes will be offered to you as being "as good as Radiotrons," sometimes at a lower price. Which proves that the Radiotron is the acknowledged standard in performance.

The American people have used millions of Radiotrons in the last five years. Is it reasonable to suppose that imitators could give you Radiotron quality for the same money?

Don't use new tubes with old ones

If your vacuum tubes have been in use for a year—and *one* needs replacing—much better results will be obtained by *replacing all the Radiotrons*. Don't use a new tube with old ones.

To keep your radio set at maximum reproducing efficiency, *change all your tubes* at least once a year.



Look for this mark on every Radiotron

RCA Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 84)

Rickard's background from Goldfield to New York, he does not need the cash to promote ventures that would give big banking and bonding houses pause before attempting them.

As soon as Rickard announced—at no expense to himself—that he was promoting the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres the money started to roll in. There were orders for ringside seats from all over the world, and these orders were accompanied by certified checks. The eager patrons were tearfully fearful lest Rickard should not receive their contributions in time.

By a week before the fight Rickard's tellers had taken in $500,000 in cash. By the eve of the bout there was in his coffers an even $1,000,000, with the money still rolling in. You can see that before the men stepped into the ring Rickard had the purse, the cost of the arena and incidental expenses all paid out of the money of the customers. No doubt he had underwriting, but it all could have been accomplished without one penny of reserve in the till. You can't name any other business where a $1,000,000 deal could be manipulated without a cent of capital.

Considering the match between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier from the point of view of a bout, it was utterly impossible. Here for once the prize-fight experts of the world, with one dissenting vote, insisted that it was the most unequal match ever made. The dissenting vote was that of George Bernard Shaw, who insisted that Carpentier would knock Dempsey out.

The boxing writers said this very frankly in all the literature issued prior to the bout. They pointed out that Carpentier was training in secret because if any number of people saw how fragile he really was in comparison to the Killer, they would not go to see the bout. But still the money rolled in, and how it did roll in! A check-up on the day of the fight showed that there had been taken in altogether something in excess of $1,600,000, and when the men stepped into the ring there were more than 90,000 customers in that huge wooden saucer at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

Knocking Out American Dollars

As the boxing writers predicted, it was the most unequal contest ever staged under the rules of the late Marquess of Queensberry. It might have been even more futile—the fight itself—had not Rickard advised Dempsey for the future prosperity of the business to make it a nice fight and not to do anything that would shock all those nice ladies and gentlemen out in front. It seems that Dempsey heeded the admonition, for he did not knock out Carpentier until the Frenchman drove his right against the jaw of Dempsey—and broke his own hand.

Rickard himself felt that the spectacle at Boyle's Thirty Acres would have to be the high-water mark as far as the gross gate receipts were concerned. "There will be plenty more big ones," he said, "but none as big as that one."

Rickard then was obsessed with a desire to promote a return match between Dempsey and Willard, an encore on the melodrama at Toledo. But the New York State Boxing Commission insisted that Willard was one of those "hollow shells" and placed on Rickard the burden of proof that he was not. Willard in his comeback knocked out a third-rater and then was matched with Luis Angel Firpo, of the Argentine.

When Firpo landed in the United States with a spare celluloid collar he knew as little of the science of boxing as did Tex Rickard when he appeared as promoter of the Gans-Nelson bout at Goldfield—always assuming that there is any such thing as the science of boxing. He had a massive physique, inherited from his forbears, the Romans and the Spanish conquistadores, and a determination to accumulate mucho dinero—a lot of money. He did. For a man who arrived in the United States with no cash assets, the sum of $600,000 is a lot of money, especially when translated into Argentine pesos.

Some sport writers insist that Firpo might have gone much farther if he had taken to himself an American manager. Possibly, but in that case he might not have $600,000. My most vivid impression of Firpo was when I visited him at Jimmy De Forest's training place.

"He is asleep now," said De Forest. "Just look in there and see how peacefully a fighter can sleep in this fine air."

He opened the door of Firpo's room. The scowling giant was sitting at a table stark-naked, with a pencil in a huge fist. A paper covered with figures was before him. He explained in Spanish that he had been figuring out what he would have to pay the United States in income tax from his share of the gate receipts in the bout with Dempsey.

Out of the Ring and in Again

"I suppose I'll have to pay it all," he said with a painful sigh. "All the same, it is very sad." These were the thoughts of Luis Angel Firpo on the eve of the "Battle of the Century" with Jack Dempsey as his opponent.

Of course this bout turned out to be the most melodramatic prize fight of all time. There was the vision of Dempsey the Killer being knocked out of the ring, falling head foremost into the press seats, then crawling back on sheer instinct to batter Firpo down as he had battered Willard at Toledo.

Technically, Dempsey lost that fight on a foul. If Firpo had been given the decision, it might have been the end of the cauliflower industry, for the Argentinean was a keener financier than Rickard, but he lacked Rickard's—shall we say vision or luck? Dempsey became a greater drawing card than ever. But there was one fly in the ointment. He seemed invincible that night, and it appeared that there never would be a man who could stand against him.

In the meantime Rickard began to commercialize the cauliflower industry frankly and in a big way. The owners of the old Madison Square Garden had decided to tear it down and erect an office building on the site. Rickard found the backers for a bigger and better Madison Square Garden farther uptown in New York.

On the basis of his various $1,000,000 bouts, and the advertisement that had been forced upon him gratuitously by the newspapers of the United States, it was not hard to float a stock company. The new Madison Square Garden rose quickly enough, and Rickard's backers were called facetiously the Six Hundred Millionaires.

This name was fastened on them after Rickard, bubbling with enthusiasm, invited my admiration for the customers on the night of the Maloney-Delaney fight. "Look out there," said Rickard. "Look at all those nice people, society people and everything. Why, there are six hundred millionaires right there around the ring, and it all started from that thing in Goldfield. You saw the start yourself. Why, you helped me do all this!"

Waiting for the psychological moment to stage the next big one, Rickard and his Madison Square Garden Corporation promoted a few million dollars' worth of minor prize fights and developed other professional sports. For the first year of the new Madison Square Garden's existence their reports show profits of a few thousand dollars less than a million. Rickard never had seen a hockey game until he came East, but he became a hockey magnate; and the nights in the Garden that were not taken up by prize fights, six-day bicycle races and other professional sports were taken up by hockey matches. The money still seemed to be rolling in.

In New York, particularly in the region of Fourteenth Street where Tammany Hall is located, there always was a marked resentment of the invasion of the metropolis by this man from the West and the great open spaces who made money where local talent had failed. But nothing could be done about it

Rickard felt last year that the time had come for another big one. He matched Gene Tunney, the former marine, with Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight championship of the world. When he made these arrangements he had banked on holding the bout in New York City at one of the baseball parks. There were various reasons why he did not want to be forced to hold it at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

There was strong political opposition to Rickard in the Dempsey-Tunney project. Finally it became evident that the political opposition was impassable. Rickard spent some very anxious moments. He had another $1,000,000 bout, but no place to put it. He was invited to stage it in the stadium at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. He first held this offer as a threat to the forces opposing him in New York, but they were obdurate.

With great reluctance Rickard decided that he would have to take this particular bout to Philadelphia. He was downcast. He did not expect anything in the way of a profit after he had paid off his guaranties and the costs of promotion. Even Rickard's faith in his destiny and his customers was shaken.

Rickard's Vain Hope

But when I came upon him at his headquarters at the Bellevue-Stratford a few days before the fight his faith in both was fully restored. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm and love of the world. "Well, kid," he chortled, "here we are again. And this is the biggest ever. Remember the old Northern in Goldfield where it all started? Times have changed, haven't they? And so has the game. Why, there are going to be six governors out there, and I don't know how many presidents of corporations, and all the nice people are coming."

Grantland Rice, who was with me, demanded, "But what do you think of the fight itself?"

"Well," said Rickard, lowering his voice and his glance, "I only hope that Dempsey lets it go a few rounds. It would be awful if it ended in a punch with all those nice people out there."

I have no doubt that Rickard was speaking with the utmost frankness. Come to think of it, I can't remember any time since it fell to me to talk to him that he was other than entirely frank, and I have asked him some pointed questions from time to time.

The result of the battle of the Sesqui-Centennial was an intake of a round and impressive $2,000,000 gate. Not only that, but for the future of the cauliflower industry it left the customers incredulous as to the result—so much so that the return bout between Dempsey and Tunney was assured almost the moment the referee announced his decision, and for a gate which—who will dare estimate in advance?

Tex Rickard, once managing director of the Northern Saloon at Goldfield, is now managing director of the Madison Square Garden Corporation. Somehow the transition seems natural enough to me, who saw him in the first position, and it does not seem so much of a transition, at that. It seems logical that a man standing behind the bar of a resort like the Northern was in a strategic position to see the vision of Tex Rickard and that his training was the sort necessary to make the vision a reality.

NEW FURNITURE FOR OLD

It only takes a can of Murphy Brushing Lacquer, a brush, and half an hour's time.

And it means shining new furniture instead of pieces you thought ready to be discarded.

Brush the Lacquer on. Amazing, isn't it? How easily it flows on, and how quickly it covers the surface with a smooth, colorful film. Best of all, Murphy Brushing Lacquer dries in less time than it takes to tell about it.

Your dealer will give you a colorcard and instruction book. Or write us for them.

Murphy BRUSHING Lacquer

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY

NEWARK CHICAGO·SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

Presenting a New

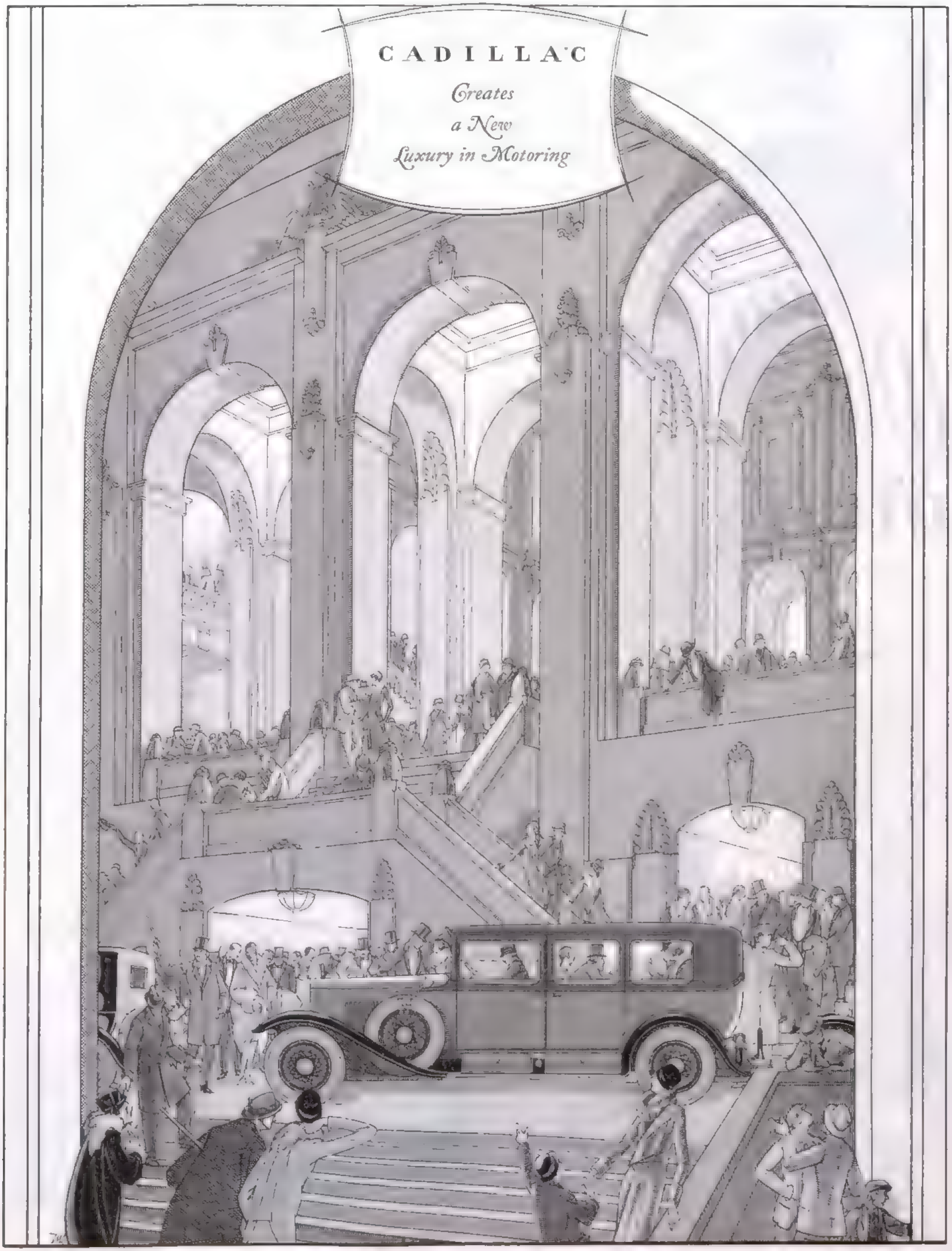
CADILLAC

America's Greatest Motoring Gift to the World

THE past twenty-five years have witnessed the advent of the motor car, the radio, the trans-oceanic telephone, the aeroplane, the moving picture, and a score of other American contributions to the world's well-being. Cadillac has contributed its modest share to this galaxy of gifts advancing the comfort, convenience and happiness of mankind, by dedicating all of its resources to the higher and higher refinement of motor car manufacture. Never, however, has Cadillac or any other company even approximated the perfection of performance and the breath-taking beauty which will be apparent at a single glance and revealed by a single ride in this new Cadillac. New it is, in every essential sense—new in design, new in construction, new in performance ability, new in comfort—though following the same assured manufacturing procedure which has characterized all of the V-type Cadillac cars which have gone before. It is new not only as that newness relates to previous Cadillacs, but new in attaining a measure of aristocratic distinction no fine car has achieved before, in this or any other country. In an entirely different but equally distinctive way, this new Cadillac is as startlingly beautiful and eye-compelling as its companion car, the La Salle—establishing by its unique design a vogue which is neither American nor European, but fixes a new criterion of elegance for both. The matchless V-type engine has been carried far beyond its previous uttermost—the car throughout keeping step in power, responsiveness, luxurious riding ease, and security, with the increasingly progressive demands of America's most conservative and substantial clientele. Nothing like it in fine cars—nothing even remotely approximating the aristocratic design, richness of appearance and appointment of its more than 50 exclusive custom body styles by Fisher and Fisher-Fleetwood—has ever been seen, as your first view will instantly bear witness. Cadillac confidently and proudly awaits your approval of these new cars, on display all over the country, beginning September 8th.

A Notable Product of General Motors

CADILLAC MOTORS


CADILLAC
Creates
a New
Luxury in Motoring

Whee-ee!

ICE CREAM
DIXIES
5¢

—there's nothing quite so delicious as good ice cream frozen in a Dixie. Sealed tight by the ice cream maker right at his plant, each Dixie brings you the best ice cream made in your town—and brings it to you *clean*, never exposed to dust or touch.

Ask your dealer for your favorite kind of ice cream in a Dixie—the lid shows the name.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO.
Incorporated
Easton, Pa.

Original Makers of the Paper Cup

What is a Dixie?

A dainty, inviting individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to [illegible] for ice cream, individual [illegible] dinnerware and the stationand [illegible] at roads in [illegible] theatres, hotels, restaurants, at the better soda fountains. And at most drug, stationery and department stores you can get Dixies in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Tourists With a Taking Way

A TOURIST outfit was pulled out beside the roadway in a clump of the pine timber which appears here and there along the highway which leads through a wild and high part of the Cumberlands. A tent, which had been swiftly and carelessly painted with a brown waterproofing, had been pitched on a needle-covered flat. Over a bare space of sandy loam a light folding stove had been set up on its legs, with two boards under them so the feet would not sink into the earth. A comely young woman in a shin-length woolen skirt and a blouse had supper cooking, and a boy of five years was bringing chunks of dry knot wood with which to keep the victuals hot. Over the edge of the ridge down the slope two quick shots, followed by a third, caused the two to start, turning to listen. They heard, after an interval, something fall and the flutter of useless wings stirring in the dry oak leaves down the slope.

Presently a stalwart, clean-shaven and alert young man came up into view, sauntering. He had neither game nor gun. He had heard another car swing out of the highway into this beautiful natural camp ground.

He sized up this other outfit, noted the New York license, the family of four, and the evidences of far traveling with such an outfit as one expects an old-timer to have on running boards, between the fenders and the hood, and carefully stowed away in the spare space of a medium-size sedan. The young man's gaze lingered on a water can holding three gallons which was convenient on the near running board.

Thus two traveling families met. The newcomer promptly gave his name, his route down from the Great Lakes, his course westerly to the Mississippi, across Arkansaw—saw!—down through the Ozarks, over East Texas into the salt grass.

"I'm from Massachusetts, originally," the young man said. "I'm touring now though. Don't bother to build a fire—lots of room on our stove. Must have learned to carry a can out West. With water you can use lots of camps like this place, where there isn't a spring within a mile. Do any hunting? So do I—um-m! Lots of game through here—squirrels, bobwhite, pheasants, rabbits, mallards on the creeks. We get enough for meat. If you'll stay over here tomorrow we'll have a whole roast of turkey gobbler. Wife's a wizard with sage dressing, and when she shucks a young goose or old turkey out of a mud daub your only regret is that you aren't a cow with four stomachs."

Birds of Passage

"Yes, sir, we live in a tent and tour in our outfit. We migrate just like the birds, north with the spring planting and south with the autumnal harvesting. Looks like I'm a vagabond, but I work odd jobbing three days a week, one thing and another. I've worked days and made job jumps overnight. The telephone's a great thing. You finish up on one farm, and the old boy knows somebody on beyond thirty-forty miles who's behindhand. I've worked three months steady, traveled 800 miles and had no lost time.

"Wife's ambitious to work, too, but generally she listens to reason. Some women do, you know. When we've had a season from April through to shucking corn or barreling apples we arrive down here below the Ohio or Arkansaw river somewhere. The winters are tolerably unpromising, rainy probably, and the roads likely to be pretty bad. We pitch our tent in some place like this in the middling frosts. Listen! Hear those hickory nuts raining down? Lot of trees just under this hill toward the south there. I heard them when I stopped here for lunch. We'll stay a few days.

"'Course, we're strangers. State laws require hunting licenses. If I shoot I take a chance. Same with trapping. Over on the banks of the Mississippi there are counties where the trapping license is $250 for the season. That's on account of strangers coming in and taking up local furs. Shanty boaters used to sport down the Mississippi in thousands. The market shooters started away up the Missouri and followed the flight down. They could make $50 or $100 a week. Now the Federal law guards the game. Automobiles carry thousands who used to trip the rivers.

"I carry an outfit for spot-trapping—six or eight dozen traps. I have a shotgun and a .22 rim-fire rifle—automatic. Wife has a revolver she knows specially well how to shoot. My fishing tackle is good for trolling, plugging, bobbing, set lines, and some special kinds of fishing. If you have four or five good lines on reels and three jointed rods with hooks, artificial baits and an army spade for worms, you can have fish from brook trout to sheepshead, and when we get down on the Gulf I make shift to have oysters and shrimps."

One Leap Ahead of the Law

"Summers we work. It takes about $600 to $800 a year to run a tour. If you plow along every day, you'll spend close to $200 a month. That's too much. Our car is apt to average about thirty or forty miles a day summers, but that includes running into town to a movie or for a plate of ice cream. We don't scrimp ourselves that-away. A good man—the kind I pretend to be—who's handy can clean twenty dollars to thirty dollars a week, just ordinary. I do better than that, though, specializing. I handle a big truck, or a tractor, or engineer a thresher. That means in about thirty weeks I go above $1000 wages with board. There's the touring money, with twenty weeks to spare. I'm not idle those twenty winter weeks either. I play around, but profitably.

"In the old days anyone could live off the country. Game, fur, fish, feathers, roots, herbs—there were plenty of things to pick up. You could kill your day's meat as you drove along in a wagon. Now if you do that they send you to jail. Against the law to shoot from an automobile. So I'm kind of an outlaw, you might say. I take chances. Some day before long I'm going to be caught. It'll cost me from $100 to $150, too, if it's big game. When that's happened, probably I'll change my line.

"If I know the country I get a deer where I can cut him up into slabs, salt the strips and cook them into jerk venison over a bed of coals. A pair of horns means five dollars or so to some sport who can't kill his own game. I shape the hoofs into a little stool, with birch strips and a curly-maple top. It sells for five dollars or so. I can tan or taw the hide, and make a rug of it, though the hair soon gets brittle and breaks. The leg bones are hard in deer, and make pretty handles for knives. One time I took a notion to make black bass, pike, and big trout artificial baits out of the white bones, ribs and legs both. They worked good, and I could have kept in business, using calf and mutton bones.

"Killing some ducks and other good-feather birds, I spend some time tying artificial trout flies. I can do a good job for seventy cents a dozen. I make a little money, and a friend of mine in the Adirondacks handles some, and I have some customers in Maine too. I could settle down and make sporting goods, because I know what to use in different parts of the country. You'd be surprised what a difference a little yellow or a little brown feather will make in the mess of fish caught on the north shore of Lake Superior or among the lily pads in some green water bass stream.

"These are little odd jobbings in manufacturing and business. Lots who tour don't bother with such things. I like to keep my hand in. I sometimes catch turtles. All I need's a three-prong claw and a flat net about nine inches across, stretched on a pretty heavy ring. One of those bamboo poles there is stiff enough for the net, and that slim spruce pole is good for the prongs. If I find a mud-bottom cove or bayou with a lot of turtle tracks on the bottom, perhaps I pick out ten or fifteen dozen in a day. Turtle hunters scrape the country pretty close, but they miss some good beds.

"Same way with trapping. You take a man who doesn't do anything but trap his country for furs, and he'll work all winter, making probably $200 to $600. He spends four months—November to early March. The result is his wages per day average pretty low. He probably doesn't really pay for his outfit's wear and tear. I don't trap till I find a good fur pocket. Then I work fast, trusting that I won't be caught.

"I was riding along the road in New York, hurrying west and south two years ago. I saw five muskrats in a little pond just at dusk. We pulled right out there in a crossroad and I went out with an electric spotlight. I put down forty traps in holes, runways, on feeding mounds, and down a brook less than two feet wide. We had intended to travel nearly all night, on account of it being November and cold. In the morning I had twenty-three muskrats. 'Course, some were kits, but they averaged up good. What surprised me, I caught three mink. I had thirty-five dollars' worth, all on the stretchers, within three hours of daylight, and we made seventy miles that day, and stopped again along a brook with alders and slow current. I had seen this brook in the spring, liking the looks of it. I caught eleven dollars' worth of muskrats there, setting my traps before dark and taking them up right after dawn.

"My car is a good one. It isn't much for looks, but we have a light outfit and a powerful motor. The closed car is best, because we can sleep inside when on the go. The big trunk carrier in the back holds a lot of things. When we have hides hanging under the eaves, the air blows through and dries them as we roll. We had $200 worth of fur when we crossed into Ohio. I sold in the North of course. One gets the best prices for local furs where they are caught. Southern furs feel different in the North and Northern furs bother Southern local buyers. They are suspicious of clear-water furs where the water is muddy."

A Traveling Saw Mill

"A good trapper who works fast can put down a lot of kangaroo jumps and single springs in an hour or two. Of course, he can't do bait trapping to speak of. It is all blind sets, and mostly for muskrats. But where coon, possum, mink are running, he can sometimes do good work in a week or two weeks. Really, one needs two weeks for animals that travel, like ermine, skunks, otter and mink. They take about two weeks to make a circuit of their regular runways and beats. Just for luck, I put out a few traps for mink if I stay over a few days. Where coon and possum come to streams, I get a few too. And down in Texas, where one can stop over a week or two, I can pick up all our expenses anyhow. But the country is so wet in East Texas and down the salt grass, I keep west of the farm belt through by Austin.

"Trapping is one of my mainstays. I picked up a trailer one year, and had a belt attachment pulley for my motor. I had a saw and spent two months cutting fireplace and heater-stove wood for a colony of

people in Florida. I'd be ashamed to tell how much I made, working steady. I sawed and had two darkies to carry the chunks. You know lots of people never did know they ought to lay in a supply of wood, and have one of those two-dollar tin heaters at least.

"'Course, I'm transient labor. There are a lot of us who flock into territory where workers are hard to get and wages are high. As I have a good motor, sometimes I take a job towing, or livery work. An oil man was in a terrible hurry when he reached my camp one afternoon. He gave me fifty dollars to go thirty miles. It was a poor road, and I didn't like to leave my wife. She went to a cabin near by, though, and so I carried him. On my way over that night, I kept seeing coons in the road. I never knew there were so many of them. The hides were hairy—not much fur—but I caught all I could for a month, and sold the carcasses to darkies at thirty cents, and that meant more than forty dollars. The hides were small, and I got only a dollar each. So I was paid fifty dollars to find a fur pocket, and cleared good wages."

A Collector of Antiques

"I do some speculating too. When I was going to school we collected stamps. I came to an old mansion down in the South Carolina country and the roof leaked over one wing. I could split shingles, so I went to work. I saw a lot of old papers lying in one corner and there were some stamps on them. I've never told how much I sold the original wrappers for, since I happened to remember what Confederate stamps were priced at a few years ago in stamp catalogues.

"Junk is good. I have a box handy—that one with a cover, on the running board. I put brass, copper, odds and ends into it. Bits of wire and even some castings can be picked up, a few ounces or even a pound or two; and one day I saw a negro woman throwing some stuff into a kind of dump. There was a bell which had cracked, and they turned it upside down for plants. Then it rained, came a freeze and broke the bell plumb in two. There was thirty pounds of bell metal tossed out. Sure, I could have it! I went into the hollow. I found old candlesticks, fireplace sets—bent and abused stuff. There were some sword handles, with rusted old blades. A bag full of things had been thrown out, and the bag was all rotted away. There was a team of mules hauling a two-wheel cart—a good two pounds. There was an inkwell with the bottle broken, but around the well were five pretty girls, nice little statues.

"Well, sir, I had to cut blocks of wood and tie them on the axles with hay-tie wire so the fenders wouldn't brake the wheels, I loaded the car so heavy. When I came down to town with my load I hunted out a camp ground and cleaned up a lot of the stuff I'd junked. I'd come quite a ways North, and there was a kind of colony of antique shops and I went around dressed up pretty good, pricing things. Then I went around, here and there, selling what I'd collected. The result was we needn't have done another stroke of work all winter, but wife and I just laughed and mailed the money orders to a bank back in the home country, and two weeks later I was cutting bee trees. Lots of difference in wild honey; take comb from a hollow apple tree and it's about the best flavor. Some oak woods are strong scented; and lining bees on warm autumnal days is profitable. In winter, sometimes, we hear the bees buzzing around in the bright sunshine, or we find dead bees in the snow around the foot of a bee tree, where they have been dumped out

"'Course, we don't mind a few inches of snow. The worst we get is sleet. Sleet breaks down the branches of trees, and as we generally stop in the woods, when sleet begins it worries us. It doesn't matter in the tent, for a fire in the tin heater keeps us warm all night. But an inch of sleet on the tree branches strips them down. We've learned to camp nowhere near old stubs or rotten tree tops. There are a lot of caves in the limestone mountains, and we've spent weeks in these. But one time the boy there crawled back into one of those holes. I tell you, it was lonesome, going in to look for him!

"Oh, we flock by ourselves. We're strangers everywhere. Some people scorn us, some suspect us; mighty few are really sociable. We meet other parties like us. Sometimes we roll along together for a week or two, but likely enough something is wrong with them, or they are in a hurry, or our roads fork, each of us having a notion to try different country.

"As long as we're willing to work, cars being as good as they are, and tires lasting as long as they do, and I'm able to replace anything in case of accident, why, we can live this way. The boy's growing though. He's mighty bright. We'll have to stop now in a year or two, so he can go to school. Wife's a little tired of the traveling so much. I don't mind, to speak of. You give me kind of a start, turning in just when I'd shot the gobbler."

From Ocean to Ocean

"We've had a great time though. We'd never been anywhere when we had our first little six. We didn't really think we could own a car, but there it was, secondhand, and we had the cash. After our first ride we couldn't do without it. We've been in thirty-eight states. We know them lengthways and broadways. A few years ago we couldn't have seen six counties, even, and now we've seen two oceans and three countries. We've been in big winds, seen cloudbursts, met some mean people, but never had what you'd call any real troubles. And we'd never known what good sports we were, no matter what happens, without our cars. My father thought a $200 horse was pretty good. I've a $1700 car and $500 outfit, all paid for, and memories you couldn't buy. And I can't figure out, to save me, how we managed to go so far and have so much."

—RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

RALPH AND RAMONA
As They Actually Look and as They Appear to Each Other by Moonlight

"My little girl gained 4 pounds in 4 weeks"

—Mrs. R. E. J.
(Name on Request)

If your child is underweight, nervous and hard to make eat, this mother's experience with Ovaltine will prove a revelation and inspiration to you

We offer this 3-day test

"My little girl was plump and robust up until the time she began to walk. Then she seemingly went on a hunger strike. I tried coaxing, pleading, threatening. All to no avail. She refused to eat and became thinner every day. Lots of times I cried when I looked at her pathetically thin little legs.

"I was advised to try Ovaltine. I began by giving her a cup at night and for breakfast. She loved the drink at once—and the change in her was almost magical. She gained 4 pounds in 4 weeks. Now she's a regular 'stuffer' at the table, sleeps better and looks and acts like a different child."

How Ovaltine Builds Healthy Robust Bodies

If your child is underweight or nervous or hard to make eat, try Ovaltine—a pure delicious food from Switzerland. 20,000 doctors recommend it. Even a 3-day test will show a difference.

For Ovaltine quickly builds-up in two ways:

FIRST—Ovaltine combines in easily digested form, certain vital food-essentials in which the daily fare of so many children is often lacking. *One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually *to digest 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods* which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, it is turning itself *and other foods* into rich, red blood.

Nature's danger signals

Underweight, restlessness, fretfulness, listless appetite, or a whiny voice—these are Nature's danger signals. Unchecked, they often lead to ills that may ruin your child's whole future!

Quick restoration

Ovaltine supplies the needed essentials for healthy growth. It restores normal appetite in a natural way. Thus, "free to gain," children pick up weight almost at once. They store up vital energy to grow on. They are bright-eyed and happy—filled with the zest of life.

Ovaltine taken at night brings children sound, restful sleep. Morning finds them fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Ovaltine taken daily, keeps them in the pink of condition. A tremendous aid to normal growth.

A pure delicious food

Children *love* Ovaltine. And it is good for them any time of the day. It is particularly good to tone them up after sickness or a bad cold. It contains *no* drugs or chemicals. It has been in use in Switzerland for 30 years. And is now in universal use in England and her colonies.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body Brain and Nerves

© 926 T W C.

My grandchild is underweight and does not care for milk. With the Ovaltine however she drinks a cup for breakfast and one going to bed at night. She is five years of age. She sleeps better.

[Signed]

Mrs.
Seaview, Wash.

We are now on our second [illegible] nervous child. I am certainly happy that I sent for Ovaltine.

[Signed]

Mrs Schwarz, Roscle N. J.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. P 3
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

[One package to a person]

Send for 3-day test

Men! Make Big Money Selling Nogar Clothes

The demand for Nogar Clothes is so great we need more men in almost every territory . . . The money-making opportunity for active men is unlimited. A remarkable product, universal appeal, a big advertising campaign, a strong organization. Many men with no previous experience are earning three figure weekly income with us today. We'll be glad to show you how to do it; just check and mail coupon today! Special proposition to crew managers.

Customers usually choose the man who "looks like something"

Clothes don't make the man...but they often make the man make more money. It will pay you to read this.

August Nogar

ON many hard-work jobs it is money in a man's pocket to dress well. Enterprising fellows who conduct filling stations . . . men whose work takes them to people's homes . . . any number find that good-looking work clothes pay for themselves many times over.

Nogar Clothes are work clothes . . . but they are good-looking clothes . . . and they cost very little. They wear like iron. Nogar Cloth of which they are made is so tough that a nail or even a knife can scarcely harm it. It sheds water easily, and oil or dirt has a hard time damaging it. Can be laundered. Won't shrink. Takes a fine press.

And Nogar Clothes certainly *are* good-looking. A real work-suit, yes, but you'll always look neat and *well-dressed* in it. Double sewed throughout. Pockets of same strong material as the suit. No flimsy linings or padding. Shape built in.

More than that: Every piece of Nogar Clothing is checked with your measurements and shipped direct to you from our factory, insuring a fine fit. Suits and topcoats only $12.50 and $13.50. (Boys' suits $9.85 and $10.85. Hunting suits $15.50. All slightly higher in Canada.)

Fill out the handy coupon and send it to us for your sample of Nogar Cloth and further information. We will tell you who is the Nogar representative near you.

To Employers:

If your men come in contact with your customers—we can help you solve the personal appearance problem for them. Tell us how many men you employ and what they do: we'll submit a mighty interesting proposal—with no obligation, of course.

Two Piece Uniform

Single Breasted Two Piece Suit

Belted Topcoat

Nogar is, of course, imitated, so be sure you deal with an Authorized Representative. He wears this button. He will leave you a copy of your order when you buy, stating plainly the conditions of the sale

Nogar Clothes

NOGAR CLOTHING MANUFACTURING CO.
Home Office and Factory, Reading, Pa.

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO., Dept. S-z, Reading, Pa.
Gentlemen:—Please send me free sample of Nogar Cloth, easy measure blank, and full information about Nogar Clothing ☐ for men ☐ for boys.

NAME _____

LINE OF BUSINESS _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you want to make money as a Nogar salesman

COST LITTLE . . . LOOK WELL . . . WEAR LIKE IRON

FROM THE INSIDE

(Continued from Page 29)

intrenched no longer remained cowed. It was a case of the exhibitor ruling the film world. No longer did he fear lack of product, with so many pictures to choose from. He was able to fix his own rental charges and the film company could either submit or receive no representation in that particular town for its pictures; for, after all, a producer-distributor's income ultimately came from the theater owners.

While a bare handful of producers ground out a few reels a month during the first decade of this century, we find the second decade has produced not only the stiffest competition for the exhibitor's favor but the entire process of picture making has undergone a revolutionary change. Theater owners who controlled a circuit or chain of houses were able to bargain for pictures at their own price. Say that a circuit controlled six houses in a given locality; it was only natural that the management should strive to reduce the assessed rental for a film that was good for a week in each house. With a six weeks' showing guaranteed, the exchange would consent to reduce the rental charge, whereas a lone exhibitor with one theater would pay proportionately more for the same film than the chain-theater proprietors.

In time these circuits assumed such proportions in certain sections of the country that they held the power to exclude the product of any producer. This obviously caused friction and antagonism between the theaters on one side and the producer on the opposite side. It was a case of the large exhibitors laying down the dictation, "Take our price or leave it," knowing too well that if their figures were rejected, some other producer would be only too glad to get the business on the exhibitors' terms. The latter reasoned that the first producer could never retaliate against them. But in this, time has proved that they were entirely mistaken.

Producer-Exhibitors

The producer, locked out in a town, threatened to become an exhibitor. At first this threat was interpreted as a gesture in order to frighten the theater proprietors, but when a few large producers actually started to erect large and magnificent buildings for motion pictures it was no longer treated as a joke. And when the producer further saw how lucrative the exhibiting of his own picture was, he or his corporation did not halt, but continued either to buy or to erect theaters in other sections where he was barred.

To be exact, the producer-distributor became a producer-distributor-exhibitor and proceeded to obtain control of theaters through many methods—that is, by building, buying, leasing or purchasing a substantial interest in an already established theater. Soon he was enabled to play his product where he had been formerly barred, or agreed to take a percentage of the gross business of some other exhibitor in return for the renting of his photo plays.

Today the building of a single theater ordinarily runs to the $1,000,000 mark. If the producer had to go it alone, he would never have dislodged the exhibitor. How then, say, is he able to do it? He may arrange with some local financiers to erect a theater on a main thoroughfare and accept a long-term lease, or he may even guarantee a percentage of the profits to these financiers.

Sometimes local capital will erect a theater and office building combined and will offer the lease for the former to any responsible and experienced organization, and of course a film magnate with years of experience and a sound, healthy exchequer is able to nose out any other competitor for the coveted lease. The greater the number of theaters a producer is able to muster into his own organization, the more certain he is of having a guaranteed showing of his studio wares, making him less dependent upon the whims of the rank and file of exhibitors.

It isn't always that the large movie corporations are able to devour the exhibitors. There are some exhibitors who have formed circuits consisting of hundreds of theaters, with investments running into the millions, and have been able to withstand the onslaughts of the producers. Whereas the producers originally lacked the houses in which to display their films, the very large circuits soon lacked the pictures for their own theaters. The result was that these circuits invaded the picture-making field, and today, so far as their activities are concerned, cannot be distinguished from the original producers.

How Production Money Is Spent

As I write this, there has come to my desk in New York an assortment of production costs for films that have just been completed. I take hold of the first batch and see that it yields the manufacturing cost of filming Earl Derr Biggers' SATURDAY EVENING POST story The Chinese Parrot. This amounts to $160,470.

Before dissecting these cost figures, perhaps it will simplify matters to the reader if I give a brief synopsis of Biggers' tale. I cite one of our own pictures, although any picture put out by any other company would suffice.

A millionaire orders valuable pearls from a San Francisco jeweler. When he changes his mind about their delivery and asks to have them sent to his ranch house in the desert, Bob Eden, son of the jeweler, becomes suspicious. He sends a Chinese detective ahead with the jewels, but instructs him to take a job as servant. Bob follows and stalls the angry millionaire. The Chinese parrot cries out in the dead of night, "Help! Murder!" and soon Bob has proof that things are all wrong. The heroine, a beautiful location expert for a motion-picture concern, is involved. The millionaire disappears. A gang of crooks, one of whom impersonates the millionaire, has taken possession of the ranch house and eagerly awaits the messenger with the gems. The Chinese detective frustrates the plot and captures the thieves and everything is cleared up logically and convincingly.

After acquiring the film rights for $20,000, the novel was handed over to a member of our scenario staff to be adapted into a scenario. For this adaptation alone the adapter received $7000. The story was split up into 436 scenes and its direction was assigned to Paul Leni, who selected the cast for the principal rôles from players under contract to us. The cast follows:

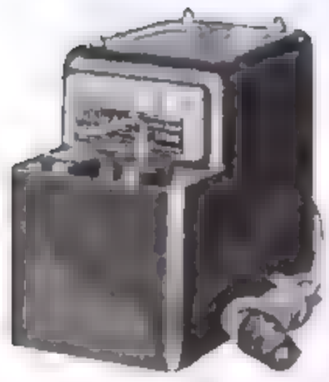
Chan	Sojin
Sally	Marion Nixon
Pawa	
Madden / Delany	Hobart Bosworth
Bob Eden, Jr.	Edward Burns
Eden, Sr.	Albert Conti
Maydorf	George Kennedy
Louis Wong	George Kuwa

Next, mimeographed copies of the scenario were given simultaneously to the heads of the following departments: Casting, wardrobe, property, scenery, transportation, maintenance, editing, ranch, miniature, electrical and location. Each executive is so trained that by an examination of the script he is able to estimate the cost and exact requirements necessary as his contribution to the filming of a scenario. I should have stated at the outset that on the basis of 436 scenes the general production manager and director estimated the entire filming of The Chinese Parrot to take not more than thirty days. On that basis they assigned two cameramen to shoot two negatives.

The negative raw film used was 90,000 feet, while the positive raw film for the sample print was 80,000 feet. These two items for film alone amounted to $6900.

(Continued on Page 97)

Balkite has pioneered— *but not at public expense*



Balkite "A" *Contains no battery.* The same as Balkite "AB," but for the "A" circuit only. Not a battery and charger, but a perfected light socket "A" power supply. One of the most remarkable developments in the entire radio field. Price $32.50.

Balkite "B" *One of the longest lived devices in radio.* The accepted tried and proved light socket "B" power supply. The first Balkite "B," after 5 years, is still rendering satisfactory service. Over 300,000 in use. Three models: "B"-W, 67-90 volts, $22.50; "B"-135,* 135 volts, $32.50; "B"-180, 180 volts, $39.50. Balkite now costs no more than the ordinary "B" eliminator.

Balkite Chargers

Standard for "A" batteries. Noiseless. Can be used during reception. Prices drastically reduced. Model "J,"* rates 2.5 and .5 amperes, for both rapid and trickle charging, $17.50. Model "N"* Trickle Charger, rates .5 and .8 amperes, $9.50. Model "K" Trickle Charger, $7.50.

*Special models for 25-40 cycles at slightly higher prices

Prices are higher West of the Rockies and in Canada.

The great improvements in radio power have been made by Balkite First noiseless battery charging. Then successful light socket "B" power. Then trickle charging. And today, most important of all, Balkite "AB," a complete unit containing no battery in any form, supplying both "A" and "B" power directly from the light socket, operating only while the set is in use.

This pioneering has been important. Yet alone it would never have made Balkite one of the best-known names in radio. Balkite is today the established leader because of Balkite performance at the hands of its owners.

Because with 2,000,000 units in the field Balkite has a record of long life and freedom from trouble seldom equalled in any industry.

Because of the first 16 light socket "B" power supplies put on the market, Balkite "B" alone remains in its original form; all others have either been radically revised in principle or completely withdrawn.

Because the first Balkite "B," purchased 5 years ago, is still in use and will be for years to come.

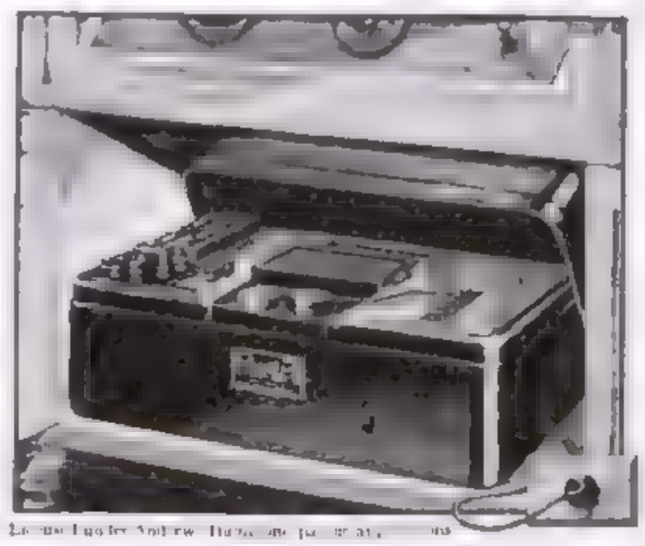
Because to your radio dealer Balkite is a synonym for quality.

Because the electrolytic rectification developed and used by Balkite is so reliable that today it is standard on the signal systems of most American as well as European and Oriental railroads.

Because Balkite is permanent equipment. Balkite has pioneered—but not at the expense of the public.

Today, whatever type of set you own, whatever type of power equipment you want (with batteries or without), whatever you want to pay for it, Balkite has it. And production is so enormous that prices are astonishingly low.

Your dealer will recommend the Balkite equipment you need for your set



Balkite "AB" *Contains no battery.*

A complete unit, replacing both "A" and "B" batteries and supplying radio current directly from the light socket. Contains no battery in any form. Operates only while the set is in use. Two models: "AB" 6-135,* 135 volts "B" current, $59.50; "AB" 6-180, 180 volts, $67.50.

FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC., NORTH CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Licensees for Germany:
Siemens & Halske, A. G. Wernerwerk M
Siemensstadt, Berlin

Sole Licensees in the United Kingdom:
Messrs. Radio Accessories Ltd., 9-13 Hythe Rd.
Willesden, London, N. W. 10

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

Never Such Cleaning POWER

NOT EVEN IN THE GREATEST OF FORMER EUREKAS

HERE, in the New Model 10 Grand Prize Eureka, is cleaning power that will amaze and delight you—cleaning speed and thoroughness which even a few short months ago would have been thought impossible.

Even former great Eurekas, whose sensational performance in nearly 2,000,000 homes carried Eureka to world leadership, take second place before the astounding "Super-Vacuum" of Model 10.

In comparative laboratory tests with other well known cleaners, Model 10 has proved its ability to remove more dirt by weight in a given time than any other cleaner tested, regardless of type or price.

In all, there are 16 great mechanical improvements, each of which definitely lightens labor, contributes to performance, adds to convenience and long life.

Use the New Model 10, on free trial, in your own home—compare—judge! Liberal trade-in allowance for old cleaners; liberal terms on purchase of the new. Phone the nearest Eureka dealer now.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.
Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario
Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 58-60 Margaret St., Sydney, Australia
(382)

COMPLETE WITH ATTACHMENTS EVERYWHERE IN U.S.A.

SMALL INTEREST CHARGE ON DEFERRED PAYMENTS

Grand Prize

The New EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER

Gets the Dirt

30% HIGHER VACUUM - BIGGER AND BETTER BUILT

(Continued from Page 94)

The salaries for the eight principal players were fixed at $32,375. Not all these eight players' service ran to a full month.

The casting director, in the meantime, had run his eye carefully over the entire scenario and made copious memoranda of each new character, and, as Biggers had described a wedding scene, Chinese gambling den, pearl divers, Chinese quarters, mercantile establishment, gold prospectors, policemen, and the like, the casting chief for special talent chose the following players, recruited from outside agencies.

Note that he has estimated the length of employment for them and assigned the scenes where they fit into the story.

PEOPLE	DESCRIPTION	SET	DAYS	RATE	TOTAL
30	Guests	Drawing-room	1	10.00	$ 300.00
1	Minister	Drawing-room	1	12.50	12.50
4	Bridesmaids	Drawing-room	1	7.50	30.00
2	Flower girls	Drawing-room	1	7.50	15.00
5	Orchestra	Drawing room	1	12.50	62.50
1	Special Chinaman (bit)	Gambling room	1	15.00	15.00
1	Reporter (bit)	Gambling room	1	15.00	15.00
40	Guests (white)	Gambling room	1	10.00	400.00
10	Guests (Chinamen)	Gambling room	1	7.50	75.00
3	Chinese girls	Phone exchange	1	7.50	22.50
6	Orchestra	Radio	1	12.50	75.00
1	Special Chinaman (bit)	Pearl diving	3	15.00	45.00
1	Dancing-girl native	.....	3	20.00	60.00
6	Orchestra	Pearl-diving scene	1	12.50	75.00
30	Types	Pearl-diving scene	1	15.00	450.00
1	Native Diver	Ocean scene	5	20.00	100.00
60	Natives	Beach scene	1	7.50	450.00
1	Official	Beach scene	1	12.50	12.50
5	Types	Beach scene	1	15.00	75.00
1	Pearl buyer	Beach scene	1	20.00	20.00
1	Native fakir	Beach scene	1	12.50	12.50
15	Guests	Plantation	1	10.00	150.00
200	Chinamen, ext.	Chinatown scene	1	7.50	1,500.00
150	White people	Chinatown scene	1	7.50	1,125.00
15	White people (bits)	Chinatown scene	1	10.00	150.00
6	Chinese musicians	Chinatown scene	1	7.50	45.00
2	Policemen	Chinatown scene	1	10.00	20.00
2	Chauffeurs	Chinatown scene	1	10.00	20.00
80	People	Dock scene	1	5.00	400.00
2	Prospectors (bits)	Desert scene	2	15.00	60.00
1	Chauffeur	Desert scene	2	10.00	20.00
1	Stage Driver	Hacienda scene	5	15.00	75.00
1	Double (Madden)	.....	10	7.50	75.00
25	Costumers	Eden's store	1	7.50	187.50
1	Secretary	Eden's office	2	10.00	20.00
1	Floorwalker	Eden's office	2	15.00	30.00
					$6,200.00
	5 per cent Central Casting Agency				310.00
	Total				$6,510.00

Now come the director and his staff, consisting of two assistant directors, two cameramen, each with an assistant, a script clerk and a photographer to snap stills used for advertising. For the services of the nine persons the sum of $14,610 is listed.

The wardrobe department, having taken due cognizance of the story, must now rack its brains to see that the players are outfitted in attire in keeping with the scenario.

Putting the Cost in Costume

Witness the wardrobe cost alone for this six-reel picture:

CHARACTER	PLAYER	TYPE COSTUME	COST
Paula	*Marian Nixon*	Calfskin coat—made to order	$ 250.00
Paula	*Marian Nixon*	Sport dress, complete	225.00
Paula	*Marian Nixon*	Evening gown, complete	250.00
Paula	*Marian Nixon*	Chinchilla wrap (rent)	175.00
Paula	*Marian Nixon*	Nightgown jacket negligee and bathrobe	200.00
Paula	*Marian Nixon*	Morning dress	75.00
Paula	*Marian Nixon*	Dinner dress	175.00
Paula	*Marian Nixon*	Street dress and wrap	250.00
Sally	*Marian Nixon*	Period dress	175.00
Sally	*Marian Nixon*	Afternoon dress and wrap	250.00
Sally	*Marian Nixon*	Traveling dress	250.00
Dancer		Native costume	50.00
Dancer		Evening gown	150.00
Madden	*Hobart Bosworth*	Dressing gown	60.00
Chan	*Sojin*	Chinese costume (rent)	25.00
Chan	*Sojin*	Money belt (made to order)	45.00
15 Period costumes (rental for two principals			650.00
30 Costumes, Native dives—beach			300.00
Louie Wong	*George Kuwa*	Rental for costume	20.00
Chinese Characters		In gambling room (rental)	100.00
Chinese Characters		In dock sequence	50.00
Sun Yat Lee		Chinese character	200.00
Jewelry, pearls, rings, (rental)			350.00
Allowance for cleaning, pressing, and so on			200.00
Total			$4,470.00

Achieving a Look of Permanence

In as much as every picture contains some sequences that occur indoors and others that occur outdoors, it is only fair to expect estimates for both the interior and exterior sets to be erected on the stage floors of our studio. Sometimes we have sets that have been used in previous productions which can be utilized for another film at a great saving.

We have, for instance, sets permanently erected to represent a Chinatown street, New York's Gay White Way, a country village, steamship docks, and so on. Each time we use these sets we assess 10 per cent of the cost of erection to the ultimate cost of the production.

The interior scenes for The Chinese Parrot are listed as follows:

Madden living room, dining room, lower hall	$1,100.00
Paula's bedroom	330.00
Bob's bedroom	330.00
Madden's bedroom and bath	420.00
Guest room	350.00
Upper hall and secret room	700.00
Eden's offices	400.00
Gambling room	850.00
Phillimore drawing-room	150.00
Native dive	600.00
Chinatown phone exchange	75.00
Sun Yat Lee store and office	650.00
Total	$5,955.00
Exterior Scenes	
Phillimore mansion (contained in another set)	$ 750.00
Chinatown (contained in another set)	300.00
Desert (contained in another set)	500.00
Madden hacienda, garage, patio, aviary, roof garden	1,525.00
Steamship docks (constructed heretofore)	300.00
Eden's store (constructed heretofore)	200.00
Allowance for miscellaneous sets	2,500.00
Salary two stage hands	540.00
Expense for ocean location and beach	850.00
Total	$7,465.00
Total for interior and exterior scenes	$13,420.00

Having erected the interior and exterior scenes, it is highly incumbent upon the person in charge of the props to visit these sets armed with a pencil and blank paper in order to make a memorandum of the cost of outfitting them with the proper furnishings and equipment, which shall not betray to the audience the least inkling of their ephemeral nature.

Here are the exact cost figures for outfitting both the interior and the exterior sets to be seen later in the picture of Earl Derr Biggers' story, The Chinese Parrot.

Madden lower floor, living room, dining room, lower hall	$2,500.00
Paula's bedroom	300.00
Bob's bedroom	300.00
Madden bedroom and bath	500.00
Guest room	300.00
Upper hall	450.00
Secret room	300.00
Madden garage	50.00
Eden's offices	500.00
Gambling room	250.00
Phillimore drawing-room	200.00
Native dive	300.00
Chinatown phone exchange	50.00
Sun Yat Lee store and office	350.00
Eden's jewelry store (location)	100.00
Ext. beach	300.00
Phillimore mansion	150.00
Chinatown	650.00
Desert	75.00
Five per cent checking-in charge	407.00
Salaries for two property men	450.00
Accumulation prop man	45.00
Accumulation prop man	60.00
Sundries	513.00
Total	$9,100.00

Trick Stuff

Sometimes the story requires a few of those trick scenes that every so often mystify the public. These are obtained by creating miniatures out of clay, which are painted to resemble the genuine scenes, and when they reach the screen are magnified to such proportions that they defy detection.

Similarly, most pictures demand trick photography, which is handed over to special cameramen for that purpose. The Chinese Parrot demanded miniatures and trick photography as follows:

Bottom of ocean	$1,000.00
Glass shot of Chinatown	300.00
Trick shots—phantom figures, and so on	500.00
Trick shots—Madden's introduction	300.00
Glass shots on Madden's hacienda	400.00
Total	$2,500.00

One of the biggest items faced by all producers is the charge for electrical current used in lighting. Our experienced electricians have estimated the charge for power in this picture to amount to some $11,500, apportioned as follows:

SET DESCRIPTION	TIME ON SET	AMOUNT
Madden, lower floor	8 hours	$2,900.00
Paula's bedroom	½ hour	185.00
Bob's bedroom	½ hour	325.00
Madden's bedroom and bath	1 hour	280.00
Guest room	1 hour	280.00
Upper hall and secret room	½ hour	350.00
Madden garage	1 hour	150.00
Eden's offices	1 hour	300.00
Gambling room	1 hour	400.00
Phillimore drawing-room	½ hour	250.00
Native dive	1 hour	350.00
Chinatown exchange	1 hour	50.00
Sun Yat Lee's store and office	2 hours	480.00
Eden's jewelry store	1 hour	400.00
Exterior, ocean bottom (miniature)		250.00
Exterior, ocean top	1 hour	100.00
Exterior, beach	1 hour	100.00
Exterior, Phillimore mansion	2 nights	800.00
Exterior, Chinatown	1 night	600.00
Exterior, desert	2 hours	600.00
Exterior, Madden hacienda, and so on	4 nights and 2 days	1,400.00
Exterior, steamship dock	1 night	250.00
Exterior, Eden's store	½ hour	75.00
Allowance for miniatures and trick shots		500.00
Accumulation tests, and so on		125.00
Total		$11,500.00

There is no such thing as a flat charge for current in every scene. Some scenes take in more space than others and, as a result, demand stronger current and more powerful electrical lights.

Carrying Charges

Certain scenes in The Chinese Parrot were even too big and impossible of duplication, while others were erected on our studio grounds perhaps a mile away from the executive offices. This necessitated the use of automobiles and busses to convey the players to and from the distant sets. The transportation department has been very

(Continued on Page 100)

More Fun
for the Kiddies—
Less Trouble
for Mothers —
Play Clothes with

The
HOOKLESS
REG U S PAT OFF
FASTENER

The youngsters are in them in a jiffy—
And out of them as quickly and easily!
No buttons to come off—
No buttonholes to tear out—
No hooks and eyes to bend or break—
No snaps to pull loose!

The HOOKLESS Fastener ALWAYS WORKS—just an easy pull to open or close. It is flexible, durable, rustproof and launders with perfect safety.

Sweaters, knitted suits, snow suits, leggings, overshoes, baby buntings and crib blankets also are now fastened in this newer and better way.

Appreciative mothers are insisting on HOOKLESS-fitted clothing for their children. The HOOKLESS trade-mark on the pull identifies it as the original slide fastener.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY
Meadville Pennsylvania
In Canada
Canadian Lightning Fastener Co., Ltd., St. Catharines, Ontario

Write us for names of manufacturers who supply articles using the HOOKLESS Fastener.

The HOOKLESS registered trade-mark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes.

THE FORDSON

YOU have probably thought of the Fordson as a tractor . . . *a puller.* It is a tractor . . . and a good one, both from the standpoint of pulling power and economy.

But the Fordson is a great deal more than that. Industry has discovered in the Fordson the most economical mobile power unit in existence . . . as a *lifter* . . . a *loader* . . . and a *driver of belt power machinery.*

Thousands **of Fordsons are in service at *hundreds*** **of varied industrial jobs . . . loading their own trailers and hauling them off . . . driving rock crushers, pumps and air compressors . . . operating hoists and winches . . . digging dirt . . . shoveling gravel and sand . . . ditching and back filling . . . drilling and pumping oil wells . . . propelling boats and pulling work trains on rails . . . as a locomotive!**

The Fordson is compact, powerful and foolproof. Its construction is simple, efficient and rugged. Its action is quick and easily directed. Its operation is as simple as its construction.

The Fordson is serviced by the most complete motor service organization in the world. Wherever Ford cars and Ford trucks are sold, trained Ford mechanics, fully provided with genuine Fordson parts, are there to give your Fordson such service as it may need.

In first cost, the Fordson is far under the challenge of any power unit that can be produced for the purpose . . . so reasonable, in fact, that it is often bought by industries who need only the *stationary* power delivered by the motor!

In operation costs and upkeep, the Fordson is notably economical. In performance, it is characteristically reliable.

Will you write us describing the operations in your business where a mobile unit might be expected to reduce cost, save time and increase efficiency? We have amassed a great deal of cost information on Fordson uses and shall be glad to suggest a Fordson method and provide you with comparative costs together with the experience of others on similar work.

Meeting your competition with power

THE industries that have survived the storm of advancing labor and raw material costs have met competition with a further and more intelligent application of power.

Unit production per workman has a direct relation to the amount of power that is placed at his disposal.

A recent survey on one class of work showed that the European workman, with an average of forty-five hundredths of a horsepower at his command, produced ninety-nine units, while the American workman, with two horsepower, produced two hundred and ninety-two!

It is with this particular need in mind that the Fordson is offered to American industry . . . a compact, reliable, economical one-man tool that places *twenty* easily handled horsepower in the hands of the workman.

The Fordson itself is a striking example of these very methods . . . for in its manufacture unit production per workman reaches new high levels through the use of power. Thus we have been able to produce a power unit of outstanding worth . . . at a price that has placed it in the hands of over 600,000 workmen throughout the world.

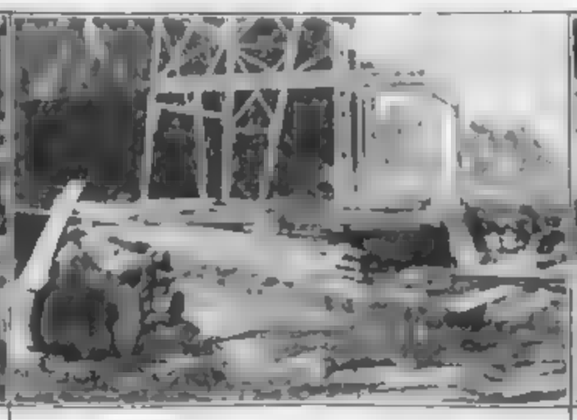
Equipped with this powerful unit, any workman . . . he need not be highly trained . . . will justify his present high wage scale with increased production. Throughout almost every phase of industrial operation the Fordson is proving in practice this basic economic truth . . . that the productivity of the individual workman increases in direct proportion to the amount of power he has with which to work.

Over twelve million Fordson horsepower are at work on a most astonishingly diverse program of tasks . . . from moving scenery in a great theater to hauling trains of ore in the western mines!

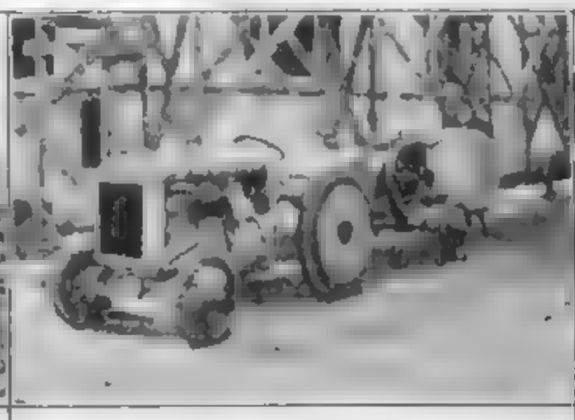
FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TRACTION IS BUT ONE OF ITS USES

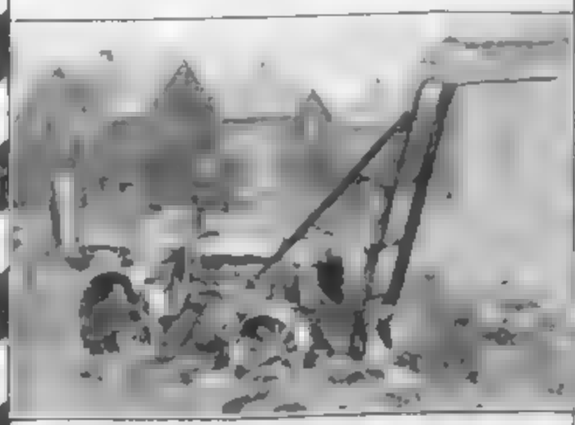
Plenty of power for this rock crusher and conveyor . . . only one of the many duties of this contractor's Fordson!



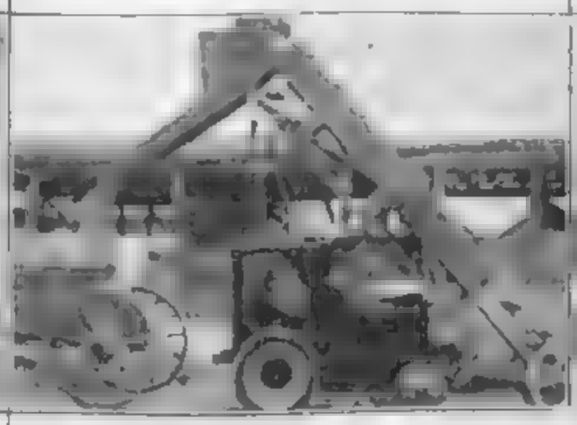
A big steel company erects oil derricks in California . . . handling the heavy steel girders with a Fordson and a simple hoist.



A quickly portable air compressor . . . using Fordson power for both traction and operation of the compressor.



This compact Fordson-powered shovel is establishing remarkable records of economy and efficiency the country over.



A Fordson-powered loader . . . handling sand in a continuous stream . . . at a cost that proved a revelation in economy.

Here the Fordson has become the power plant of a drilling rig. It provides ample power at an astonishing saving.

Be sure you're right, then *Step Ahead!*

FREEDOM from all worry about your feet—true foot comfort—is too important for you to choose a shoe blindly . . . especially when it's so easy to be RIGHT.

ONE type of comfort shoe may look exactly like another. But the "hidden value"—the secret of lasting foot comfort—can, after all, be easily proven. There's one sure guide to complete satisfaction: *Has the shoe the endorsement of a million accepted leaders?*

Such a shoe is the Ground Gripper the choice of careful — and of footcare free—men and women for 25 years. It is the only shoe made with the combination of the FLEXIBLE ARCH, allowing the foot muscles to exercise with every step; the STRAIGHT INNER LINE, permitting the toes to function with a free, strong, gripping action; and the PATENTED ROTOR HEEL, which makes you "toe straight ahead" — the natural, normal way.

In two types for men and women:

Corrective: Guards against and corrects foot troubles.

Modified Corrective: Embodies the same features but with a modified outer swing.

The nearest Ground Gripper dealer will gladly suggest the style best suited to your feet. Ask us his name.

With Smart Style Added!

To the Ground Grippers so universally adopted by women for true foot comfort when walking and shopping, we now add the DRESS LINE for more formal wear. It is only natural that this new line made by a shoe manufacturer who for twenty-five years has specialized in comfort shoes — should add to a distinction of beauty and design a degree of comfort exceptionally satisfying! See them — and you'll wear them.

Ground Gripper

The Most Comfortable Shoe in the World

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Ranch Foot Worries!—Our new booklet, Foot Comfort Charts, the Truth and the Facts about foot problems on land and air. A copy or request free.

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO., INC.
90 Linden Park Street, Boston, Mass.
Please send me your booklet, Foot Comfort Booklet.
Name
Address

(Continued from Page 97)

punctilious in this regard and it, too, submits the cost for transporting the players to and from the sets.

LOCATION	LIMOUSINES	BUSSES	TRUCKS	RATE	TIME USED	AMOUNT
Ext. hacienda	2	..	..	$12.50	5 hrs.	$ 125.00
Ext. hacienda	.	.	1	15.00	5 hrs.	75.00
Ext. dock	2	..	..	12.50	1 hr.	25.00
Ext. dock	..	1	..	20.00	1 hr.	20.00
Ext. dock	..	..	1	15.00	1 hr.	15.00
Ext. ocean	2	..	..	12.50	2 hrs.	50.00
Ext. ocean	.	2	..	20.00	2 hrs.	80.00
Ext. ocean . .	..	..	1	15.00	2 hrs.	30.00
Ext. Chinatown.	2	..	..	12.50	1 hr.	25.00
Ext. Chinatown.	..	..	1	15.00	1 hr.	15.00
Ext. Chinatown.	..	4	..	35.00	1 hr.	140.00
Allowances Misc. trips	..	..	..	....	....	275.00
Accumulation looking for location	..	..	..	....	....	125.00
Total						$1,000.00

Having carted the players away from the studio, it is only fair that we feed them at our expense and tack this item on to the production cost for making the picture.

75 Midnights—ext. hacienda, 2 nights @ 75 cents	$112.50
150 Lunches—ext. dock, 1 day @ 50 cents.	75.00
75 Midnights—ext. Phillmore, 1 night @ 75 cents	56.25
60 Lunches—ext. ocean, 2 days @ 50 cents.	60.00
600 Midnights—ext. Chinatown, 1 night @ 75 cents	450.00
Allowance suppers for staff—account night work.	225.00
Total	$978.75

The location department likewise had to go over the scenario and pick out the locale that would fit into the story. I find three cost items as follows:

Ext. dock—1 day	$ 75.00
Ext. ocean, beach, boats, and so on	300.00
Allowance misc. trips, and so on.	125.00
Total	$500.00

Every film carries with it a charge for special rolling stock such as special limousines and stages. In this particular case it amounted to $350.

In as much as the author employed a parrot to solve the mystery and the leitmotif rests upon this bird, we are not permitted to offer a substitution. Although our own quarters lack a trained parrot, we are never at a loss for one. Here in movieland everything is obtainable for picture making, and so our agent is dispatched to an organization specializing in the trained feathered friends, and reports back to our production manager that two parrots may be rented for thirty days at twenty dollars a day, also an entire aviary for three days at thirty-five dollars a day—in all $705.

Thankful for a Slim Profit

The editorial department placed a flat charge of $750 for editing this film, and $500 for the titles.

And now a final recapitulation will show briefly:

Salaries, stock talent	$14,375.00
Salaries, picture talent.	18,000.00
Salaries, extra talent	6,500.00
Salaries, director	10,250.00
Salaries, director's staff	4,500.00
Story rights	20,000.00
Continuity	7,000.00
Negative raw film, 90,000 feet	4,500.00
Positive raw film, 90,000 feet	2,400.00
Wardrobe	4,500.00
Properties	9,000.00
Scenery, sets and so on	18,500.00
Transportation	1,000.00
Miscellaneous	1,000.00
Location [illegible] expenses	500.00
Film [illegible]	1,250.00
Lighting [illegible] current	11,500.00
Rental of parrots and aviary	700.00
Miscellaneous	650.00
Total	$131,725.00

To these figures it is our policy to add 20 per cent as studio overhead charge, which is assessed on every picture upon completion. In this case the assessment amounts to $26,745 which brings the entire manufacturing, or production, cost up to $160,470.

The film is now ready to be shipped to the New York headquarters for advertising to the trade in general. The advertising cost of the average film usually amounts to $10,000. Posters, advertising accessories and the exhibitor's campaign book must be got up, adding $7500. Next, the negative for The Chinese Parrot is turned over to our laboratories in Fort Lee, New Jersey, where 150 positive prints are developed from the negative and apportioned to our branch offices in America. These prints contain 900,000 feet of film and the laboratory cost adds $18,000 to the final figures of The Chinese Parrot, arriving at a total, thus far, of $195,970.

It is now in the hands of our sales organization. Fully 40 per cent of the gross revenue will eventually go for the cost of the selling campaign. Out of the remaining 60 per cent must come the cost of our original investment, and the balance, if any, is profit. For let it be understood that speculation still eddies around monetary profits to be made in the film business. Not always do our pictures net us those fabulous returns, as is reported so frequently. Upon the above investment of $195,970, we will be thankful to our stars if it will show a profit of $5000 or less than 2.5 per cent on this type of picture.

Painting Only the Bright Side

Much of the misunderstanding that exists between various branches of the motion-picture industry at the present time is due to the fact that some of us have been afraid to tell the truth about ourselves and our conditions. For the same reason there is a misunderstanding between the general public and the people in the picture business.

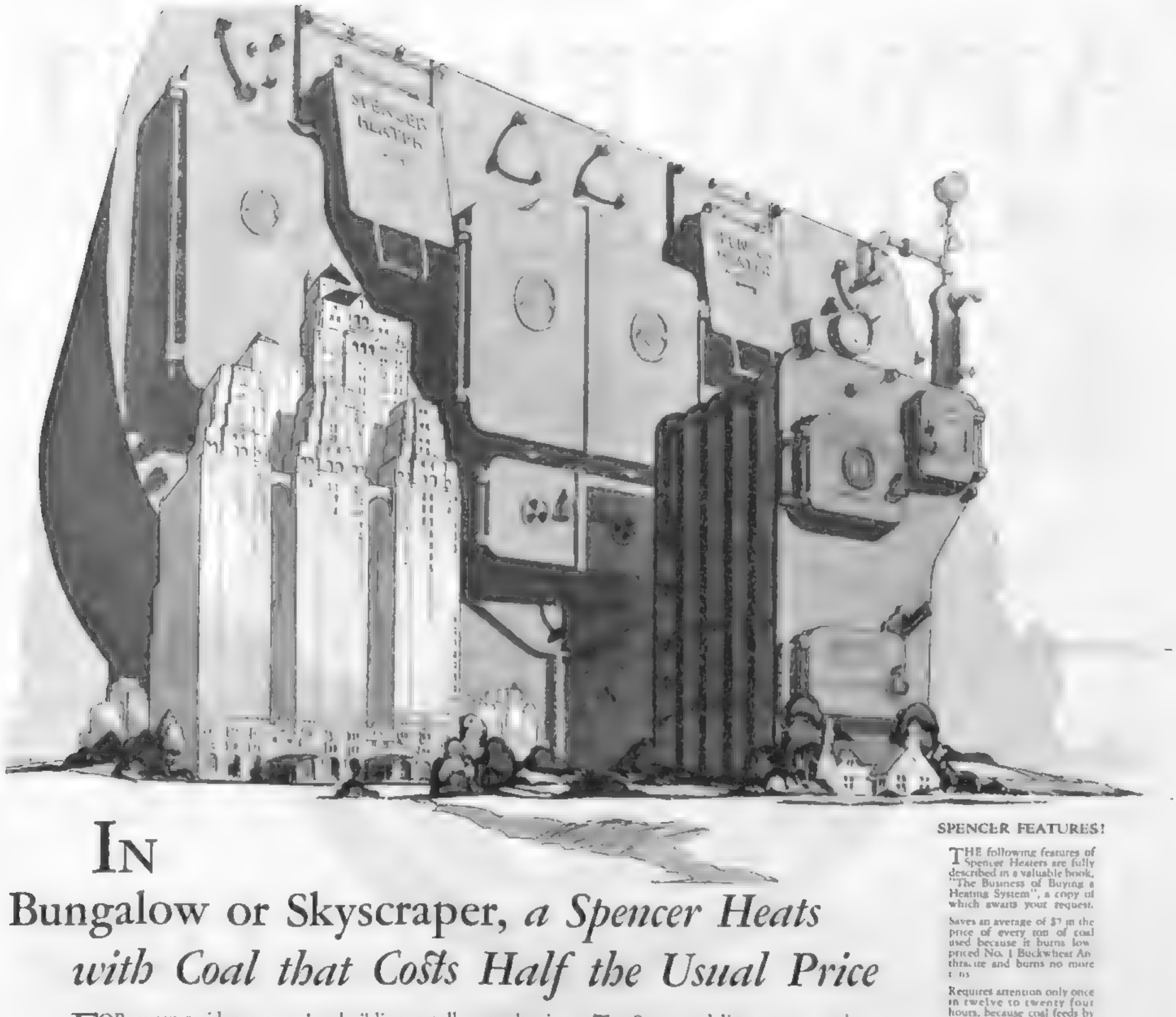
Every business concern, including picture companies, has a deadly fear of being considered anything but the richest company in its line of business. All of us are guilty of letting the public—including the exhibitors, too—think that we have the fattest bank roll imaginable and that nothing short of an earthquake can shake our foundations. On the theory that nothing succeeds like success, we have deliberately let the public think that the moving-picture business is a gold mine or an oil gusher.

We have all concealed our failures and our losses, but have made a great noise about our successes. Our press agents are allowed to tell about the big pictures that net millions in profit, but they are never allowed to print a word about the many films that net us as great a loss or a greater one.

The people love to hear about success, even though it is not their own. They do not like to hear about failures, because they are not so interesting to talk about. But after they have been fed up on this success stuff, after they have contracted mental indigestion eating up stories about the making of millions, they finally turn against those whom they believe to be wallowing in wealth. They sour. And finally they build up an envious hatred of the supposed plutocrats. That is where we all stand right now. I am speaking of all moving-picture companies. By foolishly letting the people think what they like to think, we have got out of touch with them completely and have lost their sympathetic interest.

It has been suggested often that we amalgamate, as the only remedy for existing evils. That may be a possible solution, but I doubt it. Experience has shown me that

(Continued on Page 103)



IN Bungalow or Skyscraper, *a Spencer Heats with Coal that Costs Half the Usual Price*

FOR every residence or other building, smallest to largest, there is a size and type of Spencer Heater. The No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite, which the Spencer is especially designed to burn, costs $7 a ton less on the average than egg, stove or nut.

Thousands of Spencer owners have been enjoying a similar price advantage, many of them for thirty years and more.

This lower-priced coal, as burned in a Spencer, yields as much heat per ton as the usual more costly sizes. The Spencer delivers an even heat day in and day out and *does not require attention of any kind more than once or twice in twenty-four hours.*

There is nothing mysterious or complicated about the Spencer or its results. "The Business of Buying a Heating System" will tell you its simple story, and give you besides a wealth of interesting, useful information on many phases of this important subject of heating.

Fill in and return coupon below—for a free copy of this book.

SPENCER FEATURES!

THE following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in a valuable book, "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a copy of which awaits your request.

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed

Smaller radiators can be used

Equally successful for steam, hot water and vapor.

Type for every need, from small home to large buildings

No night fireman required in large buildings

Easily installed.

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small-size coal.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., *Factory and General Offices* — OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Spencer
steam, vapor or hot water
Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal — Averages $7 less per ton — Less attention required

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY,
Williamsport, Penna.

Without cost please send me a copy of "THE BUSINESS OF BUYING A HEATING SYSTEM".

Name

Street

City *State*

ATWATER KENT RADIO SPEAKER

MODEL E SPEAKER
With 9 feet of flexible cord.
$30

You are cordially invited to prove for yourself the superiority of this new Radio Speaker

HERE is the new Radio Speaker which represents nearly three years' study in the same laboratory which developed the famous Atwater Kent ONE Dial Receivers. Here is real distinction in tone and appearance.

The Model E Radio Speaker has a new type of operating unit, sensitive to the least tonal vibration. A new method of cone suspension permits even the most elusive impulses to be translated into audible sound. The entire range of musical tones, from the lowest to the highest, is covered faithfully and clearly.

If you are buying a receiving set, here is the Speaker with which to match it. If you already have radio, try the Model E and exult in the improvement—and the moderate price.

. . . . .

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING: The Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Daylight Time, through:

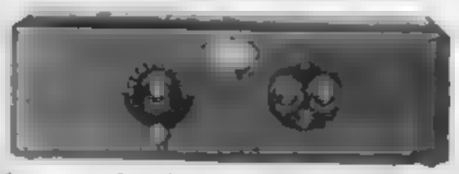
WRAP	*New York*	WGN	*Chicago*	KSD	*St. Louis*
WEEI	*Boston*	WCAE	*Pittsburgh*	WWJ	*Detroit*
WRC	*Washington*	WGR	*Buffalo*	WCCO	*Mpls.-St. Paul*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WOC	*Davenport*	WGY	*Schenectady*

Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
4703 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, President* Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West, and in Canada

MODEL 35, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Gold plated ship-model name plate. $65.



MODEL 30, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Solid mahogany cabinet. $80.

MODEL 33, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Antenna adjustment device. Unusual selectivity. Solid mahogany cabinet. $90.

(Continued from Page 100)

every time there is a merger in the film business, new companies spring up and re-create the same conflicting conditions.

The financial outlay of the past and present in making shadow entertainment always leaves ground for comparison, and this was brought to mind recently when I espied Harry Pollard in his room perusing a weighty motion-picture script of Uncle Tom's Cabin. As he placed the ponderous manuscript of 1638 scenes on the sofa, he chanced to comment on the change that time had wrought since that spring of 1913 when he undertook to film Harriet Beecher Stowe's story in three reels, or to be precise in 160 scenes. In those days our studio was located in Hollywood, instead of the present exclusive city in the foothills.

For this early three-reeler the sum of $15,000 was set aside, which was to include all salaries, raw film, location fees, sets and wardrobe. The director himself played the rôle of Uncle Tom, Marguerita Fischer was Topsy, Eddie Lyons impersonated Marks, Robert Z. Leonard made his motion picture debut as Simon Legree, Jack McDonald and Harry Tenbrook were Haley and Harris respectively, while Edna Maison was Eliza, and Gertrude Short played Little Eva.

Placed alongside of any picture made within the past five years, the sets of the old Uncle Tom's Cabin of 1913 show a deplorable lack of realism. A small boxed-in space was used for the stage, and painted drops indicated the Sinclair Mansion, a cotton field redolent of the spirit of the South, and the celestial atmosphere through which poor little Eva had to pass on her celebrated trip to heaven. For the river scenes, a trip to the Sacramento River was undertaken.

The ice scenes were taken at Mount Wilson, where the road is now well paved, but at that time it was a most fatiguing journey. When the ice thawed, an artful substitute was used in the shape of canvas-covered soap boxes on rockers, which bore the burden of Eliza's dreadful flight.

Uncle Tom in Three Reels

Due to our inexperience, we met with all sorts of delays, but when the film was finished we felt that we had created a masterpiece. The adaptation of the story and the photography had consumed about six weeks. The Kalem Company, during the same period, made a film dealing with the life of Christ for $2500, and as a contrast to this, consider Cecil B. DeMille's forthcoming film conception of the life of Christ. His budget calls for the expenditure of $2,000,000, and he may even exceed that amount.

To get back to our first version of Uncle Tom's Cabin, I found that Pollard never went beyond the estimated cost, having finished the picture for some $12,000.

Many Evas have died and innumerable Uncle Toms have been unmercifully lashed by cruel Simon Legrees. Dozens of Markses have pursued their nefarious legal chicanery and uncounted Elizas have fled from bloodhounds ever since that day in 1852 when Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel was first presented to the world. It is fourteen years since Harry Pollard gave me the old three-reeler, and he is now ready to deliver a 1927 edition of the old story, but at a production cost of $1,404,412!

The thought may arise in the minds of readers, what is it that makes the difference in cost so marked between the 1913 Uncle Tom's Cabin and that of this year's production? First of all, the latter version will contain 1638 scenes, which will be cut down to 500, making a ten-reel picture. Compare this to the old three-reeler of fourteen years ago, when too few scenes were discarded! Need I mention further, that salaries have increased to unheard-of limits since then?

Staving Off Poverty

Another matter to be taken into consideration is the time consumed in the making of a special photoplay. Where we once filled in the river scenes contained in the story by planting them a few hours' train ride from Los Angeles, in the later picture we transported the entire cast of players to the Mississippi, where we chartered several of the large river craft that ply up and down the great river, so reminiscent of the heyday, the golden age, of the steamboat. Those gorgeous, florid, easy-going and none-too-substantial times when beauty and chivalry, the wealth and the rascality of America traveled by steamboat. This is an effort to encompass as nearly as possible something of that picturesque life on the Mississippi before the antebellum days of 1860.

For the famous ice scenes in which Eliza and the bloodhounds are conspicuous, the director and his company journeyed to Plattsburg, New York.

Another departure was the matter of supplying a good workable script, and only after an expenditure of $35,000 was a suitable one chosen. This item alone is almost three times the cost of the entire picture made in 1913. Other important factors such as wardrobes, sets, transportation, lighting, properties, laboratory, and so on, run into the thousands.

Consider some of our early efforts. In 1914 we had the temerity to engage J. Warren Kerrigan at a salary of $400 a week. He had been receiving $150 a week from the American Film Corporation. As you have already learned, we made Samson, in which Kerrigan was featured, and although we were enthusiastic about the results, the trade in general thought that we were getting out of our depth. If this picture were made today, what with the spectacular battle scenes, and so on, it would cost several hundred thousand dollars.

So far as actors are concerned, take the case of Wallace Reid, who, in his early picture days, received fifty dollars a week. At the height of his popularity he was paid $2500 a week. Were he living today, enjoying the same popularity he did in the past, he would earn $10,000 a week. Then there is Thomas Meighan, who once received $100 a week for his acting. He is now said to be getting $10,000 a week.

In the past, and not so many years ago, $1000 a week, or $52,000 a year, paid to a director was considered a tremendous salary. This man made six or eight productions in the twelve months. Now the foremost directors receive from $50,000 to $100,000 a picture. Henry King is paid $100,000 a production; Lubitsch gets the same figure. King Vidor, who used to be paid $15,000 a production, now receives $100,000. Harry Pollard likewise averages a similar amount for a picture.

Since that memorable day when I hurled my hat into the production ring, hundreds of screen players have appeared under our auspices. In the old days producers hesitated to put the names of the players on the screen. There were a number of reasons for this, and they were probably good reasons from the standpoint of the producers, although not so good from the standpoint of the players struggling for recognition. When I came along with the newly formed Imp Company to compete with the then-powerful Biograph, Kalem, Vitagraph, Selig, Lubin and Edison companies, I had to have something else besides an offer of high salaries to induce players to come into our fold. It was the advertising and the placing of the name on the screen which turned the trick in most instances.

Twenty Years After

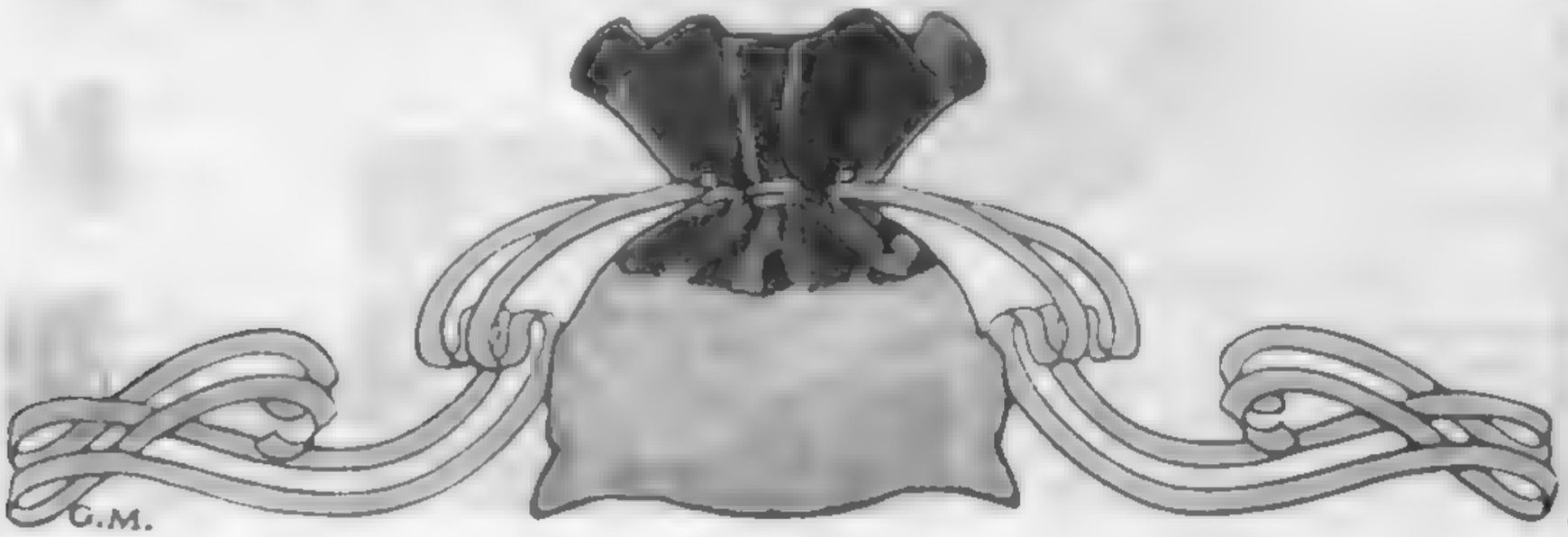
And now, before I terminate my story, there comes to my mind just one scene of a forgotten play I witnessed many years ago. It was a scene where a young man had his choice of entering either one of two rooms, symbolical of the crossroads of life. He entered the one at the left and the curtain fell. When the stage was set for the next scene, we saw our young man now grown to full maturity and evidently favored by Fortune. His decision in early youth to pursue a certain course had been a judicious one.

"Suppose," I always murmur to myself, "the man had chosen the other room—the one to the right—would the future have shaped itself as agreeably as his original choice?"

I liken it to my own experience when the choice of experimenting with a five-and-ten-cent store or operating a nickelodeon presented itself to me and I chose the latter. "Suppose that I had decided upon the former?" Can anyone with oracular wisdom prophesy whether Fortune would have treated me more kindly, more generously than when I took the decision to hazard my paltry savings in the early film business? It is this memory, half sorrowful, half amusing, but all tender and affectionate, this recollection of my early business start that lingers in my memory with the dreams, ambitions and friendships which existed when the world was twenty-one years younger.

With the flight of the past two decades, I found myself recently in Chicago and my mind flashed back to that spring of 1906 when I opened the White Front Theater at 909 Milwaukee Avenue in that city. I hailed a cab and asked to be driven to that address. After a twenty-minute ride the taxi drove up to 909 Milwaukee Avenue and I emerged. The same old building still rested on its foundation, and where the old White Front Theater had been formerly installed I now found the red front of F. W. Woolworth & Company.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr Laemmle



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Of course you care for your dog—but how? Do you feed him properly? Can you tell when he is sick? Do you know how to prevent and remedy common dog diseases? Dr. H. Clay Glover's famous book, Your Dog, gives this valuable information. Mailed free if you address: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A Healthy Dog Is A Happy Dog

FOR the dog, as for the master, health is the best asset of all. When a dog is listless—when his appetite is irregular and his energy nil—the chances are that he suffers from worms.

All dogs at all ages are subject to these dangerous parasites. Insidiously they sap a dog's energy, spoil his sleep, appetite and temper. And they lead to fits, distemper and other fatal dog diseases.

The prevention and remedy are easy to get and to give—Glover's Worm Capsules or the liquid, Glover's Vermifuge. Puppies should have this vitally important medical treatment monthly, and older dogs regularly four times a year. Entirely safe for all breeds. Used and endorsed by dog fanciers, breeders and kennel owners.

Sold by Drug Stores, Pet Shops and Kennels

The best medicine is none too good for that most faithful of friends, your dog. Insist on Glover's Medicines. Their time-tested formulas insure utmost safety for all breeds. Some of the most frequently used are listed below.

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Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
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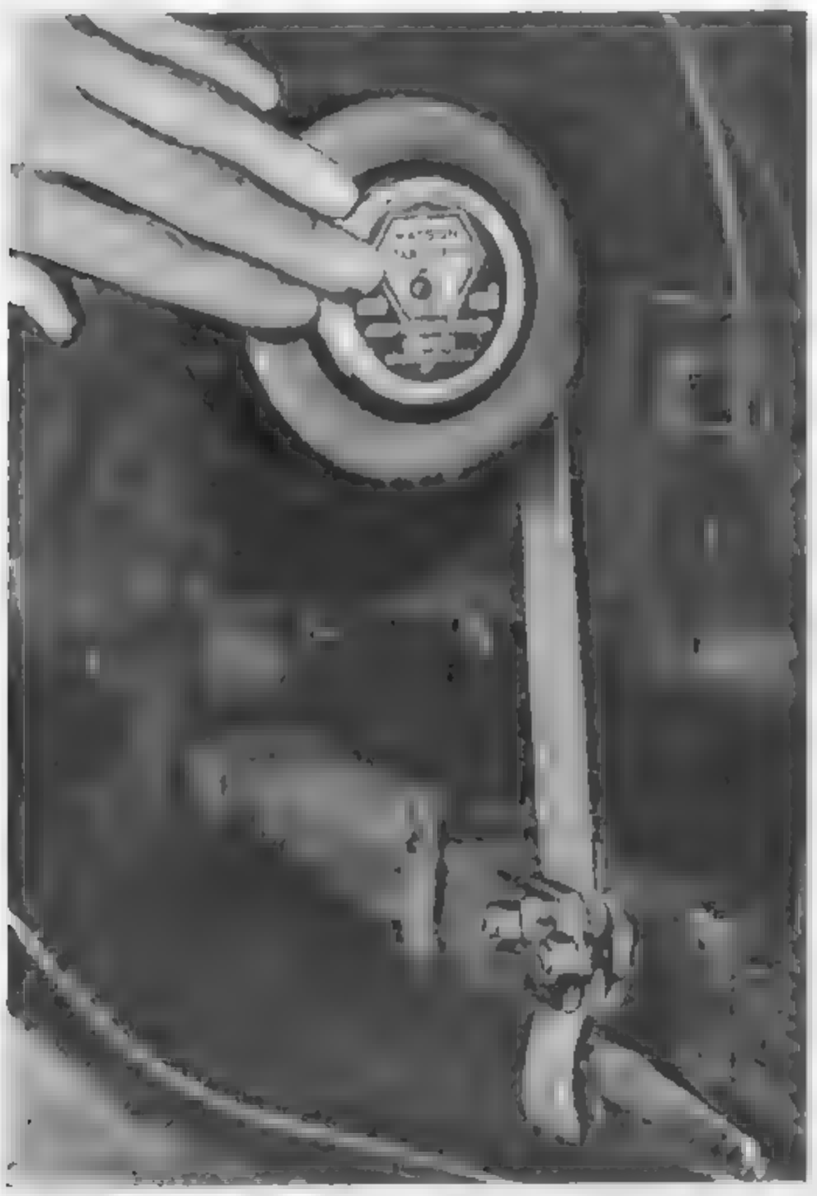
America's LIGHT ride roughest



First device of its kind ! . . . . Revolutionary Achievement ! Designed solely for short wheelbase cars . . . Literally burns up the bumps

Complete for your car only $28.

FULL speed ahead for 15,000,000 American light cars! Rough roads? You'd never know it. Short wheelbase? It makes no difference.

A marvelous new device, created solely to bring light car riding comfort, is now ready for your car. It is called the Watson Stabilator, Type AA. At $28 for a set of four, you cannot afford to be without them.

it *Burns* up the Bumps

THE blow of a bump against your tire develops a force or energy. This energy is absorbed by the springs when they bend together. But springs must fly back again. And then a good deal of the energy developed by the bump passes on to the car frame in the form of spring recoil. And, too often, it shoots you high off your seat.

Everyone concedes that the correct way to check this spring recoil is by friction. But remember that friction *must* be applied instantly and in exact proportion to the force of the recoil. Watson Stabilators, by this successful application of friction, change recoil energy into heat energy, instantly and without a bit of the noise you frequently hear from wheel brakes. This heat quickly and harmlessly radiates. Recoil is checked. And you enjoy riding luxury you never expected in a light weight car.

Watson Stabilators, Type AA
Set of four . . . $28
($29 west of Rockies)

First and only engineering device of its kind designed solely to bring easy-riding comfort to light weight, short wheelbase cars such as: Chevrolet . . . Dodge . . . Oakland . . . Whippet . . . Chrysler . . . Nash . . . Star . . . Essex . . . Oldsmobile . . . Wolverine . . . Pontiac.

Watson Stabilators, Heavy Duty
Set of four . . . $48
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This Stabilator has for a number of years been the accepted device for overcoming spring recoil in the heavier types of cars. It is standard equipment on: Chrysler . . . Duesenberg . . . DuPont . . . Franklin . . . Hudson . . . Isotta Fraschini . . . Jordan . . . Locomobile . . . McFarlan . . . Nash . . . Packard . . . Peerless . . . Studebaker . . . Stutz . . . Willys-Knight, etc.

Unexpected road shocks can't tear the steering wheel out of your hands when your car is Watson equipped. Over ruts, rises, waves and sudden jolts you steer with complete control. Your drive is safe, refreshing, free from the nerve strain of forever battling the bumps.

Only device of its kind

John Warren Watson, automotive engineer who several years ago successfully shackled spring kick-back in heavy cars, today makes possible this new-found light car luxury at a price within the means of any car owner.

His new Stabilator, Type AA, is the first and only device of its kind that has been specifically designed for cars with wheelbases of less than 120 inches. Were you to pay many times its low price, you could not equip your car with anything that would give you such complete and constant ease of riding under all road conditions.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about the new Watson Stabilator,

"In more than 27,000 miles," says Mr. Winston Fetherston of Rye, N. Y., "the hood of my light roadster has been opened only when the engine needed fresh oil. The head has never been off. No parts have jolted loose. No rattles have developed." The millions of bumps this car has hit have been burned up by four Watson Stabilators.

CARS can now roads at "forty"

Type AA, is the fact that it literally burns up the bumps, radiates them into thin air. These spring brakes operate very much like the wheel brakes on your car. By the friction of a brake shoe on a metal drum, the force of the spring recoil is transformed into heat energy. This heat energy—burned-up bumps—is radiated harmlessly into the air, vanishes, is lost. And you ride in comfort over the roughest roads.

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Have the Watson service dealer near you put a set on your car. Then pick out the worst roads you know of. Zip over them at any speed you like. If you want to know why you didn't feel the bumps and what really happened to them, get out and feel the Stabilators. You'll find them hot—radiating harmlessly the bump energy they kept from reaching you. If you then decide you would rather go back to old-fashioned bumpy and bouncing motoring, simply ask for the return of your money.

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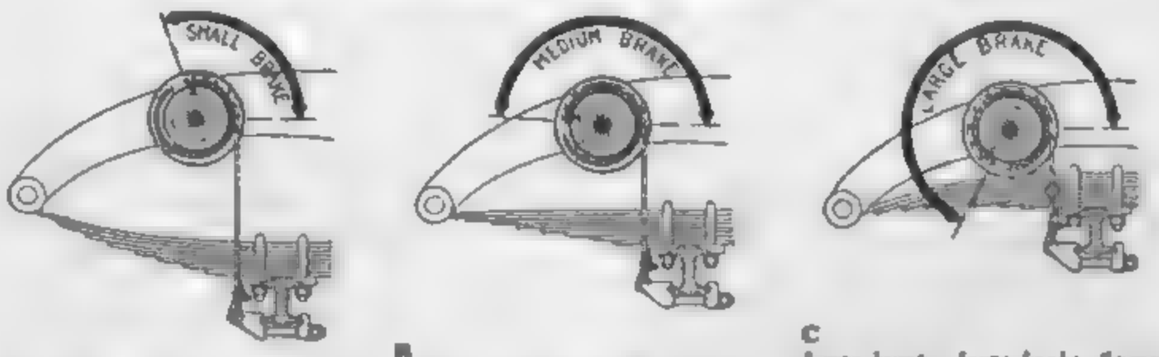
Comfort—even for rumble seat riders

Watson Stabilators, Type AA, now bring the luxury of relaxed riding to the lightest weight, shortest wheelbase car on the road. Not only are these new "up-and-down" brakes specially designed for the light cars of America, but the set the Watson service man puts on your car will be specially adjusted to your particular riding needs. You need never think of them again. They are even sealed against the weather.

How the mechanical brain and brawn of the Watson Stabilator work



A
Small bump—small brake. Slight compression of springs causes only slight spring recoil. And Watson Stabilators instantly meet it, but with a minimum brake.

B
Medium bump—medium brake. Medium compression of springs causes a greater spring recoil. Braking surface of Watson Stabilators instantly increases in exact proportion to check it.

C
Large bump—large brake. Sometimes springs compress all the way. Then recoil is greatest. That's when you surely shoot off your seat, unless Watson Stabilators are waiting to change the force into so much harmless heat.

TYPE A·A· *FOR LIGHT CARS* HEAVY DUTY *FOR LARGE CARS*

for Relaxed Motoring

WATSON STABILATORS

649

UNTERSEEBOOT

(Continued from Page 11)

made the use of the glass difficult. However, this would take care of itself shortly, as the engines steadied. Graham looked about the bridge.

Captain Welch and the sailor stood there solemnly enough, looking toward the enemy with white faces.

"Cheer up," said Graham. "We're giving the boche the fight of his young life! We'll have all kinds of destroyers here in a few minutes. They must have got our S O S by now."

"I was just goin' to tell you," said the captain, "the operator whistled up the tube an' says he can't get anything through, Fritz is makin' such a racket. He's doin' it a-purpose so's we can't send for help." He paused and looked again toward the fog. "I sent to have the first mate get the boats ready."

"Well, you won't need 'em," laughed Graham. "Just let that boy come up within range! Well, we may need the boats at that, to pick up the sub's crew."

They waited patiently for twenty minutes; the gun crew for the submarine to come within range, and the wireless operator for a chance to get something through the clamor of the German's violinlike wireless. Patrol boats would pick up that musical mosquitolike buzzing and know that somewhere a German was doing his stuff. Somewhere, but where? The German followed them now dead astern, and they could just make out the black spot of his conning tower. He hung there, just out of range, and peppered the patient sea with his shells.

"Oh, the scurvy, barnacle-covered son!" exclaimed Graham. "Why doesn't he come up nearer so we can get a crack at him? What a hell of a way to fight! Boy, if I was in command of that sub I'd give a guy a chance to try his marksmanship on me!"

"We're gainin' on him, maybe," replied the second mate.

"We are, sure enough," said the captain. "A stern chase is a long chase, my grandfather used to say. Them boats ain't very fast, anyway I don't think. An' he won't chase us very far neither. Too many patrol boats around."

"I wish he'd come up a little nearer so we could get a crack at him," remarked Graham. "This is no kind of a fight—to run away."

"Think we'll shake him off, cap'n?" asked the second mate.

"Shouldn't wonder." The captain began to look more cheerful. "Yes, I shouldn't wonder if we'd gone him one better. He come up in the sun, ye see, spotted us, an' then got between us an' the fog; thwart our course, ye see. An' he never figured we'd run southerly. We oughta raise some o' them Channel mine sweepers pretty quick. Yep, I shouldn't wonder if we'd shake him off in another hour."

"Oh, hell!" said Graham through his clenched teeth.

The black spot in the wake flashed like a light. The men on the bridge watched the surface of the sea for its fall. If it fell astern they were out of range of the enemy's gun. Zoom! The shell swooped from the sky, all ducked, a column of water shot up not a yard from the stern, some of it coming aboard and drenching the gun crew.

"Man, that was close!" muttered Graham. He was about to say more, but sounds came from the interior of the ship—a prolonged buzzing, crashes, hissing of steam, a cloud of it coming out of the engine-room gratings, slam! bang! bang! slam! Horrid silence. Graham could feel the ship slowing under his feet. What had happened? The men on the bridge looked at each other aghast. And then emerged from the engine-room door men and steam. One of these men, groping, found the rail, wiped a mask of dirt and ashes from his face and then struggled toward the bridge ladder. They watched him wordlessly. It was the chief engineer.

"We dropped off our propeller, captain," said he. "The shaft must ha' been flawed. She tore herself to bits before I could shut her down, what with speed she was not built for an' all." He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. Ashes and dirty water dripped from him, and there was a long burn on one arm.

"The shell took off the propeller someway," said the captain. "What did she do? Anyone hurt?"

"She come apart somewhere—I don't know where," said the chief. "What come off went through the condenser outlet. The main line's cut, too, from all this steam. She'll be takin' salt water into the boilers; the fireroom's a foot deep already."

"Anything to do?" asked the captain.

"Ain't no way to shut off the intake ——"

The scream of another shell interrupted. It struck on the after well deck, among the trucks, making havoc. By a miracle none of the gun crew were hit. The enemy was now on the port quarter, and a shell from the after gun fell short of him again. Now that the West Quincy was immobile, the German's shooting was better. He put a shell into the forehold, and another amidships, where it started a fire in the coal bunkers. Another burst in the port alleyway, blowing up the deck above. The West Quincy took a slight lurch, then listed to starboard as a tired woman leans on an elbow.

"If he'll only come up now," muttered Graham; "if he'll only come close!"

"He won't," said the captain. "He'll stay out there outta range an' sink us. This is butcherin' sheep! Haul down that flag!"

"Haul down the flag?" cried Graham. "To that dirty Hun?"

They got another shell in the after superstructure, where the officers' dining room was. It burst with a red-black glare, thick oily smoke gushed from the porthole, the ship quivered as though in pain. The after gun still fired bravely, but a Mark IV six-inch that was built when the Chicago and the White Squadron were the pride of the United States Navy is no match for the latest development in Krupps. The shells fell short. The German circled the West Quincy at seven thousand yards and perforated her at will. Graham wept. Then he went aft and hauled down the flag.

"Abandon ship immediately. Preserve and turn over code books and ship's papers intact or will sink boats."

The message came clearly in the characteristic violin whine of the enemy wireless. The wireless operator wrote it down and handed it to the captain, where he stood superintending the lowering of the wounded stokers into the remaining boat.

"Here, Mr. Graham," called the captain, going over to where the lieutenant and his sullen gun crew were preparing to cast loose a raft; "did ye read this? He says he'll sink my boats if you destroy the code book. That's it, ain't it? I just wanted you to know. He'll sink our boats, the skunk. They mean business, them Germans."

Graham walked to the side and hurled the code book over. It was bound in lead for such contingencies and sank like a stone. The captain looked on in agony. He was indeed a sad figure. The time to abandon ship had been short, and he had had just time to catch up a few relics—the first things that came to hand in his cabin. He had his shore suit over one arm, a new derby hat askew on his head, his wife's picture in one hand and his sextant in the other.

"Hurray for a hero," said the captain bitterly. "And when all these sailormen is swimmin' around in the drink, think of how brave you are! It's all right for you, bein' single. I got a wife an' kids to think of. He'll sink our boats on us!"

"No, he won't," comforted Graham. "That's just a threat."

"I told you not to fight him in the first place," said the captain. "Go on, get your gang overside. I'm the last to go, an' she's goin' down under us."

The gun crew got into a doughnut raft, one of the type in which the passengers float around knee-deep in water, and breaking out some paddles, made shift to get clear. The well deck was already awash and all the captain had to do was to step from the rail into the boat. One boat and the raft were all that were left to them from the bombardment, both loaded to the water's edge.

"Well," said Graham sadly, "this has been a lively morning. Eight bells to eight bells. Damn his small soul, if he'd only come in once—just once—where we could have got at him!"

"Better take off those stripes, sir," said one of the sailors. "The sub will be up to look us over, and they'll take you prisoner." The sailor was justly disturbed, for the bar and anchor on Graham's collar and the stripes on his cuff would mark him plainly as an officer.

"To hell with them," said Graham. "Don't you suppose they've spotted me by now? And what would they think if they found a man here in his shirt?"

Three jumpers came off at once. "Here, sir." "Here, sir." "Put on my jumper, sir."

"No," said Graham, "I'll risk it."

At that instant the West Quincy blew up. Either water from the forehold or through the shattered condenser had got at her boilers. Up she went, with a tremendous roar, then rained hot iron and deck timbers all around. Steam hung in clouds, the water felt suddenly warm about the men's legs, bits of débris came shooting up from the ocean as though darted by invisible hands. The overloaded boat was swamped, and the men went into the water, where they clung to the sides of the water-filled boat, or to planks and bits of deck gear. Some swam to the raft and hung on to its sides.

Into this maelstrom of misery swept the submarine, long, gray, murderous-looking, her gun crew at the gun, officers on the conning tower, curious onlookers aft. The steersman stood in plain sight forward of the conning tower, on the second step of what looked like huge stairs, twirling a tiny wheel, the ribbons of his cap flying.

"Ahoy!" hailed someone in perfect English, but with a queer metallic accent. "Who's the commanding officer?"

The captain raised his hand where he hung to the bow of the boat.

"Stand by to be picked up. Where are your papers?"

"All sunk," called the captain. "Our boat was swamped. Everything's gone, Navy code an' all."

Someone on the submarine hurled him a rope and they hauled him aboard. The man on the conning tower spoke down a tube, the sub backed gracefully, her helmsman spinning her wheel, and then stopped, as though at command, twenty or thirty yards from the raft. Graham could not help admiring her slim lines, the obvious discipline of her crew, and the easy, graceful way she maneuvered, as lightly as a racer.

"Come aboard, lieutenant!" hailed the German.

The raft drifted down until she bumped against the submarine's hull, where two sailors extended their hands to Graham. He went up and joined the dripping captain on the narrow deck. The German sailors looked at him curiously. America was new in the line-up of Germany's enemies, and he must have been the first American naval officer they had seen. They were sturdy, seamanlike-looking men, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, but all with strangely white faces under their beribboned caps.

"Go below," commanded the man on the conning tower. They went down through the hole in the deck, the captain first, then Graham. He took one last look at his men, shaking their hands to him in dumb show, and at the survivors of the West Quincy trying to bail out their boat; then he went down and stood upon the submarine's gratings.

Lights burned, fans hummed, but no one was in sight. The white paint of the interior was chipped and streaked with rust stains, and the heads of the bolts and rivets were red black. Pipe lines and cables that ran overhead and along the side were corroded green where there was copper, and white where there was zinc or lead. The submarine had been long from home. There was a bulkhead aft, beyond which was a vista of folding wire bunks. Still farther back they could hear a man singing. Forward of the ladder was another bulkhead and a closed door

"Well, this is nice, ain't it?" remarked the West Quincy's captain reproachfully. "I said not to fight him. Then the boats wouldn't have all been stove. That was a fifty-dollar suit I lost, and I hadn't worn it but two or three times. I never had one before so expensive. Well, this'll end sailorin' for me, I guess, till after the war."

Graham made no reply. He was in that daze, that hopeless nightmarelike stupor that falls upon those who have been taken prisoner. "I don't know how my family'll make out," went on the captain. "Wife an' two kids. I got some money in the bank ought to keep 'em a while, but it ain't much. Wife'll have to go to work, I guess."

There was a sudden thumping of motors, the ship trembled, and Graham could tell that they were under way. The door in the compartment opened suddenly and a man beckoned to them. "Just step in here a minute, will you, please?" he asked.

Graham and the captain went in. There was a tiny compartment there, open forward, with a dynamo, switchboard, dials, controls, wheels, speaking tubes, and an enormous brass pendulum that probably showed the boat's trim. There were two sailors forward; probably electricians. The man who had beckoned to them was an officer. His uniform was rumpled and stained, the two gold stripes and crown on the cuff green from long exposure to sea water. There was a huge grease stain on one arm, and one shoulder strap was gone. A black sweater with a high neck upheld the German's chin.

"Captain Lieutenant Rohrbeck is my name," said the German officer. "Sorry to cause you inconvenience. Our quarters are cramped a bit here, but we're on our way home and won't bother you long. You were the captain of that ship? Yes. Now her name and port of departure, please."

The German officer went on with his questioning of the West Quincy's captain. Graham observed him curiously. The German was dark, with curly hair, and might have been taken for an American or an English officer anywhere. He had a pleasant face, and showed no more animosity in taking down the captain's answers than if he had been a doctor questioning a patient. He was no older than Graham, but his face was graven deep with those lines that come when a man carries his life in his hands, day in and day out, whether he battles with fire or the sea or his fellow men. He leaned upon a tiny desk, where the electricians wrote up their reports when they came off watch, and talked on and on. He went through the manifest barrel by barrel, as well as Captain Welch could remember it. The German questioned him on his stores, what he fed the crew, how much they were paid, where signed on, the proportion of foreigners among them, their abilities as seamen. An hour or more passed, and Captain Lieutenant Rohrbeck seemed finally satisfied.

"By the way," he said, "what caused you to stop so quickly and evacuate your

(Continued on Page 111)

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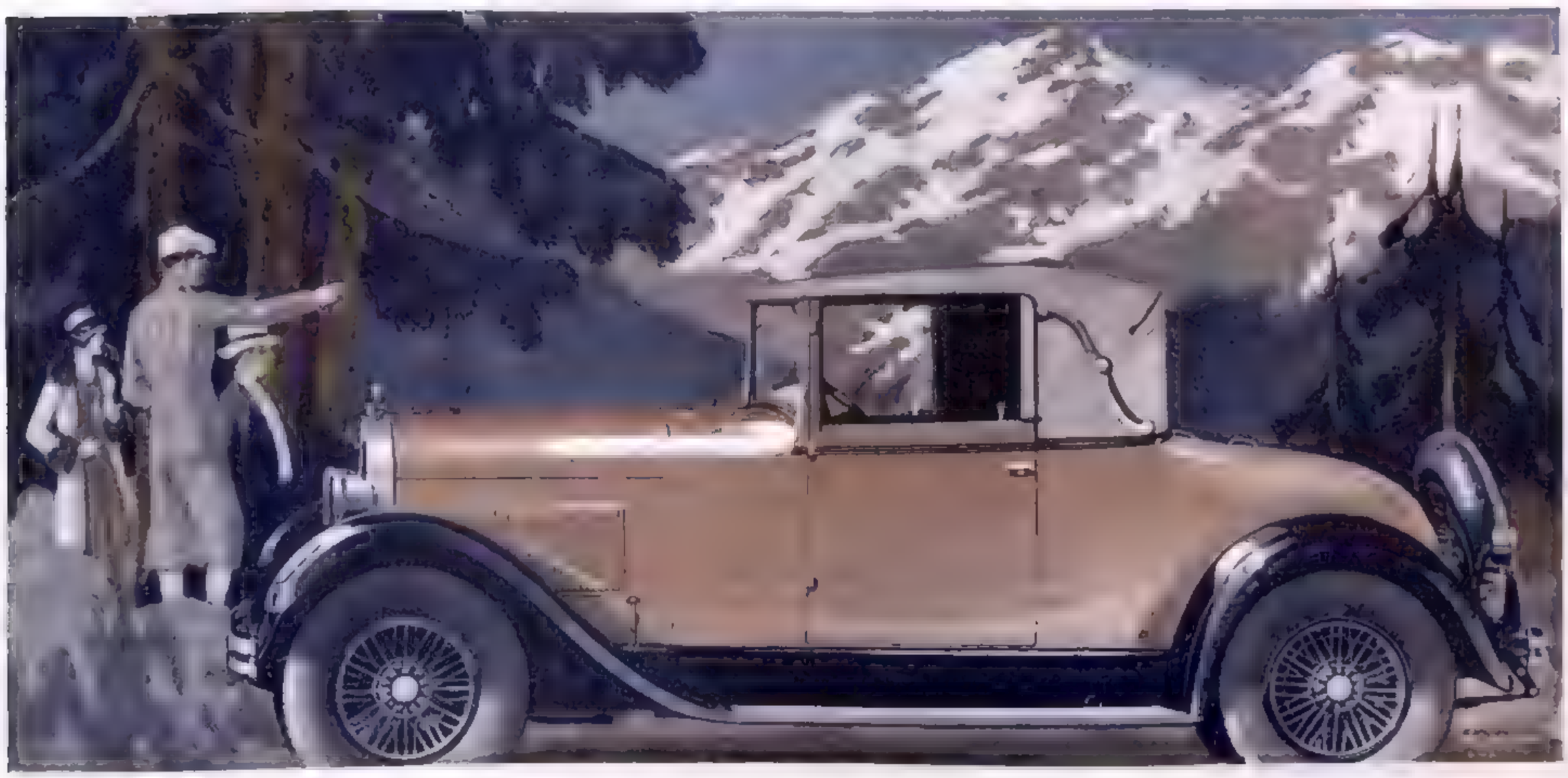

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The Firestone factories are the most modern type and are equipped with special machinery designed by Firestone engineers. This makes possible production of the most uniform quality of tires at the very lowest cost, and gives motorists the advantages of special Firestone processes, such as Gum-Dipping—by which the cords of the carcass are saturated and impregnated with rubber, minimizing friction and heat and resulting in unheard-of tire mileage.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 106)

boiler pressure that way? Have a breakdown?"

"One of the shells took away our propeller," answered Captain Welch, "an' a piece of collar or somethin' flew off an' cut the steam line an' condenser. Well, the ocean comin' in through the condenser would flood the fireroom even if ——"

A brass pipe at Graham's ear spoke suddenly in rasping German. Rohrbeck quickly laid down his pen, gave an order to the two sailors, and ran up a ladder.

The West Quincy's captain wiped a tear away with the back of his hand and turned out his wet pockets one after the other, probably in search of tobacco. Graham unhooked his blouse collar. That place was hot and stunk of burned oil. Silence. Neither he nor the captain cared to converse, but both stood leaning against the bulkhead, while the two German sailors, speechless, imperturbable, regarded them with folded arms.

More time passed. A story kept going around and around in Graham's head—a joke he had heard when he was in high school. An Irishman's alarm clock had stopped, and when the Irishman took it apart to see why, he had found a cockroach amidst the wheels. Graham thought of the cockroach. He was the cockroach. Wheels, wheels, motors rumbling, hissing of air, the clack-clack of a valve. The place was a tomb. Those two Germans with their haunting eyes were men already dead. They knew it. That was what made them look that way, made them so calm. The motion of the boat began to affect Graham. His head reeled, he felt sick.

"Will you come topside a moment, please, lieutenant?" said the tube beside Graham. He jumped. "Come right up the ladder."

"Does he mean me?" muttered Graham.

"Sure," said one of the sailors, "dot's you. Go right up der ladder, t'rough der manhole. You finds him on der bridge."

Graham went up, Captain Welch watching him dully. There was a room above like a chart room, with two men standing by wheels and a third with his face in what must be the periscope. They pointed higher, and Graham went up another ladder. He came out on the conning tower, rubbing his eyes.

"Can you signal with your arms?" asked the German. "You know, as you American sailors do?"

"Yes, a little."

"Well, go down on the deck there; go along where they can see you. Take hold of the wire if you're afraid. Signal those people not to destroy their papers, and ask them why they don't answer my w'reless."

"Those people!" Another ship, another victim, huge, black against the sun, seven thousand tons at least, and American. Smoke went straight into the air from her funnel. She had stopped and was waiting patiently, like a cow, for her death blow.

There were three men on the submarine bridge, Graham noted—Rohrbeck, another younger officer and a sailor. They watched the new ship through their glasses and seemed to pay no attention to Graham. He went down to the deck and edged his way gingerly along it. It was like walking along the top of a moving freight car. He came to a guy, wrapped his leg around it, and began to wigwag his arms. The steamer was a mile away, and if they could see him they must have good eyes. Nevertheless, he began.

"These squareheads may get this, too, but if they can they're good," he muttered. Then he sent rapidly, in his best style, abbreviating, cutting corners, snapping the symbols from one to the next.

"American officer prisoner aboard sub destroy all papers."

He sent this several times, but got no acknowledgment. The submarine drew nearer rapidly, fired a shell that fell short—evidently a signal—then, at the command of Rohrbeck, a line of signal flags fluttered from the submarine's conning tower; that meant "Abandon ship."

Almost immediately boats began to go down the camouflaged sides of the steamer and, after some confusion, row frantically away. The American flag still drooped at the masthead, and Graham ground his teeth. What kind of a ship was that, that wouldn't put up a fight? Not even fire a shot?

The submarine veered sharply and circled the steamer. How leisurely the Germans worked, thought Graham, on these guarded seas, and within sight of the British coast. But mine sweepers have their sweeping to do, and the destroyers were all guarding convoys. Lone ships must take their chances.

"Come up here, please, lieutenant," called Rohrbeck. Graham went forward to the base of the conning tower. Men were coming up the ladder and going aft, and Rohrbeck came down to the deck. "Signal these boats not to destroy any papers," said he.

Graham wigwagged for a long time, but got not the slightest acknowledgment from the boats. The submarine passed very near them and he could see their occupants—dirty stokers and a slovenly crowd of sailors, from whom it was impossible to pick the officers.

"There's no one in that crowd understands my wigwag," said Graham in disgust.

"That's what I wanted to find out," smiled Rohrbeck. He spoke to the helmsman forward of the conning tower, and the sub straightened her nose for the ship.

"I'm going to send a boat aboard," the German continued. "Maybe we can pick something up in the way of food. Your American ships have very good victuals. We're just back from four months in the Mediterranean and rather fed up on British and French fare. But the real reason is that we received orders by wireless last night to get an American code and an officer or two. I've got the officers, but I'd like to get the code too. I thought all your ships had armed guards on them. There's no gun on this one and no sailors on the boats. I wouldn't have bothered with her if I had known it." He went farther aft. "We're out of torpedoes," he called over his shoulder, "and I'm saving my shells as much as I can."

They drew very near now to the doomed steamer, so that Graham could see her name, W. J. Bollard. The Germans prepared to launch a light boat they had taken out of the deck. The submarine came to a gentle stop about four hundred yards from the steamer, a huge, ludicrous bulk, daubed with yellow and black camouflage, rolling in the slight swell. The boat was launched and Rohrbeck came forward again. Graham looked up at the Bollard, searching for signs of life. None. Her bridge and chart house were deserted. There was a lumpy-looking house just aft of her chart room—probably a wireless cabin—then the funnel and the trailing falls where the boats had been hurriedly lowered. The lumpy house—the lumpy house was gone! Gone?

Slam! There was a gun where that house had been, and it spat at point-blank range. Aft another barked, from somewhere under the poop. Machine guns purred. The Germans in the boat tried to swing about, but either upset the boat or it was sunk by machine-gun fire. They disappeared.

Crash! The submarine seemed to leap out of water, then lurched so violently that Graham was thrown to his knees and would have fallen into the water had not Rohrbeck seized him. The next instant he was hurled bodily down the hatch, where he landed on a pile of men and had his breath driven out of his body by Rohrbeck landing on him. Orders began to flow from Rohrbeck's mouth even before he had got to his feet. Bulkheads and hatches clanged, water roared, and everyone of the men in sight spun wheels or opened valves. A jet of cold water like that from a hose smote Graham on the neck and, even as he turned, a small flood began to pour into the compartment. A German shoved Graham aside and worked frantically. The flow of water stopped. It had been pouring from the speaking tubes, but these had valves in them and their closing kept the water back.

Crash! The submarine quivered.

"Your friends are drowning you," said Rohrbeck to Graham. "That's a depth bomb from those peaceful-looking boats. That's a bright English idea of the proper way to fight a war. Squawl like hell about the right of visit and search, and then have a ship as full of men and guns as she can pack, to look like a peaceful tramp, so that when we come up to speak to her she can sink us. And throw depth bombs at us out of the lifeboats!"

"But she was an American," protested Graham.

"That's what misled me," answered Rohrbeck. "That's what I sent you up for. I had my suspicions. You didn't show any sign of recognition and your signals got no answer. All a man makes in this business is one mistake."

Another depth bomb crashed. Rohrbeck seized a rubber coat from a hook and draped it over the switchboard. Sailors came running at his orders, and with rubber garments, sailcloth, flags, even, they covered the motors, wound cables and protected the various instruments from the water that ran in from the deck above in steady streams. One after another the lights went out.

"Two of those shells went through the conning tower," said Rohrbeck, "and it's full of water. Speaking tubes, magnetic compass, my push-button control system, all gone to hell. I think we were hit forward. I'll know in a second what those bombs did. If we get out of this I hope you'll not be so free with those damn things sometime when you've got a poor devil sixty feet under. It would be worth liberating you if you wouldn't."

Water trickled steadily from above. Graham put out a hand to steady himself against the heavy rolling of the submarine, and brought it back cold and dripping. The sailcloth over the dynamo had already caught a young lake of water. He decided that the weight of the water-filled conning tower was making the submarine top-heavy. Suppose she turned over with them?

"Ah," muttered Rohrbeck suddenly, "good!" Dim light went on; just enough to cast a sort of glow over the dynamo room, to show the heads of the men at the switchboard and hands that shot up out of the dark, working the controls that led down from the conning tower. "We've got an emergency switchboard here that's water-tight, and it will be the saving of us yet. I'm keeping you in touch with what goes on all the time so that if I have to use you, you'll know that things are serious. We've been sinking all this time. There's a leak in the torpedo compartment, and our steering apparatus is completely gone. One of your bombs probably."

Rohrbeck barked an order, the light dimmed an instant, then from the obscurity came the hiss of air, bubbling, waters rushing. The rolling was more pronounced. Rohrbeck inspected a dial with a flash light.

"Blowing our diving tanks with compressed air," he announced. "We're rising. Thirty-five. H'm. Not like a bird, though."

"I hope you're not trying to scare me," said Graham.

There was a long pause while Rohrbeck watched his depth indicator and swore to himself. Evidently they were not rising as swiftly as he would like. The hiss of the compressed air became louder.

"How you making out, captain?" asked Graham, suddenly realizing that Captain Welch had not spoken for a long time.

"I'm all right," said the captain out of the darkness. "I been thinkin' about things. I was gonna buy an interest in the West Quincy next trip. I meant to do it last winter, but put it off. If I had I'd ha' got some of the insurance. My wife woulda

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had that much more money. That an' my life insurance would make a tidy piece. A man always thinks o' them things when it's too late."

"It's too late to buy an interest in the West Quincy, all right," replied Graham, forcing a cheerful tone, "but your wife won't collect your life insurance this trip."

The captain laughed bitterly, a harsh, metallic cackle, that made Graham's flesh creep

"He'll be all right in a little while," said Rohrbeck, as if in answer to Graham's unspoken thought. "I'll give him some brandy as soon as I can get a little stability here. We'll all have some. It will do us good. Everyone forward now, you and the captain both. We've got to keep ourselves level."

There was a sudden rush of men from aft, greasy, oily, wet. The other Germans in the dynamo room left their posts, and all hurried forward, Graham and the captain in their midst, bumping against machinery, pawing about in the semidark, rained on by mysterious jets of water. Forward by the twin torpedo tubes they came to a halt. One dim bulb shone there, and below it the round bobbing caps of the Germans seemed to float on black water, bobbing and twisting. Graham caught his breath at the thought. The atmosphere in that confined space was stifling. Somewhere, up there in the sunlight, Yankee gobs were dancing with glee because they had sunk a sub. The submarine must be bleeding oil from every pore, and this the gobs could see with delight. They would get a star to wear on their stack, and undoubtedly celebrate royally the first time they went on liberty. They would sink the sub and they would also sink him, Graham. They must have seen him too. If they had only answered his signal the sub would have sheered off and a valuable life would have been saved to the American Navy.

Sudden grunts and muttering from the crew. There was a shouted series of commands from aft, and the crew hurriedly went again in that direction.

"We're going up," said Rohrbeck. "The forward diving rudder is jammed, her head keeps coming up, and if we try to keep her down by filling tanks and trimming with the crew, she sinks. Our starboard motor has stopped. We'll make surface and drive her with the Diesels." His English changed abruptly to German.

Graham and Captain Welch were shoved out of the compartment by a rush of men; they heard rattling and panting overhead, there was a clang of metal, then a glorious rush of air and blessed sunlight. Rohrbeck and a few men, probably the gun crew, went out, then the hatch clanged shut.

"We're on top, anyway, thank God," said Graham to the captain. No answer. He put out his hand, but could not find the other. Had he gone back into the dynamo room? Graham tore open the door and a flood of water poured out. In the dim light the old captain struggled with one of the electricians. Another, inert, lay across the dynamo, and from every tube poured a cascade of water.

"Hey!" yelled Graham, his wits all adrift. Was the old captain mad?

Bong! The submarine rang with the crash, louder by far than any before. It gave a long, sickening roll to port, the captain and his antagonist fell into the water, then separated. Before either of the three could move, shouts echoed from the steel walls, the hatch opened again, more shouts.

"Come up, you two," called a voice faintly in English. "They've hit us."

They went up, round after round, into sunlight that made them blink. After them, hurriedly, came the members of the crew, putting on life belts, and the electrician with whom the captain had fought, but Graham and the captain had already gone over the side. The submarine was sinking under them, and the deck was awash forward as far as the conning tower. A half mile away was a steamer, probably the one the sub had attacked, but close at hand, her boats already lowering, was a destroyer. Water boiled under her counter as her engines reversed. Graham groaned. She was British, and to her would go the credit for sinking the sub.

"What's the matter?" asked the captain. "Hurt? How ye makin' out? Lie on your back an' kick off your pants an' things. They'll pick us up in a minute or two. Here, put your hand on my shoulder."

"I'm all right," said Graham, treading water and making efforts to get rid of his clothing. "There goes the sub."

The submarine's stern heaved up, propellers, rudder and diving rudders dripped foam. It hung there, slanting, held upright and afloat by the imprisoned air, then overbalanced, fell sideways with a tremendous splash and disappeared. Graham cursed.

"The destroyer's a limejuicer," said he. "That smoke over there is probably another one. She'll get the credit for sinking her."

"I sank her," said the captain. He paddled awhile with his hands and watched the rapid approach of a boat. Graham made no reply, judging the old man's mind completely turned by the events of the morning. The boat came up, backed water, and the two were hauled in over the high gunwale. The British gave them shots of rum and covered them with blankets. Four more were picked up; then they headed back for the destroyer and were hoisted aboard. On her deck, dripping, they met Rohrbeck, who remained, wiping his eyes and looking at the widening pool of oil, long after his men had been taken forward.

"Sun's warm," said the captain of the West Quincy, slapping his naked chest.

The British officers brought them blankets and addressed Graham in German.

"Nix," said Graham, "we were prisoners. I'm an American naval officer."

"I'm Captain-lieutenant Rohrbeck," broke in the German. "I sank the ship of these Americans a little while ago, but since you've just sunk mine, things are evened."

"I sunk it," interrupted Captain Welch.

"Shan't we go below and have a little something warm?" asked one of the British, with a significant glance at Graham, as much as to say that he could see the old captain was a little turned in the head by his recent experiences.

"I sunk it," said Welch stolidly. "They cut away the sheathing of a control to work it by hand. D'ye think I sailed the seas man and boy for thirty year for nothing? I dropped the cold chisel down it. It got dark and I dropped the chisel down the sheathing."

"And jammed my forward diving rudder!" cried Rohrbeck.

"It was dark and they couldn't see me," went on Captain Welch. "I opened the valves in as many speaking tubes as I could reach. Nothing happened. So then when they came to the surface again I got a wrench from a rack and hit one of the Germans with it. He fell into the water. I turned on all the other tubes and the water came down it in good style. Then we had a fight."

"What speaking tubes did you open?" interrupted Rohrbeck again, clutching the captain's arm. The British officers looked on aghast. These three naked men skipped about their decks and talked like lunatics. "The tubes that came down to starboard, behind the emergency switchboard? Were those the ones? The engine-room speaking tubes! And I thought we were making water aft! You fool, didn't you realize you'd flood my batteries and that would stop our motors? Didn't you realize that our motors were all that kept us afloat?"

"That was just the way I figgered it," said Captain Welch.

"Come down," cried the British officers, and they took hold of their new passengers to force them if necessary. "Get into some clothes and outside some Black and White, then we can discuss this thing, y' know."

"With a conning tower full of water and a depth of a hundred and twenty feet, there'd be some pressure on those tubes. We'd take aboard a hundred gallons a minute," muttered Rohrbeck. He spoke further, but in German.

"And you were the man that was always thinking of his wife and kids!" said Graham reproachfully.

He shivered violently. His release from a cold death in that sinking submarine had been too recent for him to feel pleased with Captain Welch.

"Other sailormen have got wife an' kids, too," answered the captain.

The British officers shoved them gently toward the ladder. Captain Welch looked out over the sea, at the distant steamer, and the smudges of smoke where destroyers and patrol boats were gathering, now that the excitement was over. The sun glinted on the water, and the seas ran blue, deep and glimmering.

"One o' them subs at the bottom will stop a lot o' widder makin'," muttered the captain, "an' I figgered I might as well drown an' have it over with as starve to death in some prison camp."

He started below, then grinned painfully. "Wasn't it luck a Britisher picked us up? We couldn't get a drink on one o' our boats. Yes, sir, I need one." And they went down the ladder.

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THE BELLAMY TRIAL

(Continued from Page 5)

"That's for choosing the jury; it looks as though they were going to start right now. Yes, they're off; that's the sheriff spinning the wheel. He calls the names ——"

"Timothy Forbes!"

A stocky man with a small shrewd eye and a reddish mustache wormed his way forward.

"Number 1! Take your seat in the box."

"Will it take long?" asked the red-headed girl.

"Alexander Petty!"

"Not at this rate," replied the reporter, watching the progress toward the jury box of a tow-headed little man with steel-bowed spectacles and a suit a little shiny at the elbows.

"This is going to be just about as rapid as the law allows, I understand. Both sides are rarin' to go, and they're not liable to touch their peremptory challenges; and they're not likely to challenge for cause, either, unless it's a darned good cause."

"Eliphalet Slocum!"

A keen-faced elderly man with a mouth like a steel trap joined the men in the box.

"It's a special panel that they're choosing from," explained the reporter, lowering his voice cautiously as Judge Carver glanced ominously in his direction. "Redfield's pretty up and coming for a place of its size. All the obviously undesirables are weeded out, so it saves an enormous amount of time."

"Cæsar Smith!"

Mr. Smith advanced at a trot, his round, amiable countenance beamingly exposing three gold teeth to the pleased spectators.

"Robert Augostini."

A dark and dapper individual with a silky black mustache slipped quietly by Mr. Smith.

"Number 5, take your place in the box. . . . George Hobart."

An amiable-looking youth in a brown Norfolk jacket advanced briskly.

"Who's that coming in now?" inquired the red-headed girl in a stealthy whisper.

"Where?"

"In the witnesses' seats—over in the corner by the window. The tall man with the darling little old lady."

The reporter turned his head, his boredom lit by a transient gleam of interest. "That? That's Pat Ives and his mother. She's been subpœnaed by the state as a witness—God knows what for."

"I love them when they wear bonnets," said the red-headed girl. "What's he like?"

"Pat? Well, take a good look at him; that's what he's like."

The red-headed girl obediently took a good look. Black hair, blue eyes, black with pain, set in a haggard, beautiful young face that looked white to the bone, a reckless mouth set in a line of desperation.

"He doesn't look very contented," she commented mildly.

"And his looks don't belie him," the reporter assured her dryly. "Young Mr. Ives belongs to the romantic school—you know—the guardsman, the troubadour, the rover and the lover; the duel by candlelight, the rose in the moonlight, the dice, the devil and boots, saddle, to horse and away! The type that muffs it when he's thrown into a show that deals in the crude realism of spilled kerosene and bloody rags and an Italian laborer's stuffy little front parlor. Mix him up with that and he gets shadows under his eyes and three degrees of fever and bad dreams. Also, he gets a little irritable with reporters."

"Did you interview him?" inquired the red-headed girl in awe-stricken tones.

"Well, that's a nice way of putting it," said the reporter thoughtfully. "I went around to the Ives' house with one or two other scientific spirits on the night after Sue Ives and Bellamy were arrested—June twenty-first, if my memory serves me. We rang the doorbell none too optimistically, and the door opened so suddenly that we practically fell flat on our faces in the front hall. There stood the debonair Mr. Ives, in his shirt sleeves, with as unattractive a look on his face as I've ever seen in my life.

"'Come right in, gentlemen,' says he, and he made that sound unattractive too. 'I'm not mistaken, am I? It's the gentlemen of the press that I'm addressing?' We allowed without too much enthusiasm that such was indeed the case, and in we came. 'Let's get right down to business,' he said. 'None of this absurd delicacy that uses up all your energy,' says he. 'What you gentlemen want to know, I'm sure, is whether I was Madeleine Bellamy's lover and whether my wife was her murderess. That's about it, isn't it?'

"It was just about it, but somehow, the way he put it, it sounded not so good. 'Well,' said Ives, 'I'll give you a good straight answer to a good straight question. Get to hell out of here!' says he, and he yanks the front door open so wide that it would have let out an army.

"Just as I was thinking of something really bright to come back with, a nice soft little voice in the back of the hall said, 'Oh, Pat darling, do be careful. You'll wake up the babies. I'm sure that these gentlemen will come back another time.' And Mrs. Daniel Ives trotted up and put one hand on his arm and smiled a nice, worried, polite little smile at us.

"And Pat darling smiled, too, not so everlastingly politely, and said, 'I'm sure they will I'm sure of it. Four o'clock in the morning's a good time too' And we decided that was as good a time as any and we went away from there. And here we are. And if you don't look sharp they'll have a jury before you understand why I know that Mr Ives is the romantic type that lets realism get on his nerves. What number is that heading for the box now?"

"Otto Schultz!"

A cozy white-headed cherub trotted energetically up.

"Number 10, take your place in the box!"

"Josiah Morgan!"

"Gosh, they'll get the whole panel in under an hour!" exulted the reporter. "Look at the fine hatchet face on Morgan, will you? I bet the fellow that tries to sell Josh a lame horse will live to rue the day."

"Charles Stuyvesant!"

Charles Stuyvesant smiled pleasantly at the sheriff, his fine iron-gray head and trim shoulders standing out sharply against his overgroomed and undergroomed comrades in the box.

"Number 12, take your place in the box! You and each of you do solemnly swear that you will well and truly try Bellamy and Susan Ives, and a true verdict give according to the law and evidence, so help you God"

Above the grave answering murmur the red-headed girl begged nervously, "What happens now?"

"I don't know recess, maybe—wait, the judge is addressing the jury."

Judge Carver's deep voice rang out impressively in the still court room:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will now be given the usual admonition—that you are not to discuss this case amongst yourselves, or allow anybody else to discuss it with you, outside your own body. You are not to form or express any opinion about the merits of the controversy You are to refrain from speaking of it to anybody, or from allowing anybody to speak to you with respect to any aspect of this case If this occurs you will communicate it to the court at once. You are to keep your judgment open until the defendants have had their side of the case heard, and, lastly, you are to make up your judgment solely on the law, which is the last thing that you will hear from the court in its charge. Until then you will not be able to render a verdict in accordance with the law, and therefore you must suspend judgment until that time The court is dismissed for the noon recess. We will reconvene at one o'clock."

The red-headed girl turned eyes round as saucers on the reporter. "Don't they come back till one?"

"They do not."

"What do we do until then?"

"We eat. There's a fair place on the next corner."

The red-headed girl waved it away. "Oh, I couldn't possibly eat—not possibly. It's like the first time I went to the theater; I was only seven, but I remember it perfectly. I sat spang in the middle of the front row, just like this, and I made my governess take me three-quarters of an hour too early, and I sat there getting sicker and sicker from pure excitement, wondering what kind of a new world was behind that curtain—what kind of a strange, beautiful, terrible world. I sat there feeling more frightful every second and all of a sudden the curtain went up with a jerk and I let out a shriek that made everyone in the theater and on the stage jump three feet in the air. I feel exactly like that now."

"Well, get hold of yourself. Shrieking isn't popular around here. If you sit right there like a good quiet child I may bring you back an apple. I don't promise anything, but I may."

She was still sitting there when he came back with the apple, crunched up in her chair, staring at the jury box with eyes rounder than ever.

"Isn't it nearly time?" She eyed the apple ungratefully.

"It is. Come on now, eat it, and I'll show you what I've got in my pocket."

"Show?"

"The jury list—names, addresses, ages, professions and all. Two of them are under thirty, three under forty, four under fifty, two under sixty, one sixty-two. Three merchants, two clerks, two farmers, an insurance man, an accountant, a radio expert, a jeweler and a banker. Not a bad list at all, if you ask me. Charles Stuyvesant's the only one that won't have a good clubby time of it. He's one of the richest bankers in New York."

"He looked it," said the red-headed girl. "What will they do when they come back?"

"Well, if they're good, the prosecutor's going to make them a nice little speech."

"Who is the prosecutor? Is he well known?"

"Mr Daniel Farr is a promising young lad of about forty who is extremely well known in these parts, and if you asked him his own unbiased opinion of his abilities, he would undoubtedly tell you that with a bit of luck he ought to be President of these United States in the next ten years."

"And what do you think of him?"

"Well, I think that he may be, at that, and I add in passing that I consider that no tribute to the judgment of these United States. He's about as shrewd as they make 'em, but I'm not convinced that he's a very good lawyer. He goes in too much for purple patches and hitting about three inches below the belt for my simple tastes. And he works on the theory that the jury is not quite all there, which may be amply justified, but is a little trying for the innocent bystander. He goes in for poetry, too—oh, not Amy Lowell or Ezra Pound, but something along the lines of 'I could not love thee, Dear, so much, loved I not Honor more,' and 'How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood'—you know the kind of thing—deep stuff."

"Is he successful?"

"Oh, by all manner of means. Twenty years ago he was caddie master at the Rosemont Country Club; five years before that he was a caddie there. America, my child, is the land of opportunity. He's magnificent when he gets started on the idle rich: it's all right to be rich if you're not idle—or well-born. If you're one of those well-born society devils you might just as well jump in the lake, if you ask Mr. Farr."

"Does he still live in Rosemont?"

"No, hasn't lived there for nineteen years; but I don't believe that he's forgotten one single snub or tip that he got in the good old days. Every now and then you can see him stop and turn them over in his mind."

"What's Mr. Lambert like?"

"Ah, there is a horse of a different color—a cart horse of a different color if I may go so far. Mr. Dudley Lambert is a lawyer who knows everything that there is to know about wills and trusts and estates, and not another blessed thing in the world. If he's as good now as he was when I heard him in a case two years ago, he's terrible. I can't wait to hear him."

The red-headed girl looked pale. "Oh, then why did she get him?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Lambert was a side kick of old Curtiss Thorne—handled his estate and everything—and being a crusty old bachelor from the age of thirty on, he idolized the Thorne children. Sue was his pet. She still calls him Uncle Dudley, and when the split came between Sue and her father he stuck to Sue. So I suppose that it was fairly natural that she turned to him when this thing burst; he's always handled all her affairs, and he's probably told her that he's the best lawyer this side of the Rocky Mountains. He believes it."

"How old is he?"

"Sixty-three—plenty old enough to know better. You might take everything that I say about these guys with a handful of salt; it's only fair to inform you that they are anything but popular with the Fourth Estate. The only person that talks less in this world than Dudley Lambert is Daniel Farr; either of them would make a closed steel trap seem like a chatterbox. Stephen Bellamy's counsel is Lambert's junior partner and under both his thumbs; he'd be a nice chap if he didn't have lockjaw."

"Don't they tell you anything at all?" inquired the red-headed girl sympathetically.

"They tell us that there's been a murder," replied the reporter gloomily. "And I'm telling you that it's the only murder that ever took place in the United States of America where the press has been treated like an orphan child by everyone that knows one earthly thing about it. Not one word of the hearing before the grand jury has leaked out to anyone; we haven't been given the name of one witness, and whatever the state's case against Stephen Bellamy and Susan Ives may be, it's a carefully guarded secret between Mr. Daniel Farr and Mr. Daniel Farr. The defense is just as expansive. So don't believe all you hear from me. I'd boil the lot of 'em in oil. Here comes Ben Potts. To be continued in our next."

The red-headed girl wasn't listening to him; she was watching the dark figure of the prosecutor, moving leisurely forward toward the little space where twelve men were seating themselves quietly and unostentatiously in their stiff, uncomfortable chairs. Twelve men—twelve everyday, ordinary, average men —— She drew a sharp breath and turned her face away for a minute. The curtain was going up.

"May it please Your Honor"—the prosecutor's voice was very low, but as penetrating as though he were a handbreadth away—"may it please Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury: On the night of the nineteenth of June, 1926, a little less than four months ago, a singularly cruel and ruthless murder took place not ten miles from the spot in which we have met to try the two who are accused of perpetrating it. On that summer night, which was made for youth and love and beauty, a girl who was young and beautiful and most desperately in love came out through the starlight to meet her lover. She had no right to meet him. She was

(Continued on Page 119)

We spent 35 years to develop this New Model Duofold

Starts and Writes with Pressureless Touch—Has Non-Breakable Barrel, 28% Lighter than Rubber

by GEO. S. PARKER

Here now is a pen that takes the pressure out of writing—stops breakage—baffles endless wear. It comes in 3 sizes, 6 graduated points, 5 jewel-like colors.

Not only the barrel, but the whole Parker Duofold Pen must stay in perfect order—your first cost is your last cost—see offer below.*

In reaching this goal, we spent 35 years on 47 major improvements—built sixteen million pens. We now own 32 patents on Pens alone, not counting a dozen more on Pencils and Desk Sets.

We made many discoveries. One is a way to produce pressureless writing—with feather-weight touch. This requires us to hand-grind a fine ink channel between the prongs of the Point. Thus capillary attraction combines with gravity feed to produce instant flow. And the weight of the pen—light as it is—is almost enough to make it write.

Another is our way of making Points that yield to any hand, yet never lose shape.

Now, instead of rubber, we use Parker Permanite for the pen barrel. It is 28% lighter. And we found a way to cure this material to defy all accidental breakage.

These Permanite barrels come in lustrous Jade, in Lacquer-red, in Mandarin Yellow, in flashing Black, and in Lapis Lazuli Blue—all black-tipped.

Without paying over $5 or $7, according to size, you can own the finest pen made—with the point, grip and color you prefer. Dealers invite you to try its pressureless touch on paper—to feel how its balance gives your hand dexterity.

But don't be guided by color alone. To be sure of service without cost, look for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." Otherwise, we can't be responsible. For Parker Duofold is the most widely copied Pen in the world.

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Duofold Jr. $5 Lady Duofold $5

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Goodrich Silvertowns

He offers them

BACK to the early days of bicycle tires—up to the modern Silvertown Balloons—Goodrich dealers have held the lead.

Time and again, experience shows they have been FIRST to offer their patrons the newest improvements in tire design—the new economies, the new protection, the new comforts, that come from new tire discoveries.

Look through the list of "Goodrich Firsts." It shows that the rule of buying from Goodrich dealers is a good one to stick to, year after year.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Est. 1870*
AKRON, OHIO *In Canada:* Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich

"BEST IN THE

FIRST!

Among the Goodrich accomplishments which have marked a definite advance in tire-building, the following stand out:

First to make an American bicycle tire with clincher beads—

First in America to make a separate outer casing and inner tube—

First in this country to build a pneumatic tire especially for automobiles—

First American manufacturer to make tires used on motorcycles—

First to introduce black treads for automobile tires in this country—

First to make metal base Solid Tires in America—

First to cure tires from inside and outside—instead of from outside only. Goodrich stands years ahead in the adoption and development of the WATER CURE.

First to discard "high pressure" tread design from the center of balloon tire treads, and develop the true low inflation principle of center flexibility. The tremendous success of the Silvertown Balloon tread is proved by billions of miles on owners' cars.

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Silvertowns

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NEW RADIO HOUR for world famous Goodrich Silvertown Orchestra and Silver Masked Tenor is Wednesday 8:30 to 9:30 Eastern Standard Time over WEAF and connected stations.

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YOU, too, will be pleased with the magic by which this polish keeps precious surfaces looking like new — the glistening trail of beauty it leaves in its wake.

It's easy to use — and a little goes a long way.

When the Fuller Man calls, you will want to see how quickly Fuller Furniture Polish gets results — how little rubbing is needed for a real polish — how it saves time and work because it is so easy to apply.

The need for such a polish as this — expressed to Fuller Men in thousands of homes — led to long and thorough experiments in Fuller laboratories. The result is this new and better polish — a preparation created exactly to meet all the requirements of the average American home with its fine and valuable furniture

Finger prints and bluish marks vanish like shadows before the sunlight as this cleansing polish blots them out. It is truly exceptional in the way it improves the appearance of pianos, Victrolas, tables, chairs, bedroom furniture and the other expensive woodwork that so ornament your home.

And, best of all, it has a quality you have always wanted in a furniture dressing. It is not sticky or messy to apply and leaves no adhesive surface to collect dust. Contains no injurious substances. You can satisfy yourself about the merits of this polish by getting a can from the Fuller Man and trying it.

Its pleasant odor will appeal to you—and the fact that it is so economical.

You can obtain Fuller Furniture Polish only from the Fuller Man. To get this Fuller product, [illegible] your Fuller Man phone the Fuller Brush Company [illegible]. The Fuller Brush Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ont. Women [illegible] Home, [illegible] Fuller Brush Co. [illegible] Limited, Hamilton, Ont. [illegible] be sent [illegible] no obligation.

You'll like this NEW way to clean and polish SILVER too

Just squeeze the tube. Out comes Fuller Silver Polishing Cream onto the dauber. Back comes the flash and shimmer to precious silver. No digging into hardened paste with the fingers. This new and better cream does not streak, scratch or whiten in crevices.

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

(Continued from Page 114)

another man's wife, he was another woman's husband. But love had made her reckless and she came, with a black cloak flung over her white lace dress, and silver slippers that were made for dancing on feet that were made to dance—and that had danced for the last time. She was bound for the gardener's cottage on one of the largest and oldest estates in the neighborhood, known as the Orchards. At the time of the murder it was not occupied, and the house was for sale. She was hurrying, because she feared that she was late and that her lover might be waiting. But it was not love that waited for her in the gardener's cottage.

"If you men who sit here in judgment of her murderers think harshly of that pretty, flushed, enchanted girl hurrying through the night to her tryst, remember that that tryst was with death, not with love, and be gentle with her, even in your thoughts. She has paid more dearly for the crime of loving not wisely but too well than many of her less righteous sisters.

"Next morning, at about ten o'clock, Mr. Herbert Conroy, a real-estate agent, arrived at the gardener's cottage with a prospective client for the estate who wished to inspect the property. As he came up on the little porch he was surprised to see that the front door was slightly ajar, and thinking that sneak thieves might have broken in, he pushed it farther open and went in.

"The first door at the right of the narrow hall was the sitting room—what was known by the people who had formerly used it as the front parlor. Mr. Conroy stepped across its threshold and his eyes fell on a truly appalling sight. Stretched out on the floor before him was a young woman in a white lace evening gown. A chair was overturned beside her. Either there had been a struggle or the chair had been upset as she fell. At her feet were the fragments of a shattered lamp chimney and china shade and a brass lamp.

"The girl's white frock was stained with blood from throat to hem; her silk stockings were clotted with it; even her silver slippers were ruinously stained. She was known to have been wearing a string of pearls, her wedding ring and three sapphire-and-diamond rings when she left home. These jewels were missing. The girl on the floor—the girl who had been willfully and cruelly stabbed to death—the girl whose pretty frock had been turned into a ghastly mockery, was Madeleine Bellamy, of whose murder the two defendants before you are jointly accused.

"The man on trial is Stephen Bellamy, the husband of the murdered girl. The woman who sits beside him is Susan Ives, the wife of Patrick Ives, who was the lover of Madeleine Bellamy and to whom she was going on that ill-starred night in June.

"Murder, gentlemen, is an ugly and repellent thing; but this murder, I think that you will agree, is a peculiarly ugly and repellent one. It is repellent because, it is the state's contention, it was committed by a woman of birth, breeding and refinement, to whose every instinct the very thought should have been abhorrent. Because this lady was driven to this crime by a motive singularly sordid. Because at her side stood a devoted husband, changed by jealousy to a beast to whom the death of his wife had become more precious than her life. It is peculiarly repellent, we propose to show you, that these two, with her blood still on their hands, were cool, collected and deliberate enough to remove from her dead body the jewels that she wore, in order to make this murder seem to involve robbery as a motive.

"In order to be able fully to grasp the significance of the evidence that we propose to present to you, it is necessary that you should know something of the background against which these actors played their tragic parts. As briefly as possible, then, I will sketch it for you.

"Bellechester County—your county, gentlemen, and, thank God, my county—contains as many beautiful homes and delightful communities as any county in this state—or in any other state, for that matter—and no more delightful one exists than that of Rosemont, a small village about ten miles south of this courthouse. The village itself is a flourishing little place, but the real center of attraction is the country club, about two miles from the village limits. About this center cluster some charming homes, and in one of the most charming of them, a low, rambling, remodeled farmhouse, lived Patrick Ives and his wife. Patrick Ives is a man of about thirty-two who has made a surprising place for himself as a partner in one of the most conservative and successful investment banking houses in New York. I say surprising advisedly, for everyone was greatly surprised when about seven years ago he married Susan Thorne and settled down to serious work for the first time in his life. Up till that time, with the exception of two years at the Front establishing a brilliant war record, he seems to have spent most of his time perfecting his golf game and his fox-trotting abilities and devoting the small portion of time that remained at his disposal to an anæmic real-estate business. According to all reports, he was—and is—likable, charming and immensely popular."

"Just one moment, Mr. Farr." Judge Carver's deep tones cut abruptly across the prosecutor's clear, urgent voice. "Do you propose to prove all these statements?"

"Certainly, Your Honor."

"I do not wish in any way to hamper you, but some of this seems a little far afield."

"I can assure Your Honor that the state proposes to connect all these facts with its case."

"Very well, you may proceed."

"At the time of the murder Mr. Ives' household consisted of his wife, Susan Thorne Ives; his two children, Peter and Polly, aged five and six; his mother, Mrs. Daniel Ives, to whom he has always been an unusually devoted son; a nursery governess, Miss Kathleen Page; and some six or seven servants. The only member of the household who concerns us immediately is Susan, or, as she is known to her friends, Sue Ives.

"Mrs. Ives is a most unusual woman. The youngest child and only daughter of the immensely wealthy Curtiss Thorne, she grew up on the old Thorne estate, the Orchards, the idol of her father and her two brothers. Her mother died shortly after she was born. There was no luxury, no indulgence to which she was not accustomed from her earliest childhood. She was brilliantly intellectual and excelled at every type of athletics. Society, apparently, interested her very little; but there was not a trophy that she did not promptly capture at either golf or tennis. She was not particularly attractive to men, according to local gossip, in spite of being witty, accomplished and charming—perhaps she was too witty and too accomplished for their peace of mind. At any rate, she set the entire community by the ears about seven years ago by running off with the handsome and impecunious Patrick Ives, just back from the war.

"Old Curtiss Thorne, who detested Patrick Ives and had other plans for her, cut her off without a cent—and died two years later without a cent himself, ruined by the collapse of his business during the deflation of 1921. Just what happened to Patrick and Susan Ives during the three years after the elopement no one knows. They disappeared into the maelstrom of New York. Mrs. Daniel Ives joined them, and somehow they must have managed to keep from starving to death. Two children were born to Susan Ives, and finally Patrick persuaded this investment house to try him out as a bond salesman. It developed that he had a positive genius for the business, and his rise has been spectacular in the extreme. He is considered today one of the most promising young men in the Street.

"At the end of four years the Iveses and their babies returned to Rosemont. They bought an old farmhouse with some seven or eight acres about a mile from the club, remodeled it, landscaped it, put in a tennis court and became the most sought after young couple in Rosemont. On the surface, they seemed ideally happy. Two charming children, a charming home, plenty of money, congenial enough tastes—such things should go far to create a paradise, shouldn't they? Well, down this smooth, easy, flower-strewn and garlanded path Patrick and Susan Ives were hurrying straight toward hell. In order to understand why this was true, you must know something of two other people and their lives.

"About a mile and a half from the Ives house was another farmhouse, on the outskirts of the village, but this one had not been remodeled. It was small, shabby, in poor repair—no tennis court, no gardens, a cheap, portable garage, a meager half acre of land inadequately surrounded by a rickety fence. Everything is comparative in this world. To the dwellers in tenements and slums, that house would have been a little palace. To the dweller in the stone palaces that line the Hudson, it would be a slum. To Madeleine Bellamy, whose home it was, it was undoubtedly a constant humiliation and irritation."

"Mimi Bellamy—in all likelihood no one in Rosemont had heard her called Madeleine since the day that she was christened—Mimi Bellamy was an amazingly beautiful creature. 'Beauty' is a much cheapened and battered word; in murder trials it is loosely applied to either the victim or the murderess if either of them happened to be under fifty and not actually deformed. I am not referring to that type of beauty. Mimi Bellamy's beauty was of the type that in Trojan days launched a thousand ships and in these days launches a musical comedy. Hers was beauty that is a disastrous gift—not the commonplace prettiness of a small-town belle, though such, it seems, was the rôle in which fate had cast her.

"I am showing you her picture, cut from the local paper—crudely taken, crudely printed, many times enlarged, yet even all these factors cannot dim her radiance. It was taken shortly before she died—not two months before, as a matter of fact. It cannot give the flowerlike beauty of her coloring, the red-gold hair, the sea-blue eyes, the exquisite flush of exultant youth that played about her like an enchantment; but perhaps even this cold, black-and-white shadow of a laughing girl in a flowered frock will give you enough of a suggestion of her warm enchantment to make the incredible disaster that resulted from that enchantment more credible. It is for that purpose that I am showing it to you now, and to remind you, if you feel pity for another woman, that never more again in all this world will that girl's laughter be heard, young and careless and joyous. I ask you most solemnly to remember that.

"Mimi Dawson Bellamy was the daughter of the village dressmaker, who had married Frederick Dawson, a man considerably above her socially, as he was a moderately successful real-estate broker in the village of Rosemont. He was by no manner of means a member of the local smart set, however, and was not even a member of the country club. They lived in a comfortable, unpretentious house a little off the main street, and in the boarding house next to them lived Mrs. Daniel Ives and her son Patrick.

"Mrs. Ives, a widow, was very highly regarded in the village, to which she had come many years previously, and was extremely industrious in her efforts to supplement their meager income. She gave music lessons, did mending, looked after small children whose mothers were at the movies, and did everything in her power to assist her son, whose principal contribution to their welfare up to the time that he was twenty-one seemed to be a genuine devotion to his mother. At that age Mr. Dawson took him in to work with him in the real-estate business, hoping that his charm

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FFB DIAMOND VELVET has a fibre bearing at the top of the socket—where the load rests—and at the bottom where side strain is encountered. Outwears any other form of bearing. Fitted with Feltoid wheels to insure against marring and gouging.

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If the menfolk had to do the housecleaning it wouldn't be long before every piece of furniture in America would be rolling on Bassicks.

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ing closed car interiors with the beauty of exquisite drawing-rooms—and crowning all, a refreshing air of youthfulness.

Even brief inspection of the Buick line assures you there is no longer any need to delay purchase of your new car. Buick for 1928 is Beauty for 1928—and performance, luxury and value for 1928 as well.

1928

BUILT · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 119

and engaging manners would make up for his lack of experience and industry. To a certain extent they did, but they created considerably more havoc with Mr. Dawson's beautiful daughter than they did with his clients. A boy-and-girl affair immediately sprang up between these two—the exquisite, precocious child of seventeen and the handsome boy of twenty-two were seen everywhere together, and it was a thoroughly understood thing that Mimi Dawson and Pat Ives were going together, and that one of these days they would go as far as the altar.

"A year later war was declared. Patrick Ives enlisted at once, and was among the first to reach France. The whole village believed that if he came back alive he would marry Mimi. But they were counting without Mimi.

"War, gentlemen, changed more things than the map of Europe. It changed the entire social map in many an American community; it changed, drastically and surprisingly, the social map of the community of Rosemont in the county of Bellechester. For the first time since the country club was built and many of the residents of New York discovered that it was possible to live in the country and work in the city, the barrier between the villagers and the country club members was lowered, and over this lowered barrier stepped Mimi Dawson, straight into the charmed sewing circles, knitting circles, Red Cross circles, bandage-making circles that had sprung up overnight—straight, moreover, into the charmed circle of society, about whose edges she had wistfully hovered—and straight, moreover, into the life of Elliot Farwell.

"Elliot Farwell was the younger brother of Mrs. George Dallas, at whose house met the Red Cross Circle of which Mrs. Dallas was president. Many of the village girls were asked to join her class in bandage making—after all, we were fighting this war to make the world safe for democracy, so why not be democratic? A pair of hands from the village was just as good as a pair of hands from the club—possibly better. So little Mimi Dawson found herself sitting next to the great Miss Thorne, wrapping wisps of cotton about bits of wood and going home to the village with rapidly increasing regularity in Mr. Elliot Farwell's new automobile, quite without the knowledge or sanction of Mr. Farwell's sister, whose democracy might not have stood the strain.

"Elliot Farwell was one of the two or three young men left in Rosemont. His eyes made it impossible for him to get into any branch of the service, so he remained peaceably at home, attending to a somewhat perfunctory business in the city as a promoter. He would have had to be blind enough to require the services of a dog and a tin cup not to have noted Mimi Dawson's beauty, however; as a matter of fact, he noted it so intently that three months after peace was declared and three weeks before Patrick Ives returned from the war, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dawson announced the engagement of their daughter Madeleine to Mr. Elliot Farwell—and to a startled world. Not the least startled member of this world, possibly, was Susan Thorne, to whom young Farwell had been moderately attentive for several years.

"Such was the state of affairs when the tide of exodus to Europe turned and back on the very crest of the incoming waves rode Major Patrick Ives, booted, spurred, belted and decorated—straight over the still-lowered barrier into the very heart of the country-club set. He was, not unnaturally, charmed with his surrounding, and apparently the fact that he found Mimi Dawson already installed there with a fiancé did not dampen his spirits in the slightest. From the day that he first went around the golf course with Susan Thorne he was as invariably at her side as her shadow. Mr. Curtiss Thorne's open and violent disapproval left them unchastened and inseparable. Apparently they found the world well lost, as did Farwell and his fiancée. And into the midst of this idyllic scene, a month or so later, wanders the last of our actors, Stephen Bellamy.

"Stephen Bellamy was older than these others—seven years older than Susan Thorne or Patrick Ives, twelve years older than the radiant Mimi. He was the best friend of Susan's elder brother, Douglas, and a junior partner of Curtiss Thorne. He had done well in the war, as he had in his business, and he was generally supposed to be the best masculine catch in Rosemont—intelligent, distinguished and thoroughly substantial. It was everybody's secret that Curtiss Thorne wanted him for his son-in-law, and he and Elliot Farwell were the nearest approaches to beaus that Susan Thorne had had before the war.

"Shortly after the close of the war she had lost both of them. The sober, reserved, conservative Stephen Bellamy fell even more violently and abjectly a victim of Mimi Dawson's charms than had Elliot Farwell. The fact that she was engaged to another man who had been at least a pleasant acquaintance of his did not seem to deter Mr. Bellamy for a second. At any rate, the third week in June in 1919 brought three shocks to the conservative community of Rosemont that left it rocking for many moons to come. On Monday, after a violent and public quarrel with Farwell, Mimi Dawson broke her engagement to him; on Wednesday Sue Thorne eloped with Patrick Ives and on Thursday Miss Dawson and Mr. Bellamy were married by the justice of the peace in this very courthouse.

"It is a long stride from that amazing week in June to another June, but I ask you to make it with me. In the seven years that have passed, the seeds that were sown in those far-off days—seeds of discord, of heartbreak, of envy and malice—have waxed and grown into a mighty vine, heavy with bitter fruit; and the day of harvest is at hand—and the hands of the harvesters shall be red. But on this peaceful sunny summer afternoon of the nineteenth of June, 1926, those who are sitting in the vine's shadow seem to find it a tranquil and a pleasant place.

"It is five o'clock at the Rosemont Country Club, and the people that I have brought before you in the brief time at my disposal are gathered on the lawn in front of the club; the golfers are just coming in; it is the prettiest and gayest hour of the day. Mimi Bellamy is there, waiting for her husband. She has driven over in their little car to take him home for supper; it is parked just now beside Sue Ives' sleek and shining car with its sleek and shining chauffeur, and possibly Mimi Bellamy is wondering what strange fate makes one man a failure in the world of business and another a success. For the industrious and intelligent Stephen Bellamy has never recovered from the setback that he received when Curtiss Thorne's business crashed; he is still struggling valiantly to keep a roof over his wife's enchanting head—he can do little more. True, they have a maid of all work and a man of all work; but Sue Ives, who married the village ne'er-do-well, has eight servants and three cars and the prettiest gardens in Rosemont. So does fate make fools of the shrewdest of us!

"Gathered about in little groups are the George Dallases, Elliot Farwell and Richard Burgoyne, the man with whom he keeps bachelor hall in a small bungalow near the village; the Ned Conroys and Sue Ives, whose husband has been cheated out of golf by a business engagement in the city, in spite of the fact that it is Saturday afternoon. She has, however, found another cavalier. Seated on the club steps, a little apart from the others, she is deep in conversation with Elliot Farwell, who is consuming his third highball in rapid succession. Gentlemen, if I could let you eavesdrop on the seemingly casual and actually momentous discussion that is going on behind those amiable masks, much that is dark to you now would be clear as day. I ask your patient and intelligent interest until that moment arrives. It will arrive, I promise.

"For here, on this sunlit lawn, I propose to leave them for the present. Others will tell you what happened from that sunlit moment until the dark and dreadful one in the gardener's little cottage, when a knife rose and fell. I have not gone thus exhaustively into the shadowy past from which these figures sprang in order to retail to you the careless chatter of a country club and a country village. I have gone into it because I have felt it entirely imperative that you should know the essential facts in the light of which you will be able to read more clearly the evidence that I am about to submit to you. It is inevitable that each one of you must say to himself as you sit there: 'How is it possible that this young woman seated before our eyes, charming, well-bred, sheltered, controlled, intelligent—how is it possible that this woman can have willfully, brutally and deliberately murdered another woman? How is it possible that the man seated beside her, a gentleman born and bred, irreproachable in every phase of his past life, can have aided and abetted her in her project?'

"How are these things possible, you ask? Gentlemen, I say to you that we expect to prove that these things are not possible—we expect to prove that these things are certain. I am speaking neither rashly nor lightly when I assure you that the state believes that it can demonstrate their certainty beyond the shadow of a possible doubt. I am not seeking a conviction; I am no bloodhound baying for a victim. If you can find it in your hearts when I have done with this case to hold these two guiltless, you will, indeed, be fortunate—and I can find in my heart no desire to deprive you of that good fortune. It is my most painful duty, however, to place the facts before you and to let them speak for themselves.

"I ask you, gentlemen, to bear these things in mind. Susan Ives is a woman accustomed to luxury and security; she has once before been roughly deprived of them What dreadful scars those three years in New York left on the gallant and spirited girl who went so recklessly to face them we can only surmise. But perhaps it is sufficient to say that the scars seared so deep that they sealed her lips forever. I have not been able to discover that she has mentioned them to one solitary soul, and I have questioned many. She was threatened with a hideous repetition of this nightmare. Her religious principles, as you will learn, prevented her from ever accepting or seeking a divorce, and she was too intelligent not to be fully aware that if Patrick Ives ran away with Mimi Bellamy, he would inevitably lose his position in the ultra-conservative house in which he was a partner, and thus be absolutely precluded from providing for her or her children, even if he had so desired.

"The position of a young woman thrown entirely on her own resources, with two small children on her hands, is a desperate one, and it is our contention that Susan Ives turned to desperate remedies. Added to this terror was what must have been a truly appalling hatred for the girl who was about to turn her sunny and sheltered existence into a nightmare. Cupidity, love, revenge—every murder in this world that is not the result of a drunken blow springs from one of these motives. Gentlemen, the state contends that Susan Ives was moved by all three.

"As for Stephen Bellamy, his idolatry of his young and beautiful wife was his life—a drab and colorless life save for the light and color that she brought to it. When he discovered that she had turned that idolatry to mockery, madness descended on him—the madness that sent Othello staggering to his wife's bed with death in his hands; the madness that has caused that wretched catch phrase 'the unwritten law' to become almost as potent as our written code—to our shame, be it said. Do not be deceived by the memory of that phrase, gentlemen. There was another law, written centuries ago in letters of flame on the peak of a mountain—'Thou shalt not kill.' Remember that law written in flame and forget the one that has been traced only in the blood of its victims. These two before you stand accused of breaking that law written on Sinai—that sacred law on which hangs all the security of the society that we have so laboriously wrought out of chaos and horror—and we are now about to show you why they are thus accused.

"From the first step that each took toward the dark way that was to lead them to the room in the gardener's cottage, we will trace them—to its very threshold—across its threshold. There I will leave them, my duty will have been done. Yours, gentlemen, will be yet to do, and I am entirely convinced that however painful, however hateful, however dreadful, it may seem to you, you will not shrink from performing that duty."

The compelling voice with its curious ring fell abruptly to silence—a silence that lingered, deepened, and then abruptly broke into irrepressible and incautious clamor.

"Silence! Silence!"

Ben Potts' voice and Judge Carver's gavel thundered down the voices.

"Once and for all, this court room is not a place for conversation. Kindly remain silent while you are in it. Court is dismissed for the day. It will convene again at ten tomorrow."

The red-headed girl dragged stiffly to her feet. The first day of the Bellamy trial was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Tygart River Near Elkins, West Virginia

Is the fire drill enough?

In progressive schools today, training with regard to fire does not stop with the fire drill.

School children are being taught a respect for fire—how to prevent it as well as what to do in case of fire wherever they may be. They are learning to recognize common fire hazards and to appreciate the dangers of carelessness. There is need for this appreciation, among adults as well as children. More than 50% of the nation's appalling fire loss, in lives and property, is caused by carelessness.

Is your school progressive? The local fire authorities and the North America Agent in your community will gladly help plan a practical program of education in fire prevention and protection.

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792"

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write practically every form of insurance except life

Willard RADIO

WTAM

Important discoveries in radio power recently made by the Willard Radio Research Laboratories are responsible for the outstandingly better results given by Willard Units.

Many of the experiments which brought about these discoveries were conducted in connection with Willard Broadcasting Station WTAM. This station is on the air every evening for your enjoyment and is one of the 20 high-power stations in the country.

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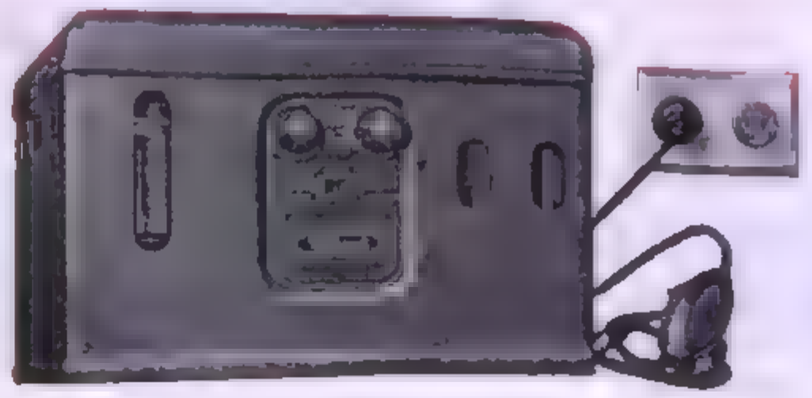
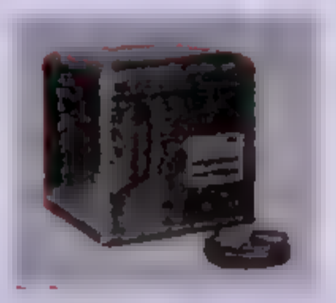


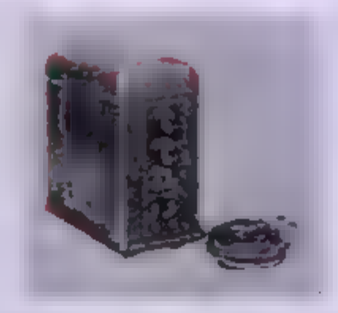
The Willard Combination
"A-B" POWER UNIT

Here is the very latest development in Willard Radio Power. A combination light-socket radio unit which can be depended upon to supply steady "A" and "B" power in any type of radio set of one to ten tubes. And so simple in operation that it actually turns itself on when you tune in, and turns itself off when you are through using your set.



Willard Standard "A" Power Unit. Has ample power for all but large sets. Charges at trickle rate only 2 amperes. This "A" Unit is furnished with or without relay, as desired.

Willard "Super A" Power Unit. Selective charging at ½-ampere or 2-ampere rate, a distinctive Willard feature, to insure a constant supply of power at all times.



Willard Standard "B" Power Unit. For use in connection with a set of average requirements. This unit develops 150 volts at 30 milliamperes easily and free from hum.

The Willard "Super B" Power Unit. This is the same "B" power supply as used in the Willard "A-B" Unit. This unit will develop 180 volts at 40 milliamperes.

Let Your Own Ears HEAR *the Difference*

BIG POWER

THERE is an enormous difference. This is why we ask you to listen to a Willard *before* you decide on the power unit that you will install in your radio set this fall.

We promise you a new thrill in radio—music that comes in as true as the tones in which it was sung, voice that sounds as natural as if the speaker were in the same room with you, and no power unit hum.

We also promise you convenience, and a simplicity of operation which seems almost unbelievable until you have seen one of the new Willard "A-B" Power Units in action—on a radio set.

Your nearest Willard dealer will be glad to demonstrate Willard Radio Power to you. When your own ears hear the difference, you will be in a position to decide to your advantage—to your future enjoyment. And we want you to make your own decision.

Willard Power Units and Willard Rechargeable Radio Batteries are for sale at Willard Service Stations and by Authorized Willard Radio Dealers everywhere. Ask for demonstration.

Cars *Steeled* Against Wear

Through the black bulk of a rolling mill pass glowing "blooms" of steel . . . Timken electric furnace steel in an early stage of being shaped into Timken Tapered Roller Bearings . . . *the* bearings with the exclusive combination of this supremely durable Timken-made steel, *and* Timken tapered construction, *and* Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS.*

Not only friction, but all the forces of shock, side-thrust, torque and speed yield to Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. They give *complete* protection, in the transmission, differential, pinion or worm drive, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fan. They signify endurance, refined design, simplicity, safety, accessibility, silence—and lasting economy.

There is nothing more important than Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in choosing a motor car, truck or bus. The great majority of makes are Timken-equipped.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

Stresses running into millions of pounds fiercely test Timken Bearings in steel manufacture. Only Timken endurance has made it possible to apply the advantages of anti-friction bearings to giant steel mill machinery. Great steel makers, including Timken, are establishing power savings of over 50% by using Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. In *all* types of equipment, throughout industry, Timken Bearings are establishing new records of economy and endurance.

THE DRY PARTY

(Continued from Page 13)

which couldn't wait, and sometimes it seemed as if the rent was hardly paid before it was due again. Anne was not used to rent. She had always lived in a house which was fully owned by those who lived within it. The firm gave Pat a salary and a certain bonus every year, depending on the profits of the firm. It had sounded as large to Anne as to her mother. But it wasn't enough, especially with liquor.

There was a ring at the doorbell and she answered it. A sad-looking man carrying a small suitcase or large brief bag came in as if he felt very much at home. Anne knew him well enough. He was just back from Winnipeg and this was Pat's trip. She led him out into the pantry and the sad-looking man unpacked a number of bottles. He pulled down the pantry shade as he did it.

"It's just as well not to take no chances," he said.

Anne did not answer. She looked at the liquor and saw that Pat had evidently been very generous in his order. When the sad man had gone, the sun did not seem quite as bright or the morning as cheerful. She put the bottles away in their little cellarette. They seemed so furtive, so depressing. Of course you had to have them. That was all there was to that. And they made you gay. They made you think of saying things you didn't know you could say. They released a part of you that was always afraid to get out and be amusing. She lifted a bottle of cognac and looked at it. French brandy. Suddenly she remembered the fat brandy bottle on her mother's shelf of remedies, and its prim uses, and laughed. But, possibly because she hadn't opened any of the bottles, she didn't feel funny. She locked the cellarette carefully and hid the key.

Roughly she figured that Pat would pay more than a hundred dollars for this lot. It was fair enough. If you drank other people's liquor you had to come across with your own. It wasn't at all the way you felt about people's food. That was hospitality. People asked you to dinner because they wanted you, not because you would trade a lamb roast for their beef one, or a duck for their chicken. But with liquor it was different. Drinking people's liquor was like borrowing their money. It had to be paid back.

The day let her down badly. No day which began so brightly had a right to deceive her by becoming a series of minor catastrophes. Pat had not taken the car with him today, and she decided to drive it downtown and buy her groceries at some of the small shops with tempting displays of fresh vegetables, where one paid cash. That was the way to get ahead—by not running up bills—and she was in a mood for economy—for picking out her own vegetables and meat. But when she was halfway to the shopping district the car stopped and, being out of gas, it stayed where it was until Anne telephoned the nearest garage man to bring her some gasoline. She had not counted on paying for gas today, nor for the extra service of the garage man, and by the time her tank was full and she was on her way again she did not have enough money in her purse to do any extensive shopping. So her first errand was to go to the bank and cash a check.

She bought rather more of the cash groceries and meat than she had intended to, and took them home with her. The paper boy called to collect for the morning paper, which cost another two dollars. The cleaners called up to tell her that the dark stain would not come out of her rose chiffon dress—it was that wretched wine that Martin Sloan had been so boastful about, she reflected—and the rose chiffon was her best and most becoming evening dress. She never could wear it again, that was all, for it wasn't a dress that could be made over. There were two invitations to weddings in the afternoon mail, and each of them meant buying a present just when she had started to economize. They were close friends of Pat's and he wouldn't want to neglect them.

By the time the afternoon mail, with its second batch of bills, came in, she was feeling put upon. And just then Pat telephoned.

"Did you win the case?" she asked, forgetting everything but that.

"We aren't through. Just finished for today. The judge adjourned court early. We ought to be through tomorrow."

"Is it going well?"

"Sure," he said, but she guessed from the tone of his voice that he was not sure. "Did my friend come?"

"Your friend? No. Oh—that man. Yes, he came."

"Good. I may bring some of the boys out a little later."

"Oh, Pat, today! Why don't you wait until that case is over?"

"Don't be silly, dear. What's it got to do with the case? Did you have a nice day?"

"Fine," she lied.

"All right. I'll be out around five. If you have time you might—you know—fix some ice and stuff."

Anne knew. At 5:30 there were guests in her apartment. Charlie Barnes was there, and Will Douglas and Martin Sloan and Bob Vaile. They were young men, all under thirty-five, and they had a kind of composite manner which indicated that they'd been educated rather well and taken a great deal of hard exercise. They were not loafers. They had been in one war and would go off to another any time it was offered. Anne knew that they all either had a living or were making one, and it cost them a great deal to live. On the whole, she liked them and knew they liked her. She had gone to the trouble of putting on her newest summer dress and she looked as cool as the ice in her various-shaped glasses. But she couldn't help wishing that they would not come in at five o'clock. It was getting hotter and it would be impossible to air out so much cigarette smoke.

"Say, that fellow certainly knows his business, Pat!"

"Funny bird, isn't he?"

"They'll get him sooner or later, I suppose."

"Oh, well, he charges up his risk all right. He could afford a holiday that the state paid for."

"Sure he could."

"What are you having, Anne?"

"Nothing. It's too early for me."

"Don't spoil my fun, Anne."

She laughed, but held out.

It was not a dissipated scene. They sat around in Anne's pretty chairs and talked of the things that would interest any group of young men—business, golf, the hard luck of somebody, the good luck of somebody else. It was after the third drink that Anne seemed to see the change in them, and it was almost as if a different character was rising in each man. Pat had reached the generous mood and wanted everyone to have more. He had given away a number of bottles in addition to those he had ordered for his friends. Charlie Barnes was beginning to look mawkish. Martin Sloan had begun to bring up the subject of his wife. Will Douglas showed no perceptible difference in manner, but he was growing red in the face; and Bob Vaile's eyes were growing smaller and he was exceedingly restless. It was he who suggested the thing Anne didn't want, most of all!

"Let's get the girls and go to the club for dinner."

"And come back here."

"All stay here for dinner," urged Pat. "That's the idea, isn't it, Anne?"

"It is not," said Anne; "not with four lamb chops."

"I'll go down to the club and get more chops."

"No; you're crazy, Pat. We'll all go down to the club," said Will Douglas.

"It's too short notice," said Anne. "The girls will have their dinners planned."

"The dinners will keep. We've got a good start now. How about it—the club at 7:30. Will can order dinner when he goes back there, and pick himself a girl."

"And then we'll come back here," insisted Pat.

In the interim between the departure of the men and the time they left for the club, Anne tried various deterrents. She emptied ash trays and pounded up cushions while Pat looked over his stock.

"It seems to me, Pat, that you might go slow tonight. There's no use in drinking up a fortune of liquor."

"Oh, we'll go slow all right. This has to last some time, this consignment."

"And I thought we ought to let it break up early, Pat. Really I do, if you're to be in court by 9:30, and try that important case."

"You're right," said Pat. "Shall we have a little drink before we start? This shaker isn't empty."

Anne took the glass he offered. She thought that was better than to let him drink it all himself. Immediately her own mind brightened, as if someone had turned on a light within it.

"Lit," she said casually, "is such a very accurate word."

At 12:30 a number of guests were again in the Crawfords' apartment. A long dinner, prefaced by a cocktail in Will Douglas' room, had intervened. Then they had gone out on the lake drive, and when they were cooled off, had come back here. What had been done to destroy the hours since, Anne scarcely knew. It was incoherent and restless in the room. They had played the phonograph. They had a few drinks. They split up into groups of two and three and blended again. They had some more drinks. They talked. But it wasn't real talking. It was unrelated to conversation. It was only words piled on words—words that mustn't really connect, mustn't become serious or lead to any conclusion, for that would destroy the fantasy. "It's all fantasy," thought Anne, as her own mind flared. "No one here is real. A changeling is loose in every one of them. These aren't people who have homes and children and pay their bills and earn their livings. They're all possessed!"

Bob Vaile was talking about the sea and how he always wanted to be a sailor. He always did that. The practical little fellow who sold bonds was gone. He would end by singing a sea ballad. Charlie was making love to Mary Sloan, whom he wouldn't notice tomorrow. And Pat—Pat was not the man she had breakfasted with. This man was lowering, edgy, ugly, suspicious.

"I don't see what you mean," he was saying to Will Douglas, "by saying a thing like that."

"Pat wants to fight," said Anne, intervening. "Don't pay any attention to him, Will."

"That's it," said Pat, turning on her. "That's a fine way for a man's wife to talk. That's a fine wife."

"Don't make yourself any more ridiculous than you are," Anne advised him.

He glowered at her. The changeling in him didn't like her. And Anne hated the changeling.

"If I'm so ridiculous, maybe I'd better leave the party."

"Why don't you?"

"You've got a lovely disposition, Anne."

"It's better than the one I married."

They didn't care who heard them. At times like this, with a flaring mind, it was a relief to have an audience. But later, when they were all gone—for they finally did go—and Anne had begun to clear up, with windows opened everywhere and lights turned low so the neighbors couldn't see in, the night air that drifted in seemed to carry away the fantasy. The light in her

(Continued on Page 129)

IT ALWAYS LIGHTS

The "One-Hand" Lighter—
Made Like a Fine Watch

THORENS AUTOMATIC LIGHTERS are as good looking and dependable as a finely adjusted time-piece. Smokers revel in their *handiness*. For here is a Lighter that requires but a gentle press of the button. The rest is automatic . . . . a snap . . . . it opens . . . . an even-burning flame. No wheels to finger—no tricks to learn. Just a "One-Hand" Lighter that *lights!*

Thin-shaped, compact case encloses all working parts. Nothing to catch pocket-lining or soil the hand. Safety catch prevents opening while not in use. Cases may be had plain, handsomely engraved or covered with leather of various colors. $3 in plain cases, up to $25 in sterling.

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Press the button—snap—the top opens, you have an even-burning flame. Few turns of button lock the lid.

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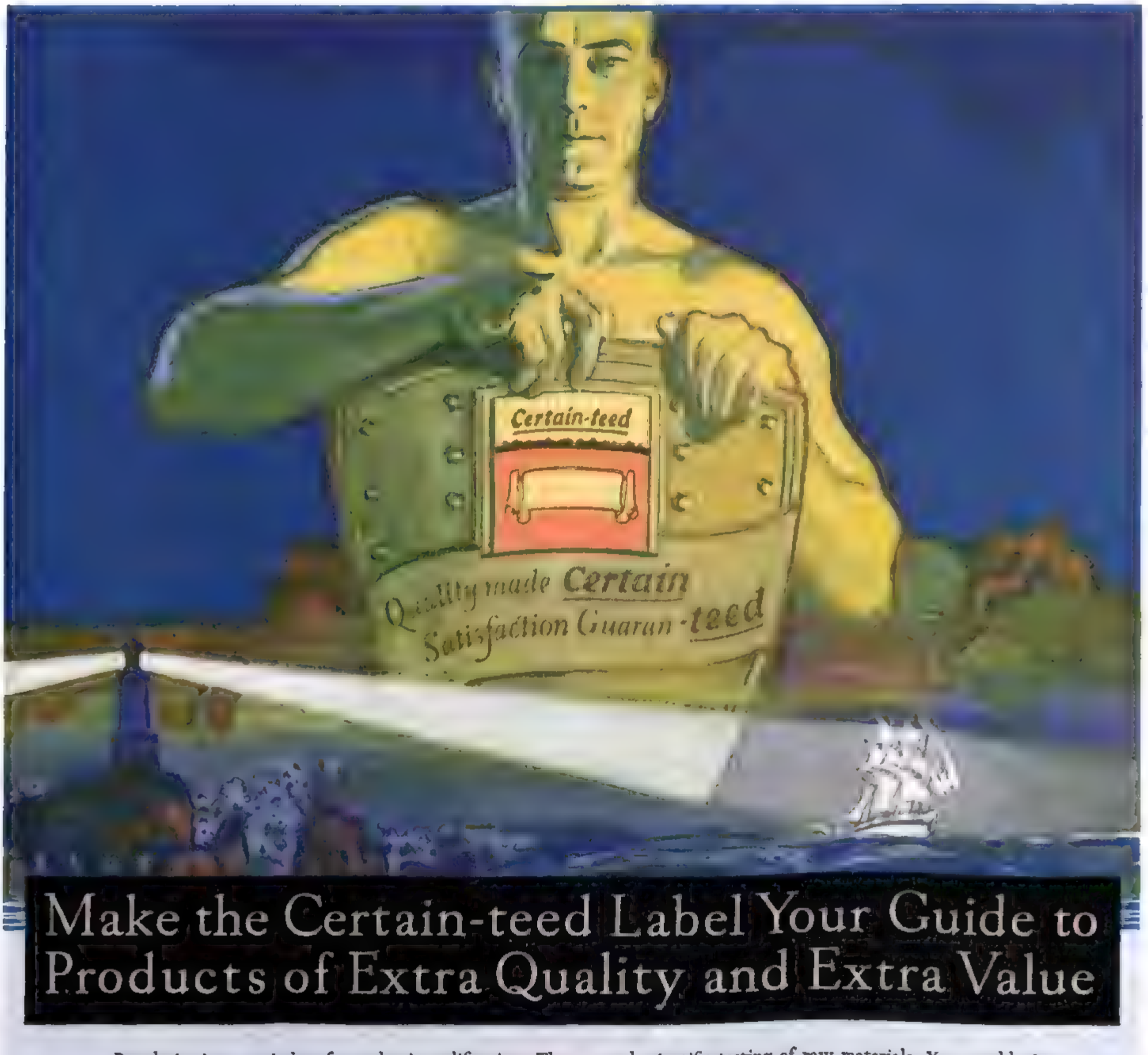

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Popularity is a sure index of a product's qualifications. The steadily growing demand for Certain-teed products, in all parts of the world, is a real indication that they are giving the public satisfying service — no matter how severe the tests of climate or usage.

Were you to inspect one of the Certain-teed plants—as many others have -you would soon realize why the label represents such a safe guide in buying. You would be impressed with the care involved in sorting, grading and scientific testing of raw materials. You would note systematic, continuous processing on modern machinery, installed to curtail excess motions or operations. Time and labor are conserved in every way, in order to give users of Certain-teed products unusual values.

In every classification — strength, durability, beauty, originality and economy — Certain-teed products are outstanding. Purchasers who put their faith in the Certain-teed label, never fail to reap lasting satisfaction.

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LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS
GYPSUM BOARDS

(Continued from Page 127)

mind dimmed. She looked in the bedroom. Pat had fallen asleep, heavily and untidily. He looked drunk. Not lit—not tight in a gentlemanly way—but drunk, the way men were in ditches. Anne suddenly remembered that when she was a little girl she and her mother had sometimes passed men lying asleep like this by the roadside, and Mrs. Vivian would say, "Don't look at them, Anne." Those men had seemed an immeasurable distance from her world. Her world didn't get drunk. But now it did. And she allowed it. She drank herself.

Her fingers touched the top of a table and felt a sticky mess. That was the cordial someone spilled. She went out to get a wet cloth and discovered the confusion of the kitchen. And what was it all about? Another party that no one would remember particularly, another in the endless chain of liquor parties that were utterly meaningless. Another time that Pat had been insulting. Where did it all stop anyway? Or did it stop? Could it stop? She looked out of the open window and the moon seemed to sail by in a rush of white clouds, disdainfully. And Anne knew what she was going to do. Already the bottles were safely locked in their cabinet. Anne unlocked it. One by one she carried them to the sink and poured them out. Then she washed all the glasses and scoured the sink. She felt light-headed as the water steamed around her, but curiously competent.

Pat was very edgy in the morning. He wanted only black coffee, and hurried away from that. Anne did not ask him about his case or wish him luck. Nor did she mention her iconoclasm of the night before. She realized now how very violent an act it had been. And yet, after the ashman had called and carried away the bottles, the apartment felt exceedingly orderly. Even the month's bills, still coming in in greater numbers, did not disturb her. "With what we save on liquor," she thought, "we can easily catch up in a couple of months." It kept her busy until after lunch removing all the traces of her company the night before. There were the stains of glasses on the piano.

"Well," said Anne, polishing them almost gayly, "they'll be the last." Then, being very tired, she lay down on her day bed and fell fast asleep.

She was awakened by Pat, standing in the doorway and calling "Anne!"

"Hello—you home—how late is it?"

"Six. How long have you been asleep?"

"Since half-past one, I think."

"Better see if your jewelry's all right. I don't want to scare you, but this apartment's been robbed."

"How do you know?" she cried, jumping up.

"Complete cleanout—every drop of liquor gone. Nothing else disturbed. Isn't that the most rotten thing! The dirty bums!"

"Oh, that," said Anne, remembering—"that wasn't robbed. I threw it out."

"You what!"

"I threw all the liquor we had in the sink last night."

"You didn't!"

"I certainly did."

"Were you as drunk as that?" he asked astounded.

"I wasn't drunk at all."

"Well, you were either drunk or crazy!"

"No, I'm tired of being both drunk and crazy. I'm through living with liquor, Pat. And I couldn't see any other way to stop except to wreck the lot."

"What's got into you? Throwing away good liquor? Or are you trying to kid me?"

"I've told you," said Anne, "what I did, Pat, and why I did it."

"Gone prohibition, have you?"

"I don't know what I've gone. Only it's no use trying to go on together at all with that stuff. It makes you a different person. It makes me one. Nobody's real."

"And you actually threw away a hundred dollars' worth of liquor! Whose liquor was it anyway? It was my property."

"And mine. If you like, you can reduce my allowance till it's paid for. But I won't have any more of it around here."

"This is a fine greeting after a lovely day," he said bitterly.

"Oh, did you win your case?"

"No, if you want to know, I didn't."

"Pat! What happened?"

"I had a run-in with the judge, for one thing. And he was so sore he never gave me a chance from then on. The jury was prejudiced against me. He overruled every objection I made."

Anne guessed the rest. Pat had been ugly this morning. If he hadn't been he could have managed the judge.

"And on top of that you go pouring out good liquor. Like a prohibition agent. Like Carrie Nation!"

"You don't get my point."

"What are you going to do when people come in? Give them a drink of ice water?"

"Give them food—water—coffee—lemonade—ginger ale—and talk," said Anne.

He growled something very disrespectful to her list.

"It's going to cost me a lot to replace that stuff," he said unregarding.

She drew herself up, and there was something of her mother in her at that minute—her mother, who believed in principles and exactly ten commandments.

"Listen, Pat, you can't have liquor and me in this apartment. You and I don't get along when you're drinking, or when I am. Either you cut that out, or you and I have to break up, that's all."

"But you never acted like this before."

"I didn't know what it was doing to us," said Anne. "I just can't go on like this, Pat. I can't."

He looked less angry and more ashamed. Possibly he was conscious that his manner this morning had been something of a hangover, and knew himself that he had ruined his chances of winning the case. He was, like most young men, challenged by a fresh start and willing to go into training occasionally. At any rate, Anne was lovely, and in spite of having thrown his liquor away, he couldn't let her cry. Not when he was sober.

"All right, darling, we'll do it your way. The wagon for us. But you might have given the stuff away. You didn't have to throw it in the sink!"

"I did," insisted Anne. "If I'd given it away, somebody would have paid it back. I'm sure it's better this way."

"You're the doctor. But remember we're living in Rome."

"Let the Romans do as we do," said Anne.

This was, of course, the point at which the Crawfords should have begun an entirely estimable career of living happily ever after. They did begin it that way. Pat found it rather difficult to overcome the loss of his case with the senior lawyers of his firm, and worked very hard. He and Anne took long country rides and played a good deal of golf in the early morning and went to some movies. The word went around quickly that the Crawfords had gone dry.

"You just don't know where you are," complained Katie Vaile. "Here's the Crawfords, who used to be such a lot of fun, suddenly refusing to serve a thing or even drink anything, and the Peter Smiths, who have been such death on the rest of us for doing it, have just adopted a bootlegger. Now I ask you!"

But there did not seem to be an answer.

"Anne asked us to dinner on next Tuesday," said Esther Sloan.

"She asked us too."

"Going?"

"Yes: if we're back in town. I hated to refuse. Do you suppose she won't have anything? The men will fade out. That's all."

"Martin said that you and the Barneses better come to our house first and go over together."

"Or to ours," offered Katie just as generously.

Anne had never worked so hard over any party. She wanted it to be better than any she had ever given. She had a cateress in and a waitress to do things well. But when Pat suggested that one round of cocktails wouldn't do any harm, she shook her head firmly.

"Please, Pat, let's show them ——"

"But that crowd isn't used to it. It's bound to be a flop, darling."

"Why should it? With good food and nice people. Can't they just talk and see what they're like when they are normal?"

"You can try it," said Pat without hope.

He was somewhat embarrassed that night, and so was Anne. It seemed queer to go straight out to the table to the iced melons. But everyone was very amusing and only Pat seemed dull and under a strain. Anne could not understand it until someone mentioned casually a joke that had been told at the Sloans' just before they came over. Then Anne understood why her guests had all arrived simultaneously, and realized that there had been a prelude to her dinner.

At nine o'clock they were through eating. Anne had set up card tables and they tried mixed bridge. The rooms were cool and pleasant and attractive, and most of the women were far better looking than they usually were at this stage in the evening. But the bridge did not go very well. Katie Vaile played badly and Martin Sloan, who was the best man player in town, made no pretenses of what he thought of bridge with women. When Anne brought in ginger ale at ten o'clock, Charlie gave a suppressed groan. He had not had an amorous moment all evening.

Someone said that bridge in the summer was too hard on the brain, and they stopped playing. One of the men started the phonograph and they listened to that for ten minutes. Someone else tried to talk, but the men were inattentive. They were a restive group and this civil, mildly flavored evening could not hold them. By a quarter to eleven the Crawfords were alone.

"Well," remarked Pat, "we'll get a good long sleep anyhow." Anne did not answer. "Poor dear," said Pat, stroking the top of her head. "Not worrying, are you?"

"They had a rotten time, didn't they?"

"Well, they're used to more excitement."

"They're used to alcohol. They can't get on without. Why, Pat, they really couldn't talk. They couldn't sit still. They couldn't do anything. They were like a bunch of dope fiends without their dope."

"Come—not so bad ——"

"Pretty near it. As soon as those cocktails they'd had at the Sloans' wore off, they were restless and embarrassed. It was dreadful."

"I guess we treated them pretty rough with that ginger ale."

"We treated them well. Pat, do you miss drinking?"

He grinned. "Oh, I've been on the wagon before. I get along."

"But this is different."

"Yes, I know," he said without conviction.

"You're doing better work without it, Pat. And we've got more money. And we don't fight."

She said it almost pathetically, and he put his arm about her. "We'll play it any way you say, darling. But, after all, we want a few friends. Maybe we ought to keep some stuff on hand just for dinners."

"You can't do it that way, Pat. It gets cumulative. That's what we started to do."

"Well, you saw how this worked out."

"I saw. But I'll give a good dry party yet. The trouble with this one was the guests."

Pat began to whistle, not too merrily.

Their life had become very orderly. They had plenty of those pleasant meals together in the dining room—almost too many. Anne was growing ivy over its plaster walls. But they began to be aware of isolation. People did not ask them for week-ends this summer as they had last. Motor parties and picnics which were fortified with vacuum bottles full of cocktails

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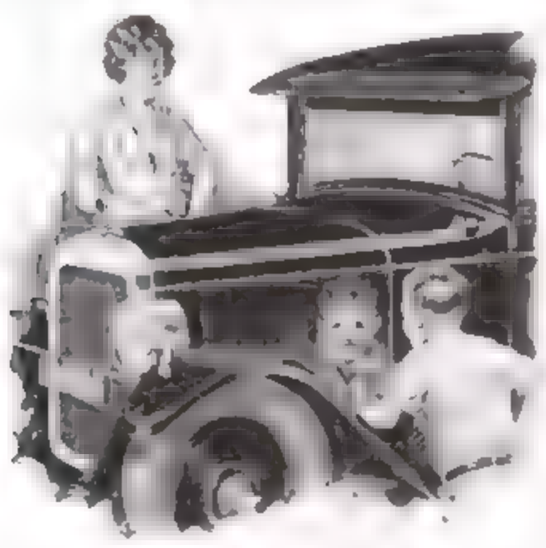

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did not include the Crawfords. Pat did not say very much about it. Neither did Anne. Both of them knew that they were being left out. It was all very well, thought Anne, to think you were done with liquor when you poured it down the kitchen sink. But you weren't. You poured other things away with it—a good many companions and a great deal of excitement. Having bills paid and getting on was satisfying, but Anne knew that wasn't enough for Pat.

There must be other people whom they could know. It was not easy to find them, for she was more or less of a stranger in the city, except for the group Pat had introduced her to, and all the little circles whirled around by themselves. They got in on the fringe of one or two groups of young people who took the world and themselves quite seriously. Pat yawned at them and their amusements. The girls bored him and the men played for a tenth of a cent. Anne was not entirely bored, but neither was she satisfied. And moods would come when she would wonder if after all she weren't silly and strait-laced and a kind of fool. After all, if they were in Rome, it might be better to have a good time being a Roman. Pat wanted amusement and action, and she had cut him off from it.

She did not see the Vailes as a couple any more, but one August afternoon Katie Vaile dropped in. Katie was looking worn. She had been a beauty five or six years ago, but daylight was not her best light any more. They had tea and Katie beat about the bush. Anne guessed that she had something on her mind.

"I wish I knew how you managed it, Anne," she said at length.

"What?"

"Cutting out liquor."

"I just cut in a straight line."

"I know. But you got Pat to do it."

"Pat does it himself so far."

"Well, I've come to the point where I've got to do something," said Katie frankly. "Bob's getting too nervous to live with. It worries me sick. We were all out at Long Lake this week-end and we came back simply wrecked. You think you're going to go slow, and then there isn't any chance to go slow as long as there's something to drink."

"Yes," said Anne, "but you aren't lonesome."

"And it costs so much. Bob makes a lot of money, but it seems to me we run behind all the time."

"We used to," said Anne. "It's the liquor keeps you short."

"But what can you do?"

"I don't know," said Anne, "except what you feel you've got to do, Katie. It isn't easy either way. I'm sure of that. It's just something women are up against now, and they've got to fight it out, each one the best way she can. I did the only thing I could. But you needn't think I'm crowing over it or making any bets that I've solved anything. I may not get away with it."

"And another thing," said Katie. "You know that man they sent to Winnipeg. He got caught and sent to jail, and they've a new bootlegger now that they really don't feel a bit sure of—that he doesn't change bottles and labels and all that."

"So he went to jail, did he?" asked Anne, and had a picture of the sad man as he had stood in her pantry on that May afternoon. At least it hadn't been her party which had sent him to jail.

"Still, I don't know what you can do," Katie repeated irresolutely, and Anne knew that she would do nothing until calamity forced her hand.

That night Pat came home with the faint smell of whisky on his breath again. Occasionally that had happened lately, and Anne guessed that he had had a drink in someone's office or at the club. She hated the thought of his having to do that with a certain furtiveness, but she said nothing. For after all what was there to say? She couldn't dictate every minute of his life, and if he did not believe they were doing the best thing it was useless, after all, to argue over it.

"Mr. Philip Sydenham breezed in today," said Pat; "just as casually as could be, and entirely unannounced. It's too bad in a way. The Swinnertons are both up in the country, and out of reach of a telephone even, and Mr. Ward's wife is East. We put him up at the club. I asked him to dinner tomorrow night. I had to. He's the Englishman who gives so much foreign business to the firm. Awfully fine fellow. You'd like him, and somebody has to do something for him."

"Of course we can have him. Ask Mr. Ward, too, if his wife's out of town."

"That's fine. I'll see if I can get him now."

He came back from the telephone with Mr. Ward's acceptance.

"Mr. Ward was very much pleased," said Pat, with a certain natural pride at having the senior member of the firm and largest foreign client for dinner. "Spread yourself on this, Anne. Make it one great dinner."

"You trust me."

"I'll have to pick up a little liquor somewhere."

Anne hesitated only one minute. "No, Pat. Please don't."

"Why, don't be silly. You can't entertain a man like that on mush and milk, Anne. He's an Englishman, remember! Besides, this is very important to me."

"Sorry," said Anne, "but we don't serve liquor."

"I do, and I do tomorrow night," answered Pat in the master's tone.

"All right. But it's your dinner then. I'm not going to be here."

"Don't you think," he said harshly, "you've pulled this stuff long enough? I've been pretty good. I've let you drive away my friends. I've let you have it all your own way. But this time you've gone too far. I'm asking permission to serve what I want to in my own house."

"Our house," corrected Anne.

"And I'm going to do it."

"Then I shall go."

"But I've asked these people."

"And I'm glad to have them."

He stood glaring at her and she looked straight at him. There was no defiance in her face. It was quite pale and almost frightened. But it didn't yield.

"I hope you remember the last one of your successful dry parties," said Pat scathingly.

"Maybe this one will be better. I can't help it, Pat. It's the only thing I can see to do. Katie Vaile was in here this afternoon, a shivering, worried wreck. And that bootlegger is in jail. If we begin it tomorrow night, we might just as well not have stopped."

"You're a silly little prig."

"I may be. But it's either me and a dry party, or you run your own without me."

She knew he could do nothing but accept her terms. He had asked the men to dine with him, and her presence was necessary if there was to be a decent dinner. It had to be seen through. But in the morning Pat went off without breakfast, and a glance of cold distaste for Anne. He asked her if she had come to her senses, and she repeated her ultimatum. It was not a cheering way to start a bleak, rainy day that did not look as if it could produce anything but trouble anyhow.

Anne had worked over her other dry dinner. But over this one she slaved. Pat was no sooner out of sight than she had the cateress on the telephone and in consultation. It must be a delicate dinner, and yet substantial, spiced and interesting.

"If we soaked that cake in rum," suggested the cateress, "it would be delicious."

"I have no rum," said Anne shortly.

It would be an ill-balanced table with three men and one woman. Anne tried to think of another guest. There were the wives of the men she knew, there was Betty Donald, but none of them fitted. Her mind went over the list of everyone she knew, and finally stopped. If Dorothy Holt were back from Europe, perhaps she would come.

She did not usually think of Dorothy Holt, though she had known her in school and had tea at the great Holt house once. But the Holts were in that inner circle of multimillionaires and Dorothy was probably the most sophisticated woman in it.

"Still," thought Anne, "she can't do anything but turn me down, and I think she's in town." She went to the telephone.

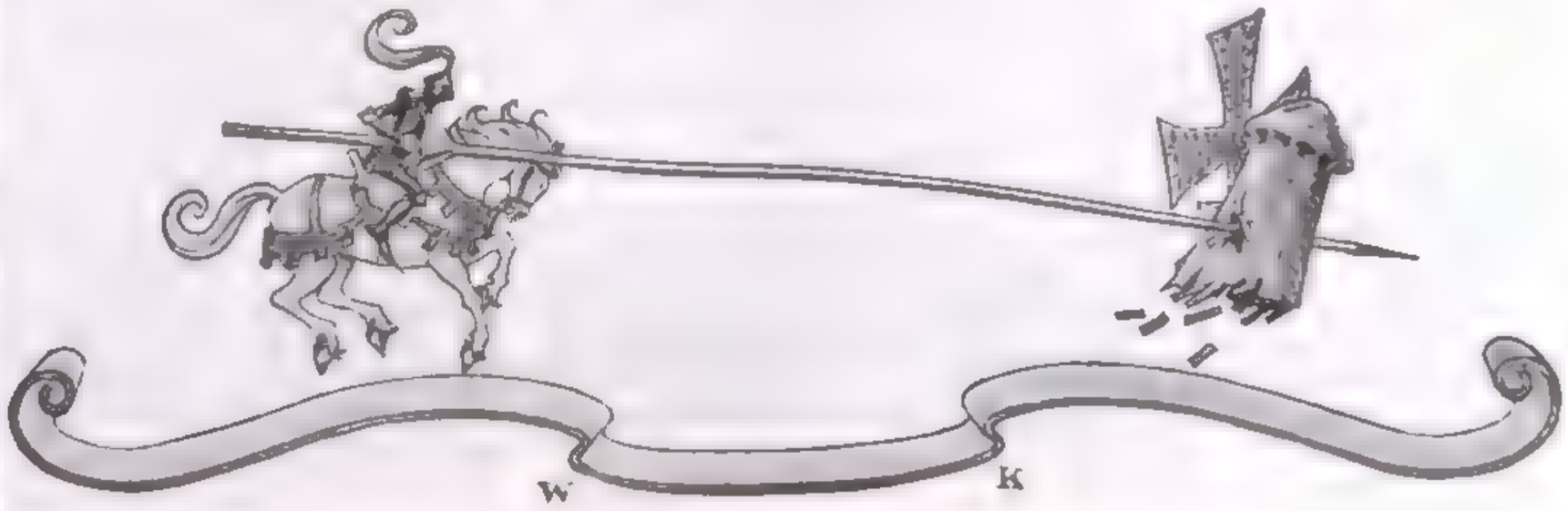
"I'd love to come," said Dorothy. "It's awfully nice of you to think of me. I was looking forward to a sad, dull evening. Unless it's one of these awfully gay parties. I don't fit in. I suppose I may as well be frank about it. I don't drink liquor in this country any more."

"Oh, that's all right," answered Anne; "this is a dry party."

She went back to her dinner preparations, somehow encouraged. There were other people in the world, then, who felt as she did.

Mr. Sydenham was thin and tall, and looked as if he had been about a great deal and had a taste for pretty women. He admired Anne, and Dorothy Holt, too, in her French dress with its lavender and blue shadows. They made a pair of beautiful women, the heiress with her ash-blond coloring, and Anne so dark and still of face and somehow mysterious. Outside it rained, but the apartment was full of color and charm. Mr. Ward, that elderly, shrewd lawyer, who had only met Anne in the office and once at his own house, was very affable. And Pat had no choice. He had to do something to make up for the

(Continued on Page 135)



HANGING CHINA CLOSET

Curtis hanging china closets are of several designs. The one shown here is made to hang in a corner and has adjustable open shelves with beautifully molded front edges. The design is made in white pine and its overall dimensions are 2' 6⅜" wide, 2' 11¾" high and 1' 4⅜" deep. Design C-6410.

A NEW MANTEL

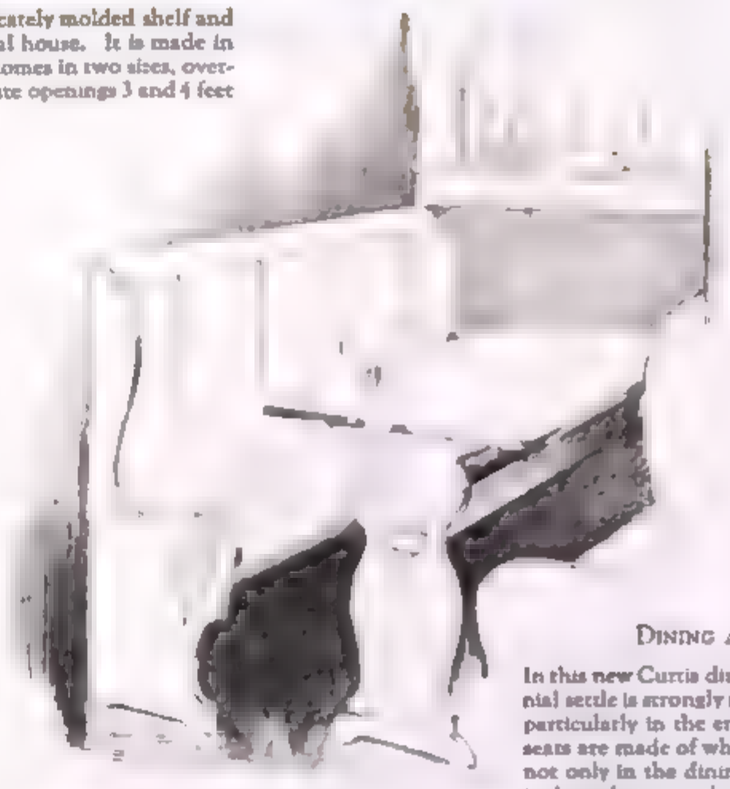
This new Curtis mantel, with its fluted pilasters, delicately molded shelf and elliptical ornament is especially suited to the Colonial house. It is made in birch so that it can be painted or stained. The mantel comes in two sizes, overall length of shelf 6' 9" and 7' 9" for fireplaces with grate openings 3 and 4 feet wide. The shelf is 4' 6" high. Design C-6060.

HANGING BOOKCASE

Why not keep your newest books in a hanging bookcase, where they are eye-high, easy to get at and where their colorful bindings and jackets will add a decorative note to the wall? This Curtis hanging bookcase has a non-warping three-ply wood back and is 30" wide and 34" high. The wood is birch and suitable for painting or finishing in natural color. Design C-6025.

New Designs in Cabinetwork

By CURTIS



DINING ALCOVE SET

In this new Curtis dining alcove set the Colonial settle is strongly suggested in every curve, particularly in the ends of the seats. These seats are made of white pine and can be used not only in the dining alcove but also in the inglenook or on the entrance porch. Each seat is 1' 6" wide, 4' 6" long and 3' 9" high. The table is of the same material and its top is 2' 6" wide, 4' 6" long and 2' 6" high. Seats and table rest on metal buttons and may be easily moved. Design C-6600.

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BOOKCASE MATERIAL

The newest addition to the Curtis line of woodwork is bookcase material to solve the problem of the growing library in the most artistic way. This material comes in various lengths, from 3' 0" up. The front edges of the adjustable shelves have a molded strip the same wood as in the exterior of the case. The ends are bored to receive the shelf pins. Design C-6001.

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

CORNER CHINA CLOSET

Curtis cabinetwork includes a number of such interesting pieces of permanent furniture as this new corner china closet with round-arched opening with either open or glazed front. The edges of the shelves are shaped and molded in a pleasing pattern. The triangular backs of three-ply boards are easy to clean. No rough plaster opening is required, so this design can be put into old homes as easily as into new ones. It is made in white pine and requires but 2' 2½" of clear wall space measured from the corner along each wall. Design C-6510.

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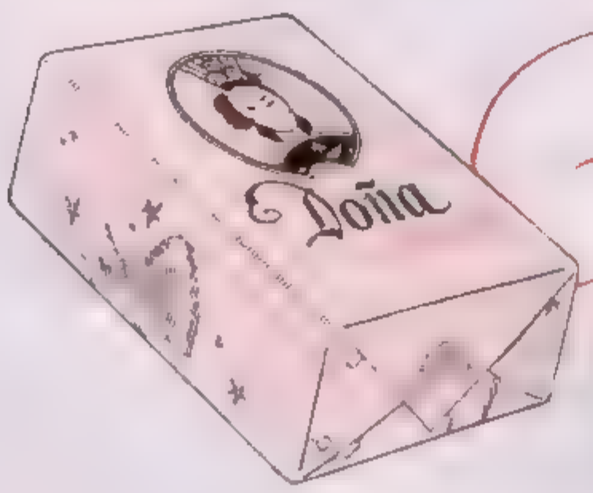
But we have added modern virtues to the ancient purity of Castile—we have made a delicious beauty soap—Doña* Castile! Doña will give you a generous instant lather even in cold water—instant rinsing too! Doña is "hard-milled," so it will last, is moulded in a delicious shape for your hand, and comes to you in a smart package.

Doña belongs with your most precious beauty-aids, and is really more indispensable than any of them. But Doña is not too costly! You can buy it wherever you buy your toilet soap.



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HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS

(Continued from Page 130)

obvious lack of cocktails, and his wit was at its best.

No one spoke at all about the missing drinks. They went out to Anne's dining room, where the ivy twined about the plaster walls, and had a clear unsweetened soup that somehow made them hungry, with the crispest of celery hearts and a touch of Roquefort tucked in it. Someone started talking, but afterward Anne could not remember who it was. Things flowed along.

They lit a fire at nine o'clock and sat around it, smoking, and the talk went on. Sometimes it was of war, and grave and reminiscent, and sometimes it was merely witty, and sometimes they argued. But their minds met and enjoyed one another, and Dorothy Holt was beautiful and Anne no less so in the leaping firelight.

"It's after midnight," said Dorothy, at length. "One more cigarette and then maybe I'll go home."

"I haven't had such an evening in years," remarked Mr. Ward affably.

Mr. Sydenham shook hands at length with Anne. "I shan't forget this little dinner. There aren't so many perfect dinners in life, are there?"

Anne wanted to laugh, but still more to cry, for she saw Pat fairly beaming good night to everyone. He turned from the door and back to his wife.

"She's great, isn't she—that Miss Holt?"

"Isn't she!" agreed Anne, without jealousy.

"It was some party."

"I told you," said Anne, her voice suddenly breaking as she tried to make a joke of it—"I told you I'd have a good dry party "

And in the midst of her triumph she wept.

"Come, darling," said Pat. "Please don't. I was a beast to you. But I'm all crumpled up. You're right. This was the best party we ever had. And you certainly did put it over with Sydenham."

Apparently she had. Mr. Ward spoke of it, and Sydenham himself did, in making his proposition to Pat.

"Most young Americans," said Mr. Sydenham, "show very little control when they get into other countries. I've had two go to pieces on me. But that night at your apartment I felt you were the man I'm looking for. Your headquarters would be in London and there would be a good many necessary social contacts. We want a man who can do that sort of thing, and I don't hesitate to say that your charming wife will be a great help to you. Do you know, Crawford, that was the first time I've dined at a private house in America that we haven't spent most of the evening drinking rather dangerous liquor and discussing prohibition."

Pat didn't say anything to that. There wasn't any proper answer. He took it home to Anne.

"And so we go to London," he told her; "and I think I'll let you manage the liquor end of the business, even over there. You seem to have a gift for it."

"Thanks," said Anne. "It will be different there. At least we can have a bottle of brandy to use in case of illness. My mother had one."

"I'll certainly look forward to that," said Pat, who, in addition to the inability to carry liquor well, and his capacity for devotion, had also fortunately inherited a sense of humor.

WHEN TUTT MEETS TUTT

(Continued from Page 23)

Tutt stared at him. "What are you talking about? Are you crazy in the head?"

"I am not! Commodore Lithgow was as sane as you are, and what's more—and whatever they may tell you—the heirs all know it!"

"Rot!" retorted Tutt indignantly. "He was Gilbert, the filbert, the colonel of the nuts!"

Mr. Tutt shrugged his tall shoulders. "Look here, Tutt," he declared impressively, "this is a blackmail suit, pure and simple. I wouldn't have had it in the office even if we'd remained a firm. I'd have kicked it out. Or else, if you insisted on taking it, I'd have kicked you out. So you'd have been out anyway. It is well that we should part. Our standards are not the same. What looks white to you looks black to me. But I do not upbraid you. You merely have a moral blind spot. Now that we are no longer partners, may I inquire what you would expect the various philanthropic institutions which I represent to pay you and your clients in order to induce you to withdraw your objections to the probate of Commodore Lithgow's will?"

Tutt regarded him shrewdly. "This is business?"

"Sure is."

"Very well, then. I'll settle on behalf of the heirs for three million. You agree to pay us the first three million that comes out of the estate after it is administered—you can keep all the rest."

"Wha-a-at?" yelled Mr. Tutt. "Three million dollars! You infernal scrouge! I tell you what I'll do. I'll give those miserable crooks, your clients, ten thousand dollars apiece in addition to their legacies if they withdraw their objections."

Tutt broke into raucous laughter. "I thought you wanted to negotiate! If we go to trial and break the will, we'll get the whole four million. You forget who I am, Mr. Tutt. And you equally forget that what I am you made me. Come, I'll make it two million. Be generous with your old partner. Let me have a paltry million for myself!"

"Who's loony now?" retorted Mr. Tutt. "If you showed any sign of being reasonable, I might give the heirs an extra twenty-five thousand each, but that would be the outside limit."

"Then I'll make you a final proposition. This is the last call. Take it or leave it—one million dollars."

Mr. Tutt slowly raised his eyes from his former partner to those of the great Pinckney.

"No!" he thundered. "'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!'"

Tutt arose dramatically. "Then all is over between us?"

Mr. Tutt bowed. "The firm of Tutt & Tutt is hereby dissolved," he said.

II

THE suicide of Commodore Lithgow, as editorially pointed out by the newspapers, had removed one more famous landmark from the already desolate panorama of social New York. For forty years his corpulent figure, in its blue-and-white yachting suit, had been familiar to the burghers of that city, on Fifth Avenue, in Central Park, at the restaurants and houses of amusement on Broadway. Undoubtedly eccentric, he had been famous for his practical jokes, his last adventure along that line being his driving a pair of white oxen down Fifth Avenue and bringing traffic to a standstill during the most crowded hour.

That he was mildly crazy had been generally assumed, but his irrationality had not shown itself in the stock market, where he had made himself conspicuous as a wild and generally successful plunger. On the contrary, any such inference was only to be based on his utter disregard of public opinion and his entire readiness to act upon any whim that might seize his fancy, no matter how much attention it might attract. Thus, having once tried on a yachting suit and found it comfortable, he refused to wear anything else in either winter or summer, by day or evening. He liked cats and saw no reason why he should not indulge his predilection by filling his Fifth Avenue establishment with them, and he had founded a cat asylum similar to that in London, the only difference being that he called his an orphanage, while its English counterpart is known as the Islington Home for Lost and Starving Cats.

When he traveled, he never burdened himself with baggage, but bought and discarded his apparel as he went along. He disliked getting his feet wet and was given to wearing rubbers. He was afraid of machinery and disliked motor cars.

His day began around three in the afternoon and ended at about the same hour in the morning. He enjoyed the theater, musical comedy, and the society of coryphées—a gay old bird, but a queer one.

His cellar was lined with vintage champagnes and so was his tummy, but nobody had ever seen him drunk. It was rumored that he had once killed a policeman, but he had never been indicted.

He spoke to whom he chose without an introduction; he ate when, as and how he pleased; and he maintained a jazz orchestra, a negro quartet, a soft-shoe dancer and a professor of legerdemain—all for his private entertainment. These were expected to be always on tap, and he would frequently wander home just as the east was paling, rout them out of bed and organize an extempore vaudeville show for the benefit of any male or female wastrel who might for the moment be favored with his company.

He was generous, kindly, whimsical, without dignity, an adult infant who, having inherited a fortune and likewise having discovered at an early age that nobody really cares two shucks what anybody else does, proceeded to enjoy himself as he saw fit without harming anybody else. He had had two sisters, both of whom had died, leaving him, between them, ten nieces and nephews, the majority of them a selfish lot who, while they toadied to their outlandish uncle, took pains when not in his company to let it be known that they were very much ashamed of him.

His youngest niece, Vira Marshall, the child of his favorite sister, was, however, an exception in that she was genuinely fond of him.

"It's his own money. Why shouldn't he get what pleasure he can out of it?" she asked her brothers.

"As long as he doesn't make us all ridiculous," was their reply.

"I don't care whether he makes me ridiculous or not. He's an old man and he's all alone and mother loved him, and I'm going to be as nice to him as I can."

"Little gold digger!" they called her.

As Commodore Lithgow grew older he obviously failed to get as much fun out of life as in former days, and he gradually became more or less of a recluse. He could still be seen on occasion walking up and down the Avenue or even at a first night, but the world no longer heard of such escapades as his driving his four-in-hand at full speed up Broadway, yelling at the top of his lungs, while his groom discharged a revolver loaded with blank cartridges. Nevertheless, society was mildly shocked to learn that the commodore had decided that he had lived long enough.

After a genial and rather wet dinner at his club, the worthy commodore, having bidden his friends good night, went down to the beach, made a neat pile of his clothes, placed his money and watch carefully in his handkerchief, wrote a letter in which he stated that he had had enough of life and rowed out into the darkness. The boat was found next day floating bottom upward off Fire Island; the body itself was not recovered.

New York paused long enough in its mad rush to say: "'Alas, poor Yorick!' . . .

Enjoy this luxury after "The Better Shave"

YOUR SKIN feels a soothing coolness—a stimulating afterglow—when you apply a few drops of Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) After-Shaving Lotion to your face. If you've shaved closer than usual, it takes away all the sting. It restores moisture to the skin, and tones up the tissues.

Like Fougère Royale Shaving Cream—"the better shave"—this lotion has the invigorating outdoor odor of the Royal Fern. It is smooth, but not sticky, evaporates quickly, and leaves the face feeling refreshed. You will like Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion—your druggist has it—75c; or use the coupon below for a trial bottle.

Fougère Royale Shaving Cream makes shaving easier and a delightful to use—50c.

Fougère Royale
AFTER-SHAVING LOTION

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

Shaving Cream, 50c; After Shaving Lotion, 75c; Shaving Stick, 75c;

Talcum, $1.00, Eau Vegetale, $1.25; Facial Soap, 50c.

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. P-16
539 West 45th St., New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale After Shaving Lotion. Please send me a trial bottle—no charge.

Name

Address

"Stepping high with those new Kelly-Springfields, aren't you, George?"

"Nope! Just got the best—doesn't cost any more!"

he has made us laugh a thousand times. God rest his troubled spirit!"

The fun began when it was discovered that the commodore, instead of leaving his millions to his family, had given each of his nephews and nieces a paltry hundred thousand dollars and donated the rest to the public good. Shocking!

Hastily the outraged heirs at law and next of kin met in indignant convocation to decide how best to remedy the terrible injustice, and as the first step in that direction they retained Samuel Tutt to break the will.

The fact that the document itself provided that any legatee who should contest the will should lose his legacy offered no obstacle, since such a provision was void as contrary to public policy. There was nothing in law to prevent the family presenting a solid front in their attempt to defeat their kinsman's wishes and invalidate his last will and testament—except that Vira Marshall positively refused to have anything whatever to do with the proceeding, and as soon as it was clear that a contest was to be initiated, at once aligned herself upon the other side.

Now, however much Mr. Tutt might under the circumstances have enjoyed the rough-and-tumble of a will contest and the fun of dramatizing the commodore's eccentricities before a jury, he had—unfortunately so far as the financial fortunes of Tutt & Tutt were concerned—been retained by both the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Natural History Museum, so that he was obligated to take his stand on this occasion with the children of light, however much he might have preferred being associated with those of darkness. Still, a fight was a fight, and it was better to be in it than out of it, whichever side one might be on—even if it happened to be the right one.

III

THE announcement that the celebrated law firm of Tutt & Tutt had been dissolved was greeted with incredulity and even with dismay, not only by the bar but by the world at large; and as no explanation was forthcoming, it was generally assumed that the senior partner, Mr. Ephraim Tutt, who had been nearly seventy years old since nobody knew when, had decided to retire.

Then the bar took heart again as the news sped along Broadway that the dissolution of Tutt & Tutt did not mean the dissolution of either of the partners; Samuel Tutt—not Ephraim—was to withdraw and Mr. Tutt was to live on. Yet Samuel withdrew only to reappear immediately in a magnificent new office and simultaneously announce himself as retained to represent the heirs at law and next of kin in the great contest *re* the last will and testament of Enoch Lithgow, deceased. And when, no sooner than he had filed objections to the probate of the will, his erstwhile partner, Ephraim Tutt, promptly appeared against him as representing the commodore's executors and estate the mystery was explained.

It was going to be nip and tuck—nip, because the commodore had been a popular character; had made, on the whole, a reasonable disposition of his fortune; had handled his business with a good deal of sense; and because the jury would like Mr. Tutt: tuck, because he had given his family less than a quarter of his money; had carried on like a blamed fool during his life; had, with all that money and everything to live for, gone off and drowned himself; and because he was fond of cats.

"That's what's going to cinch the case for us!" Tutt assured his clients gleefully. "No jury is going to give a million dollars to cats! A bequest like that, if sustained, would be the—ha-ha—biggest cat-astrophe of all time!"

That was the general opinion. No matter how shrewd a business man the commodore might have been, he'd done too many crazy things for Mr. Tutt to have a chance to sustain his will. The betting, which usually tended to favor Mr. Tutt, swung to three to two in favor of the heirs, and then, as the day set for the trial drew near, to two to one. New witnesses kept bobbing up from out-of-the-way places ready to testify to the commodore's outlandish and irrational conduct.

He had had a grand time at a large expense and it remained to be seen whether in so doing he had destroyed his testamentary capacity.

In the great court room of the Hall of Records the two hostile armies were drawn up in line of battle under their respective generals—Ephraim Tutt for the executors, Samuel Tutt for the contesting heirs at law—before the Honorable J. Waterbird Maloon, surrogate of the county of New York.

For thirty-nine days the Honorable Waterbird had listened wearily to accounts by several hundred witnesses of the life and habits of the late Enoch Lithgow, deceased, and there was nothing about him—no matter how intimate in character—that had not been revealed. The marvel was that he, the said commodore, should have seemed so utterly different to so many honest and observant persons. On the one hand, he had been described by Mr. Tutt's witnesses business associates, lifelong friends and social acquaintances—as a healthy, vigorous, rosy-cheeked old gentleman of excellent habits, mentally alert and interested, devoted to reading and of wide culture, shrewd in business, attending to all his own affairs, a witty conversationalist, socially inclined, fond of all animals, brisk in his walk, keen as to eyesight, a sound sleeper, with a cheerful ringing voice, animated, young for his age and altogether charming.

On the other, he had been depicted by the supposedly reliable witnesses summoned by Tutt as a feeble and decrepit invalid, tottering and groping in his walk, unkempt, with lackluster eye and unshaven, shaking lips, who rarely spoke and never read—if, indeed, he could read, a recluse who loathed society and was afflicted with various painful and mortal diseases, hard of hearing, depressed, morbid, with delusions of persecution and poverty, penurious, irritable, sleepless, unable to concentrate, the slave of suggestion.

It was true that Mr. Tutt had made mincemeat of a good many of Tutt's most egregious liars, but there remained in the minds of the hearers the portrait of a very much shattered and highly eccentric old man. The betting had become even again.

As the trial neared its end and it became obvious that Tutt was saving his most picturesque testimony for the last, the public attendance became greater and greater. Crowds jostled in the corridors and unavailingly tried to storm the doors through which none were admitted unless properly identified as officially connected with the case or as friends of the surrogate.

The jury, those patient saintlike men, who had smiled and sighed impartially as between the two Tutts for almost six weeks, sat up and took notice. Everybody suddenly realized that a fight for four million dollars was actually going on. There was a feeling of money in the air. And as yet the jury hadn't the remotest idea of what Commodore Enoch Lithgow was like—whether he was sane or insane, competent or incompetent.

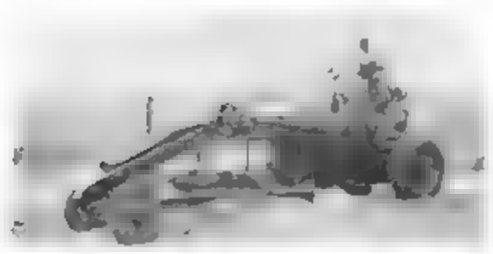
They had, however, formed quite an affection for the two Tutts, formerly inseparable, now the wariest of antagonists, and whose methods were so antithetical. On the one hand, Tutt hopped around in his robin-redbreast fashion, his hands thrust beneath his coat tails, puffing out his chest and uttering sharp cries of joy or derision as the testimony met his approval or disapprobation. Mr. Tutt, on the contrary, had dug himself in and now sat there, arms behind his head, legs crossed, with a serene smile upon his wrinkled old lips, as much as to say, "Just you wait, Tutt! You don't know what's coming to you!" And yet those of us who know Mr. Tutt realize that

(Continued on Page 139)

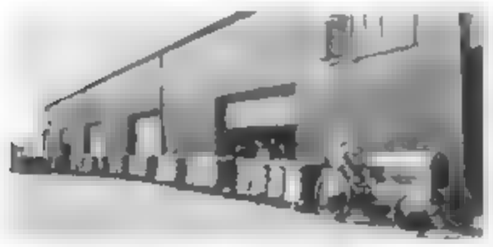
McCORMICK-DEERING INDUSTRIAL TRACTOR

Many kinds of power in one

The McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor is *Built Complete by International Harvester*

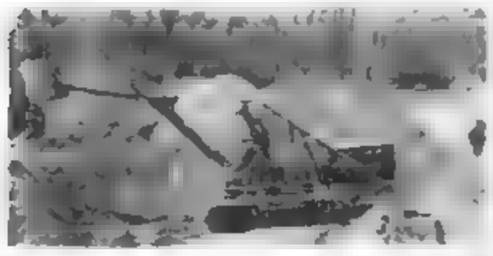


ROAD PATROL: One of a great variety of combinations of road maintenance machinery and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Such equipment is keeping good roads good, at low cost, in every state.

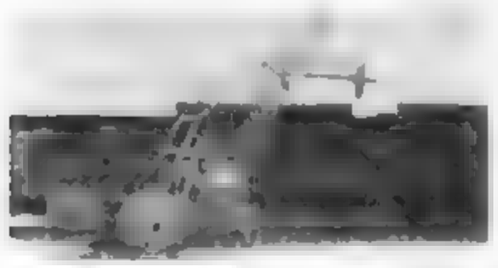


TRAILER: One of the many trailer types used behind McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Such tractor trains are used on docks, about factories, for municipal hauling, and contractor use. The power unit has an amazing flexibility.

SPRINKLER FLUSHER: An efficient and beautiful outfit owned by Shorewood, a suburb of Milwaukee. The McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor provides the economical power required for many routine municipal operations, in the large and small city alike.



SHOVEL: McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors serve as power plants for an almost limitless mobile equipment. The shovel above is reducing costs for contractors, highway officials, and others in the construction field.



HOIST: This McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor picks up, carries, and loads heavy materials of every description.

These are views at random. Our catalog shows hundreds of other adaptations.

THE McCormick-Deering INDUSTRIAL Tractor will bring to most readers a new conception of industrial power and efficiency, in compact form, and of extraordinary economy in first cost and operation.

Already at work by the thousands in every type of *industrial* service, *municipal* service, *road construction and maintenance*, etc., this INDUSTRIAL Tractor has tremendous possibilities as yet untouched. It fits a great variety of special power needs. The power of its heavy-duty engine can be delivered several ways—through drawbar, belt, and side and rear power take-off. Trailer hauling is its simplest service. It is readily combined with an endless variety of equipment. It is unexcelled where power is required both to transport and to operate separate or unit-contained machines.

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is designed to handle work like the following:

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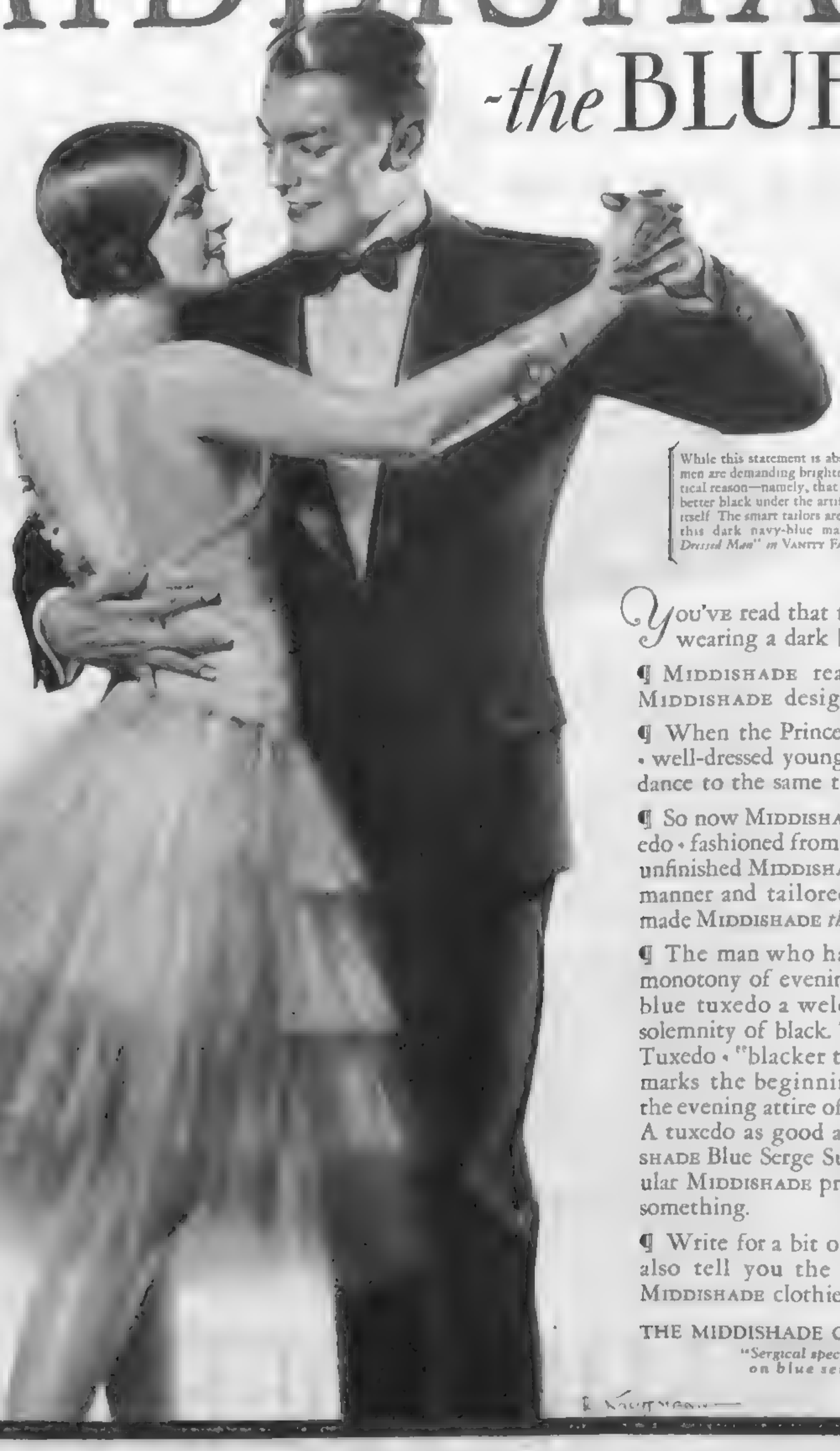
- Public utility service.
- Railroad and dock service.
- General drawbar, belt and power take-off service around manufacturing plants, mills, construction camps, quarries, mines, oil fields, and lumber and building material yards.
- Operation of winches, pole-setting devices, drag lines, air compressors, rock crushers, well drills, portable sawmills, pumps, sprayers, dusters, ditchers, cranes, crawlers, loaders, and power mowers.
- Construction and maintenance work around golf courses, estates, parks, race-tracks, etc.

McCORMICK-DEERING

Now MIDDISHADE -the BLUE Tuxedo



From now on navy-blue, instead of solemn black, will be the correct colour for evening dress according to a London fashion note. The Prince of Wales has given his approval to this, and he will be wearing dinner suits of blue, says the fashion as spreading rapidly.
From a Paris newspaper

While this statement is absolutely true, it is not because men are demanding brighter colours, but for a more practical reason—namely, that a dark navy-blue appears to be better black under the artificial light of night than black itself. The smart tailors are all making evening clothes in this dark navy-blue material.—*From "For The Well-Dressed Man" in* VANITY FAIR, *September 1927*

You've read that the Prince of Wales is wearing a dark blue tuxedo.

¶ MIDDISHADE read it, too. Then the MIDDISHADE designer got busy.

¶ When the Prince of Wales takes a step • well-dressed young men the world over dance to the same tune.

¶ So now MIDDISHADE offers the *Blue* Tuxedo • fashioned from the famous, rich, dark, unfinished MIDDISHADE serge, styled in the manner and tailored in the way that has made MIDDISHADE *the* name in serge suits.

¶ The man who has always resented the monotony of evening dress, will find the blue tuxedo a welcome relief from the solemnity of black. The MIDDISHADE Blue Tuxedo • "blacker than black at night" • marks the beginning of a new period in the evening attire of the well-dressed man. A tuxedo as good as the regular MIDDISHADE Blue Serge Suits • at the same popular MIDDISHADE price. And that's saying something.

¶ Write for a bit of the fabric • and we'll also tell you the name of the nearest MIDDISHADE clothier.

THE MIDDISHADE CO., Inc., PHILADELPHIA

"Sergical specialists—operating on blue serge suits only"

(Continued from Page 136)

that is invariably his attitude and demeanor, when, in point of fact, he is in the most desperate of legal straits—when he, like the old commodore, is raising on a busted flush.

"If the court please," said Tutt, hopping in front of the jury box, "I have only two more witnesses as to the facts—the temporary administrator appointed by Your Honor who opened the testator's safe-deposit box, and, Puffer, his family butler—a most important witness."

"You will have opinion experts as to the testator's mental condition, I suppose?" queried the surrogate.

"Oh, yes!"

"How many?"

"Five or six."

The Honorable Waterbird looked at Mr. Tutt. "And you?"

"Two more than my learned brother—the exact number depending upon how many of such so-called experts he may call. I am free to say that as either of us can hire as many as we want and it is merely a matter of money, I am ready to agree to an expert disarmament and cut 'em all out. What do you say, Mr. Tutt?"

Tutt stared frostily at his ex-partner. "I, for one, have no such belief in my own omniscience that I can afford to dispense with the assistance of these scientific men."

The Honorable Waterbird made a gesture of sufficiency. "Well, I don't think so much of 'em myself," he remarked. "You can have three apiece."

"But, Your Honor——" began Mr. Tutt, unlinking his legs.

"I said three apiece—not one more!" snapped His Honor. "Now go on!"

Tutt grinned triumphantly at the jury. "Mr. Albion Maloney!" he called, and the administrator, appointed by the court to take charge of the estate pending the decision of the will contest, took the stand. He was large, bland and noncommittal. Tutt bobbed at him.

"Mr. Maloney, did you open the safe-deposit box in the trust company belonging to the deceased?"

"I did."

"Tell the jury what you found there, please."

"I found nothing but an old rubber covered with dried mud and wrapped up in a piece of newspaper."

The jury at this announcement began to show signs of animation. The foreman held up his hand. "How many rubbers did you find?"

"Just one," answered Mr. Maloney. He leaned over and, lifting a brown-paper parcel from the floor, untied it and exhibited what appeared to be a brand-new rubber, heavily incrusted with yellow mud, partially wrapped in a torn piece of a New York newspaper.

The Honorable Waterbird looked at Mr. Tutt. "Any cross-examination?"

Mr. Tutt waved toward the inoffensive rubber, now occupying a conspicuous position on the stenographer's table. "Mr. Maloney," said he, "do you know anything about rubbers?"

"Not much." Mr. Maloney grinned.

"Take a look at that one. What size is it?"

"If you know," interjected the Honorable Waterbird.

The witness examined the inside. "It's marked twelve and a half."

"I don't suppose you know the actual size of the shoes worn by the testator."

"I do not."

"Thanks," said Mr. Tutt. "Now look at that piece of the newspaper and read us the weather prediction in the corner."

"'Showers tonight and in early morning. Light winds. Clearing to fair.'"

"Do you happen to know what in point of fact the weather was on that date?"

The witness referred to a diary which he took from his pocket. "I do. I have noted it. 'Heavy rain until half-past ten. Sunny rest of day.'"

"Thanks [illegible]. Now, Mr. Maloney, do you, as administrator of Commodore Lithgow's estate, happen to know whether he had any business transactions on that date?"

"I do," answered Mr. Maloney. "He sold and delivered sixty-five 5 per cent coupon bonds of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad."

Mr. Tutt nodded and sat down. The jury were still regarding the overshoe with fascinated interest—could the fate of four million turn on that homely but useful object?—when Tutt called out, "Mr. Puffer, please take the stand." Puffer, the commodore's butler, a flabby, fat butler, with pendulous jowls and a sad, reproachful eye, puffed forward. "Puffer," chirped Tutt again, "just one or two questions. Did you ever hear the commodore bleat like a goat? If so, tell us about it."

Puffer looked sadly at Tutt.

"To be truthful, I 'ave 'eard 'im, sir," he wheezed, "on more than one hoccasion. 'E would stick 'is 'ead into the dining room through the portières, and, if I may make use of the hexpression, sir, he would b-a-a-h." Puffer imitated the commodore, to the audible delight of the jury.

"Stop that!" ordered His Honor, pounding with his gavel. "This is no laughing matter. Don't do that again!"

"Now, Mr. Puffer," said Tutt, "did your master, the late Commodore Lithgow, ever express the fear that he might be poisoned?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Indeed, yes, sir!"

"And was there, so far as you could see, any basis for these—er—apprehensions?"

"None whatever, sir," replied Puffer brightly.

"Was he accustomed to ask you to taste the food brought upon the table before he would partake of it himself?"

"'E was—almost hinvariably."

Tutt's eye swept the jury. "What would he say on these occasions?" Tutt nearly said "hoccasions," the aspirate in Puffer's dialect exerting an irresistible fascination.

Puffer turned toward the Honorable Waterbird.

"If 'Is 'Onor will pardon the hinelegance of the language," he apologized.

"Go ahead!" said the judge. "I guess we can stand it."

"May I use 'is hexact words?"

"You may use 'is hexact words," acquiesced 'Is 'Onor.

Puffer paused for proper effect. "'E said that the cook was trying to poison 'im and that if 'e was to go to 'ell I could go along with him."

"Is that all?" inquired 'Is 'Onor.

"Yes, sir, thank you, sir," replied Puffer.

"And 'e made you taste all the food before 'e would eat any of it?" concluded Tutt.

"Yes, sir. That is, all the prepared food—not fruit or tasty bits or anything like that."

Tutt nodded to indicate that this part of the examination was concluded to his entire satisfaction. "And your master did not die of poisoning?" he finished triumphantly.

"Oh, no, sir. 'E killed 'isself."

"And that part of it was all, so to speak, delusionary?"

"Hit was all hin 'is eye," agreed Puffer solemnly.

"Exactly!" Tutt referred to a memorandum in his hand. "And now," said he, "we come to the rabbit."

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," returned Puffer, as if willing to oblige in any way reasonable.

"Did your master keep any rabbits in the house?"

"No, sir. 'E 'ad only cats in the 'ouse."

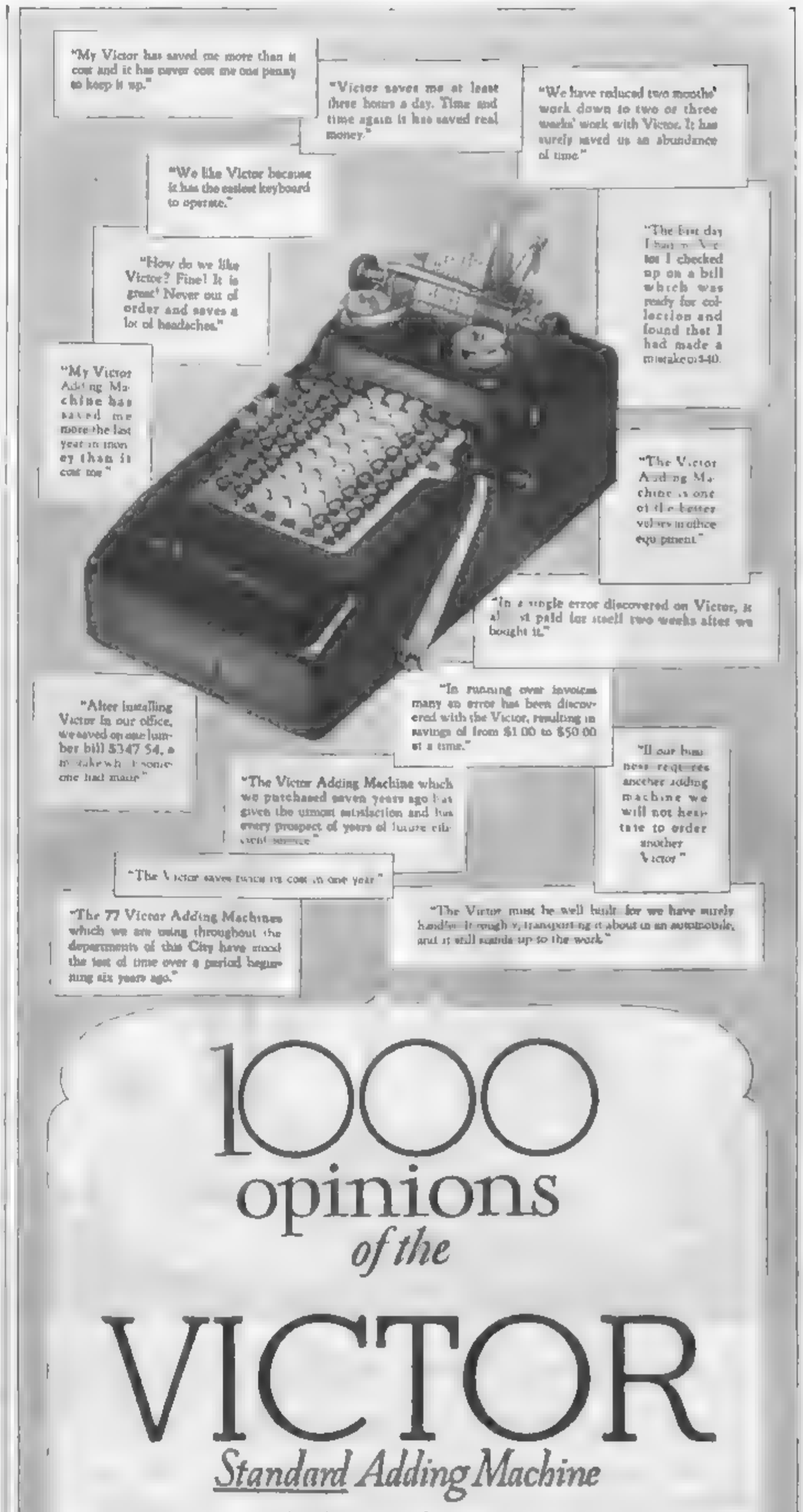
"You are quite sure that there was no rabbit in the—er—'ouse?"

"Oh, no, sir, no rabbit wotever in the 'ouse."

"Did you ever hear your master, the late commodore, tell cabmen, taxi drivers or other such persons that the rabbit would pay them?"

"Something like that, sir."

Tutt gave a sly wink in the jury's direction. "And did a rabbit ever pay them?"


"My Victor has saved me more than it cost and it has never cost me one penny to keep it up."
"Victor saves me at least three hours a day. Time and time again it has saved real money."
"We have reduced two months' work down to two or three weeks' work with Victor. It has surely saved us an abundance of time."
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"In running over invoices many an error has been discovered with the Victor, resulting in savings of from $1.00 to $50.00 at a time."
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"If our business requires another adding machine we will not hesitate to order another Victor"
"The Victor saves [illegible] cost in one year"
"The 77 Victor Adding Machines which we are using throughout the departments of this City have stood the test of time over a period beginning six years ago."
"The Victor must be well built for we have surely handled it roughly, transporting it about in an automobile, and it still stands up to the work"

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Standard Adding Machine

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The Honorable Waterbird, who had been dreaming of a game of balk-line billiards, suddenly woke up. "What's all this about a rabbit?" he inquired. "Are there any rabbits in this case?"

"The witness has testified that the deceased frequently told persons to whom he was indebted for small sums of money—cabmen and the like—that the rabbit would pay them," explained Tutt. "He further testified that there were no rabbits in the—er—'ouse."

"No rabbits in the 'ouse?" echoed His Honor.

"Only cats."

The Honorable Waterbird leaned back and scratched a note on the pad before him: "The rabbit will pay." Then he drew a picture of the rabbit paying the cabman. After that he wrote with great care the query: "'Ave you a little rabbit in your 'ouse?"

"That is all," bowed Tutt.

Puffer wheezed heavily to his flat feet.

"Sit down!" ordered Mr. Tutt. "I still have a whack at you! And," he whispered to the jury, "when I get through with you perhaps you won't be able to stand up. You are the cook's husband?" he inquired, raising his voice.

"Yes, sir," answered Puffer.

"Is Mrs. Puffer a good cook?"

Puffer snatched a surreptitious glance at the audience. Mrs. Puffer was right there in the front row. "Oh, very, sir!"

"Was Commodore Lithgow fond of her cooking?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"How long had you and she been in his employ?"

"Twenty years, sir."

"Do you think he was afraid that you two were trying to poison him?"

Puffer smiled broadly. "Bless you, no, sir! 'E would 'ave 'is little joke."

"You say it was a joke?" interrupted the court.

"Oh, yes, sir! 'E was always 'aving 'is jokes."

"Anyhow, he was not sufficiently afraid of being poisoned to send either of you away?"

"Oh, no, sir. 'E couldn't 'ave got on without us."

"One more fond delusion shattered!" murmured Mr. Tutt.

"About his bleating like a goat. . . . By the way, did he bleat like a billy or a nanny?"

"May I inquire what the difference is?" demanded His Honor, now beginning to draw goats. "And if there is a difference, what significance would there be in his imagining himself to be of one sex rather than the other?"

"I assume," answered Mr. Tutt, "that for a male human being to fancy himself to be a female goat is greater evidence of insanity than if he thinks himself a male goat."

"I see," agreed His Honor. "Well, which was it?"

"Wot is wot?"

"Did the testator bleat like a billy goat or a nanny goat?"

"I should say he bleated more like a sheep," opined Puffer discriminatingly.

"Well, when he stuck his head through the portières and bleated like a sheep, were there any persons in the room?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Oh, yes, sir! The children were there, sir."

"What children?"

"His grandnieces and nephews."

"He was just pretending to be a goat?"

"Hexactly, sir."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"Nobody asked me," protested Puffer. "This little gentleman ——"

Mr. Tutt made an admonitory gesture. "Please do not refer to my old friend and erstwhile partner as other than a great gentleman." Tutt glared at him. "By the way, what did you do around the house besides butling?"

"I took care of the commodore's clothes, sir."

"A gentleman's gentleman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Commonly known as a valet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you accustomed to pay out money in small amounts for your master's account?"

"Oh, frequent, sir."

"Did he refer to you as his valet?"

"Sometimes, sir."

"As the valet?"

"Hoccasionally, sir."

"Did you ever hear him say to a cabman, 'The valet will pay you'?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Ever hear him say, 'The rabbit will pay you'?"

"No, sir."

Tutt jumped to his feet. "Didn't you just testify in answer to my questions that he used to say, 'The rabbit will pay you'?"

The Honorable Waterbird peered at Tutt over his glasses. "He testified, if I remember, that his master said something like that. Well, 'the valet will pay' certainly sounds something like 'the rabbit will pay.'"

Puffer swung his abdomen toward the bench. "There you 'ave it, sir! Wot 'e said was, 'The valet will pay.' There were no rabbits in the 'ouse."

"Hexactly!" murmured His Honor. "No rabbits in the 'ouse."

"By the way," interjected the old lawyer unexpectedly, "what size shoe did the commodore wear?"

"Number eleven, sir."

"That is all," declared Mr. Tutt. "You may puff along, Puffer." He beckoned to a row of white beards on the front bleachers—the expert psychiatrists retained for the proponents of the will. "This way, gentlemen."

Solemnly they arose—and solemnly they swore to tell the truth. Mr. Tutt, the ceremony being completed, then read aloud to them a carefully prepared question in which the late commodore was pictured as a combination athlete and intellectual giant—a Babe Ruth grafted on the limb of an Elihu Root—and the experts replied in chorus that in their opinion the person therein described would be perfectly competent to make a last will and testament, as who would not?

Upon this peaceful legal scene suddenly burst a thundercloud that changed the aspect of everything. Unexpectedly, Juror Number 8, a little man named Winterbottom with a reddish nose, who, since he appeared to be afflicted with sleeping sickness or some like disorder, was known as the Dormouse, held up his hand.

"I want to ask a question," he said indignantly.

"Ask it," directed the court. It was a bombshell.

"I want to ask Mr. Tutt why he didn't put into his hypothetical question the testimony about the overshoe and the billy goat and the rabbit. How can the experts testify that the man was a nut unless Mr. Tutt gives them some evidence that he was a nut? Now by this time we all know he must have been a nut, so why not be fair about it?"

He looked out of the window resentfully, while Tutt nodded and smiled.

The Honorable Waterbird dealt the table a swashbuckling blow with his gavel. "The juror is entirely out of order!" he exploded. "Mr. Winterbottom, you have no right to form or to express any opinion as to the testator's mental condition until the conclusion of the evidence. The rest of the jury will disregard the remarks of the individual juror."

"Well," persisted Mr. Winterbottom defiantly, "I simply wanted him to be fair about it. There's no harm in that, is there?

(Continued on Page 144)

Younger at his age than any man ever was before

Wadsworth Cases led the styles when these were the fashion

Keener, more efficient, wider in his interests—better dressed!

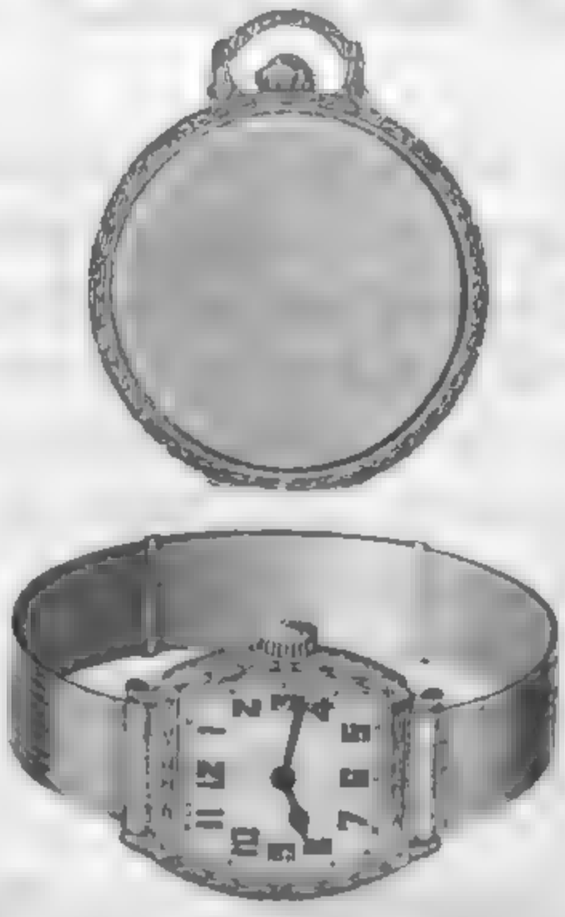
No. He's not out of it yet, this lively fellow of fifty. He feels perfectly at home with men half his age or less. He plays golf. He hums tunes from the latest shows. Often he dances.

He dresses as becomes both his status and his keen interest in life—dignified, yet always up to the minute in the styles that tailors are kept busy designing especially to suit him.

For he has a genuine sense of fitness of things, best illustrated, perhaps, in his watches.

He owns three of them. One he received on his twenty-first birthday. Still serviceable, if need be, after all these years. But it doesn't quite go with either his youthful spirit or the rest of his attire.

So he treasures it at home, along with his college diploma and other precious souvenirs.



Two styles in Wadsworth Watch Cases. Strap watch fitted with Wadsworth Watch Band (Olympian model). Prices for bands in various models and decorations—Solid Gold $18.00 to $30.00, Gold Filled $6.50 to $8.50

Then there is his modern pocket watch, gracefully slender, light in weight, elegantly simple in design. This he wears in the evening and at the office.

The third watch is a strap. That is for golf, for driving, for summer when he wears no vest, for winter on the street when unbuttoning a heavy overcoat to see the time would be a nuisance

And such is his discrimination that he keeps their uses strictly separate. He would no more think of wearing his strap watch to the theater than of wearing his pocket watch on the links.

Decidedly, he has young ideas. That is one of the reasons why, now more than ever, the leading watchmakers and importers turn to Wadsworth for the encasement of their finest movements. For Wadsworth Cases have led the style in the dress of fine watches for more than thirty-five years.

When you buy a watch, therefore, be sure the mark "Wadsworth Quality" is stamped inside the case. It is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and of that exactness of fit essential to protection of the movement.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

Car owners deciding rubber

Thru all the stages of price wars, mail-order lures and "bargain" tires, climaxed by the reclaimed rubber epidemic that has required but a year to

General Tire sales gain in

And what a gain it has been—never taking new car equipment contracts, never supplying mail-order houses or turning out secondary lines for big volume records, but depending solely on the personal preference of car owners purchasing tires through dealers—General gains 40% more sales in dollars and cents, for the first half of this year.

In all the history of the tire business, never such a popular swing to one make of tire.

The GENE

~goes a long way

alone are the battle for supremacy

prove itself the most expensive experiment millions of tire buyers have had to stand—the quality tire comes out on top. Top quality passes all classes.

makes biggest the industry

What a tribute of public confidence has been paid to General's policy of never tampering with quality.

Seasoned contemporaries started placing the sales limit for General's top quality when it reached five millions —again at ten—again at twenty millions.

But today with General's gain far ahead of the industry we have the spectacle of tire buyers the country over swinging more and more to quality and further and further away from fictitious values. Quality is setting the pace for volume.

There is no Saturation point for Quality

R A L TIRE

to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

On the world's docks, each strand of steel in the big loading cables is armored for strength -- a principle Cooper has adapted to the building of stronger, sturdier tires.

ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION
the secret of long tire life

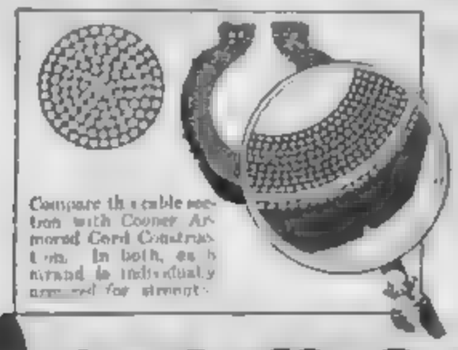
ARMORED Cord Construction fortifies the vulnerable point where tire havoc begins. That's the secret of the long life of Cooper Tires - - - the mileage records they pile up - - - the long uninterrupted service that Coopers give.

The most vulnerable part of any good tire is the part you never see - - the cord constructed carcass beneath the tread. There's where battering, bruising road shocks leave their mark - - there's where Cooper Armored Cord Construction builds a barrier of cord and rubber tougher than any ordinary bump.

Each strand of cord in Cooper Long Service Tires is individually armored. Each cord is thoroughly impregnated, completely surrounded with a protecting cushion of live resilient rubber. Jolts and shocks that send the ordinary tire to ruin are repelled by this new construction - - - this resilient rubber armor dulls the edge of vicious blows and smothers them.

Armored Cord Construction is distinctly a Cooper achievement - - a feature exclusive in Cooper Long Service Tires, Balloons and Heavy Duty. Let your Cooper dealer show you how Coopers will reduce your tire costs and tire troubles.

[DEALERS: The new Armored Cord Construction of Cooper Long Service Tires offers unusual opportunity for live dealers everywhere. Write for complete information regarding the valuable Cooper franchise.]


Compare this cable section with Cooper Armored Cord Construction. In both, each strand is individually armored for strength

Cooper
LONG SERVICE
TIRES

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1914
General Offices, Cincinnati, O. Factories: Findlay and Cincinnati, O.

(Continued from Page 140)

I've sat here for thirty-nine days and let my business all go to pot just to find out whether old Lithgow was a nut. Would any sane man run a hotel for a lot of cats? I ask you! What's the use of all this blah? How about his jazz orchestra, and driving that hansom cab up Broadway and everything? A juryman has some rights. I'm sick of sitting here. What's three dollars a day to me? I don't care what these doctors say."

Bang! went the gavel again. "Silence!" roared His Honor. "Do you wish to move for a mistrial?" he inquired.

Mr. Tutt was staggered. He assumed that he had demolished Puffer's validity as a witness for the contestants. He vainly imagined that he had even turned him into a witness for the proponents. Urbanely he arose.

"I quite sympathize with the way the juror feels," he said with a friendly smile, although he would have enjoyed tearing the entrails out of Mr. Winterbottom and scattering them to the four winds of heaven. "We are all getting tired of sitting here. I assumed that so far as the rabbit was concerned, it was perfectly clear Commodore Lithgow never used such an expression. What he said was 'valet.' That is Puffer's testimony."

"The cabman said he said rabbit!" retorted Mr. Winterbottom hotly. "You've got to believe somebody! How could you ever break any will at that rate?"

The Honorable Waterbird beckoned Tutt and Mr. Tutt to the front of the bench. "If you want me to declare a mistrial, Mr. Tutt," said he, "I'll consider it. That fool on the jury is as much of a nut as the contestants claim the testator to have been."

"I have an idea he hasn't been listening to the evidence," replied the old lawyer. "I can't say I blame him much. He passed out along about the tenth day of the trial. Anyhow, I don't see that I've anything in particular to gain by a mistrial. This jury, in my opinion, is never going to break the will. And I may be able eventually to bring him over to my side. I guess I'll take a chance."

Tutt called his experts, who, in feature, form and raiment, could hardly have been distinguished from Mr. Tutt's, and everybody settled back to hear the hypothetical question he had prepared on behalf of the contestants.

"Assume," began Tutt, "a man nearly eighty years of age, who for the last forty years has suffered from neuritis, loss of memory, cataracts, deafness, rheumatism, traumatism, arthritis and varicose veins, and who, within the last two years before his death, had violent attacks of pneumonia, gastritis and lumbago; who could hardly see or hear; walked only with a cane, had no appetite ——"

"Who's this hypothetical man supposed to be?" suddenly inquired Juror Number 8, an undertaker. "I don't seem to recognize him."

Mr. Tutt clapped his cupped hands inaudibly.

The Honorable Waterbird banged again. "Don't interrupt! Counsel has a right to picture the deceased—hypothetically—as he thinks the evidence justifies. In his opinion ——"

"We don't have to take his opinion, do we?" inquired the undertaker.

"Of course not. It is to enable the learned doctors to formulate their ideas. They never saw the deceased. They must have something to go on."

"All right," asserted the undertaker. "So long as they have to have something to go on, and it doesn't make any difference, he can go on reading for a week."

Tutt did not read for a week, but he did read for two hours, and the hypothetical man in his question exhibited every symptom of raving lunacy.

"Now, Doctor Katsbaum; kindly tell me whether in your opinion the subject of the question just read to you was suffering from any mental disease, and if so, what?"

Doctor Katsbaum removed his goggles and wagged his beard in the direction of the dais.

"In my opinion," he boomed, "he was suffering from an advanced case of senile dementia."

"In your opinion, was he competent to make a will?"

"He was not!" declared Doctor Katsbaum positively—and so said they all.

In re Lithgow, deceased, had reached that inevitable stage in all lengthy trials where everyone is either exasperated or bored and alternates between trying to be sarcastic or funny. But with the bang of the gavel that marked the end of the taking of testimony, everything was altered in the twinkling of an eye. The jury, who had been ready to jump out of the box and punch one another's heads, sat up and became serious and intent again. Public interest in the case revived overnight. The newspapers gave it the first left-hand column on the front page, and the court room was once more besieged by friends and acquaintances of the commodore or his family and those who desired to see the famous ex-partners, Tutt and Mr. Tutt, at legal joust. When court opened next morning it was difficult to force a way into the room and the officers were kept busy ejecting late comers who were unable to find seats.

"B'gorra," declared old Cap Phelan, the doorkeeper, as he casually hit the cuspidor, distant eleven feet three inches, in the exact center of the bull's-eye, "me frien' Misther Tutt is after takin' a dispyrate chancet, I'm tellin' ye! These birds av joorymen don't give a damn for the law or the ividence. They made up what minds they've got five weeks ago that the old boy was cracked and nothing will change 'em. Mr. Tutt should have asked for a mistrial. That on the front row will do fer him, or I'm a nut mesilf. . . . Kape out there! There's no more room. . . . No, you can't stand by the door. Kape moving!"

Inside, the room was so full that the press boys were jammed against the jury box and the phalanxes of rival relatives faced one another at a distance of only a few feet. The nine contesting nieces and nephews, carefully costumed for the occasion, were marshaled under Tutt upon the right; while Vira Marshall and the few scattered members of the family whom she had persuaded to join her sat upon the left behind Mr. Tutt, who seemed wholly undisturbed by the threatening reports he had received as to the hostile attitude of the jury.

At 10:30 the side door opened, Cap Phelan rapped on the rail with a paper weight. "His Honor the Surrogate!" he bellowed. "All up!" And the Honorable Waterbird, his black silk gown bellying behind him, strode in, ascended the dais, bowed to the assembled multitude, sat down and swept the court room with a complacent eye. Bowing graciously, he said, "You may proceed, Mr. Tutt." And Tutt arose in his glory.

The phrase is used advisedly, for this was the supreme moment in Tutt's legal life and he had arrayed himself in what he regarded as a costume appropriate for the occasion. Gorgeous as the full-blown rose which raises its head to greet the rising sun, Tutt lifted his freshly shaven face, still smelling of eau de Cologne, toward the Honorable Waterbird, confidently returned the latter's bow and intoned in a totally unrecognizable basso profundo: "If the court please!" Then he turned to the twelve hitherto bored but now eager faces of the jury: "Mr. Foreman and gentlemen!" He bent and gazed deeply into their honest eyes.

"My friends, what other evidence of insanity do you want, when a man, who is receiving forty cents a minute merely for staying alive, takes his own life? Forty cents a minute! Twenty-four dollars an hour! Five hundred and seventy-six dollars a day! Seventeen thousand two hundred and eighty dollars a month! Two hundred and seven thousand three hundred and sixty dollars a year! Think of it, gentlemen! And he was too crazy to want it! The victim of an insane delusion of poverty—of an

even more insane delusion that his nephews and nieces disliked and held him up to ridicule! Why, gentlemen, it is ridiculous upon the face of it! Who would not be devoted to a relative who was worth four million dollars? Would anybody be fool enough to go around deriding one who in the natural course of events would leave him his money? In that case it would be the relative who would be crazy."

He painted in vivid colors all the commodore's diseases of mind and body, described the jazz orchestra, the negro quartet, the professor of magic, his eccentric dress and his passion for cats. By the time he had finished, the testator was not only incompetent but a raving suicidal maniac who ought to have been locked in a padded cell at Bloomingdale. It was a masterly effort. Mr. Tutt felt that he had taught Tutt only too well. The contesting heirs and next of kin could not conceal their jubilation. It seemed impossible to them that twelve sensible men could possibly reach any conclusion other than that their kinsman was a senile dement.

"Look at my clients!" shouted Tutt. "Honest, hard-working people, trying to earn a decent living and bring up their children to be good citizens of this the greatest country in the world. Does this lunatic provide for the future welfare and education of their little ones? No, he does not! In defiance of every natural instinct, in defiance of the unwritten laws of inheritance which have governed the disposition of property since Adam delved and Eve spun, in defiance of the emotions of gratitude, which in a sane and normal man their love and devotion should have aroused in his breast, this crazy man leaves his money to cats! The will which you are asked to sustain gives a million dollars to found an orphanage for cats! Not for sweet little cooing human beings, but for mewing, scratching, smelling kittens! Is that the disposition of a sound and healthy mind? Gentlemen, I thank you!"

He sank back into his chair and wiped his forehead. The jury relaxed. They had enjoyed the speech. It seemed good sense to them.

"They'll crack it!" whispered the aged Phelan from behind his hand to one of his brother officers. "Shure, they'll niver let the money go to thim cats!"

The Honorable Waterbird nodded to Mr. Tutt. It was clear to the surrogate that the old lawyer had made a great mistake in not demanding a mistrial the afternoon before. According to every known sign, the jury would certainly find a verdict setting aside the commodore's will. They would do it on general principles—that a man ought to leave his money to his own family forever. They would do it because they had become thoroughly saturated with the idea that a man who was queer ought not to be allowed to make a will, anyhow. They would do it because the heirs looked like nice people and they would like to give them the fun of spending their kinsman's money rather than have it used to buy plaster casts for the Metropolitan Museum of Art or stuffed polar bears for the Natural History Museum. For once the shrewd old lawyer had made an egregious error!

Mr. Tutt, in truth, was beginning to think so himself. Drat the cats! If the commodore had only left out that one provision everything would have been all right! Well, he must do the best he could—put a brave front on the matter. He looked at Vira Marshall and smiled encouragingly. Were the jury going to disregard her testimony entirely—to the effect that her uncle was perfectly sane? He decided that they probably would. They were a hard-boiled bunch of boneheads. And the Honorable Waterbird had not much backbone in him either. His charge would probably be nothing but a lot of soap and water. Anyhow, he'd give Tutt a run for his money.

"Oh, Tutt, oh, Tutt! Oh, Samuel Tutt! How could you give me such a cut?" he murmured under his breath. He only wished he could address the jury in rime, like Mirabeau Towne. That would be a good way to catch their interest. Poetry? Bunk was better than poetry—bunk like Tutt's.

The Honorable Waterbird was looking at him, the jury was looking at him, the audience was looking at him, everybody was looking at him. They were all waiting to hear what he was going to say—what he could say. And Tutt was looking at him—with a look of triumph. Tutt would pull down a million dollars, and everybody would say that he deserved it—because an old man ought not to be allowed to leave his money to cats. Cat—money —— Well, now for it!

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, stepping to the jury box and resting his hands upon the rail, "the question in this case isn't whether Commodore Lithgow should have left part of his fortune to cats. Neither is it whether he liked to listen to jazz music or preferred to amuse himself when other people liked to be asleep. The question is simply and solely whether he was competent to make a will, and the court will lay down the tests according to which you must decide it. They are perfectly plain and simple. Did he know the nature and extent of his property? Did he know who were the natural heirs of his bounty? Those questions are answered by the will itself.

"He knew what he had and he knew his heirs and next of kin, because he left each one of them a hundred thousand dollars. He could be as eccentric as he chose in his dress, deportment, speech and manner of life, and yet, if he knew what he had and what he was doing with it, remain perfectly competent to make a will.

"Now what is the testimony on which they ask you to find that Commodore Lithgow was crazy? In essence, merely that he liked cats. They have not brought forth one shred of evidence that he ever did or said an irrational thing. Tutt tried to prove that he had a delusion that the cook and butler were trying to poison him, that he thought he had a familiar spirit in the form of a rabbit, that he imagined he was a billy goat. But the rabbit turned out to be the valet, and the so-called delusions were shown to be jokes. I am afraid that the commodore was something of a joker, gentlemen. But should we break his will on that account?"

"How about the rubber in the safe-deposit vault?" shot Juror Number 3 at Mr. Tutt resentfully. "Don't you think that was kind of crazy?"

The old lawyer stopped short. "I'm glad you spoke of that," he ejaculated. "I had almost forgotten it, so easy it seemed of explanation. The answer is simplicity itself. When the commodore started from the house on the last day he ever went to the safe-deposit vault it was raining heavily. His new overshoes were a size and a half too big for him, since we know from undisputed testimony that he wore Number 11 shoes—and the rubbers were twelve and a half. Well, one came off. He lost it without discovering that he had done so until he reached the bank. By that time it had stopped raining. He had to make delivery of a package of bonds, and when he got downstairs into the vault he noticed that he had lost one of his rubbers. He didn't want to go walking around in only one rubber; and besides, since the rain was over, he needed none at all. What more natural than, the box being empty after the removal of the bonds, that he should take off his remaining overshoe, wrap it up in a piece of newspaper and stick it in the box? Q. E. D. You'd do the same thing yourself, wouldn't you?" He waited for his argument to sink in.

"No!" unexpectedly replied the Dormouse. "I wouldn't. If he'd wanted to throw the rubber away, he needn't have put it in the box. He could have done a hundred other things with it."

The Honorable Waterbird scowled. "The juror will not engage in altercations with counsel!" he remarked severely.

(Continued on Page 149)

TRADE YALE MARK

She just knows they'll be safe in a Yale-locked closet

A YALE-LOCKED CLOSET—such an inexpensive yet sure way of protecting personal property!

We Americans are away so much—motoring or yachting; at the theatre or the club; that we simply *must* have Yale protection.

Your silver and jewels, your furs, your cigars, your valuable papers—put these behind a Yale Deadlock or Deadlatch and you'll know they'll be guarded every moment of your absence.

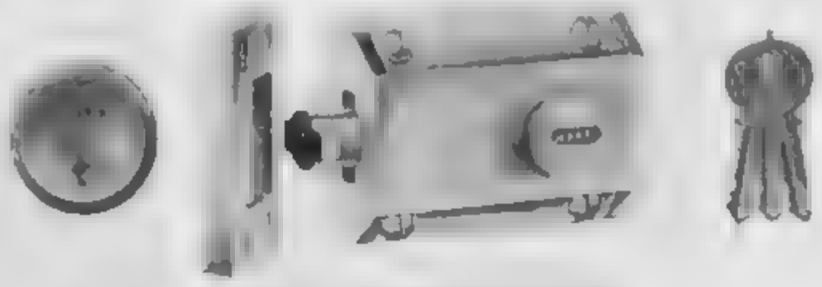
Yale features several distinct types of auxiliary locks for home-closet use—

Yale No. 41RB and No. 041RB Deadlatches
Yale No. 44RB Automatic Deadlatch
Yale No. 2F Deadlock
Yale No. 10F Steel Bar Deadlock
Yale No. 193 Rotary Bolt Deadlock
(the one pictured below)

Each one of these offers effective modern improvement over the ordinary lock—the *safe* over the *unsafe*.

Go, yourself, to a hardware dealer who has the Yale line. He will advise you and help you select the right lock for installation on your Yale-Locked Closet. *Printed directions for applying packed with each lock.*

Send for booklet just published—"You may not have a skeleton in your closet but—"



Yale No. 193 Rotary Bolt Deadlock

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Company
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ontario

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

In the lap of the Rockies is the Inland Empire

In the trough between the Cascades and the Bitter Root Mountains spreads an enormous vale, the size of France, tilted southwestward to meet the warm Pacific winds. Through this vale flows the Columbia River and its rushing tributaries. Richly blooming valleys, famous throughout the world, open into it; and more than seventy lakes of dazzling beauty are scattered like lambent jewels among the tumbled velvet and silver of the mountains that hem it in.

This is the famous Inland Empire! In the heart of it rises Spokane, its shining metropolis. And here are factors that make it great:

Power. Spokane River alone developing 172,000 H.P. Billions of potential horsepower charging unchained away to sea. Priest Rapids Dam and Columbia River Project, both planned to surpass Muscle Shoals.

Agriculture. One-fifth the Nation's boxed apples. One-tenth the Nation's wheat. Last year's new wealth of farm crops, $250,000,000. Orchards, $50,000,000. Famous valleys of amazing fertility; and far greater valleys waiting to be tilled!

Timber. Thirty-five million acres of virgin timberland, including largest stand of white pine in the world.

Minerals. The center of probably the richest mineral region known. Already producing one-third the Nation's magnesite; over one-third the Nation's lead; large quantities of silver, gold, zinc. New mineral wealth last year, $65,000,000. Close contact with the copper region of Butte.

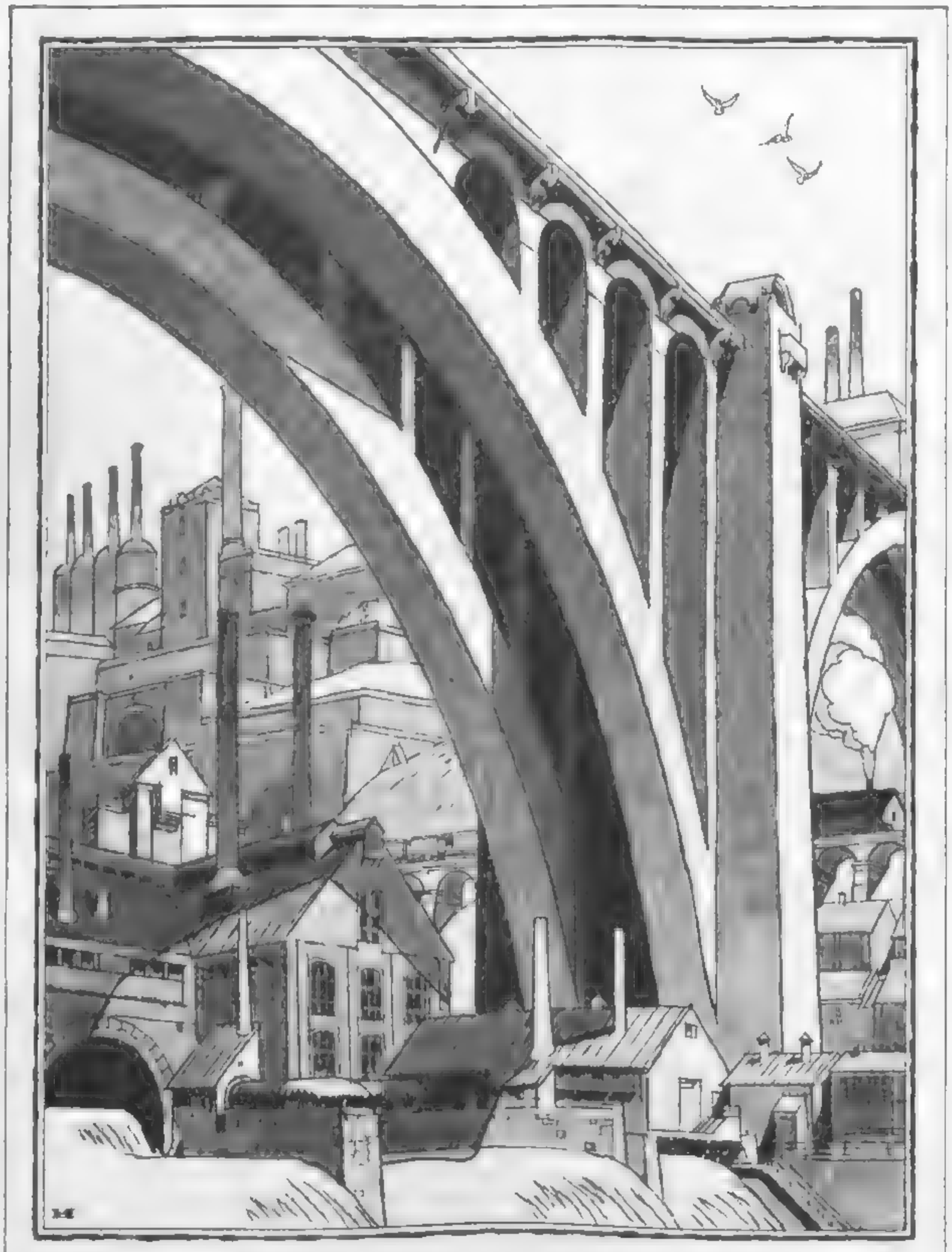
Trade. Spokane, regional center for 63 cities and towns, distributing to 1,500,000 inhabitants. Annual wholesale and jobbing volume totaling $200,000,000. Greatest production of white pine timber in the country.

Transportation. All resources easily reached by railroad, river and highway. Ten thousand miles of improved roadway winding through the valleys and mountains. The trunk line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul passing through the heart of it; and spur lines reaching out as feeders.

A generation ago the Inland Empire was virtually a wilderness. But it has shared with the Olympic Northwest in an uninterrupted *growth five times faster than the Nation as a whole!* With the marvelous maritime region of Puget Sound to the west, with the tremendous resources of Industrial Montana to the east, with its own inestimable richness of soil, of mineral deposits, of timber resources, of white power, of an incomparable climate, the already famous Inland Empire is destined to become the center of a much vaster industrial and agricultural dominion.

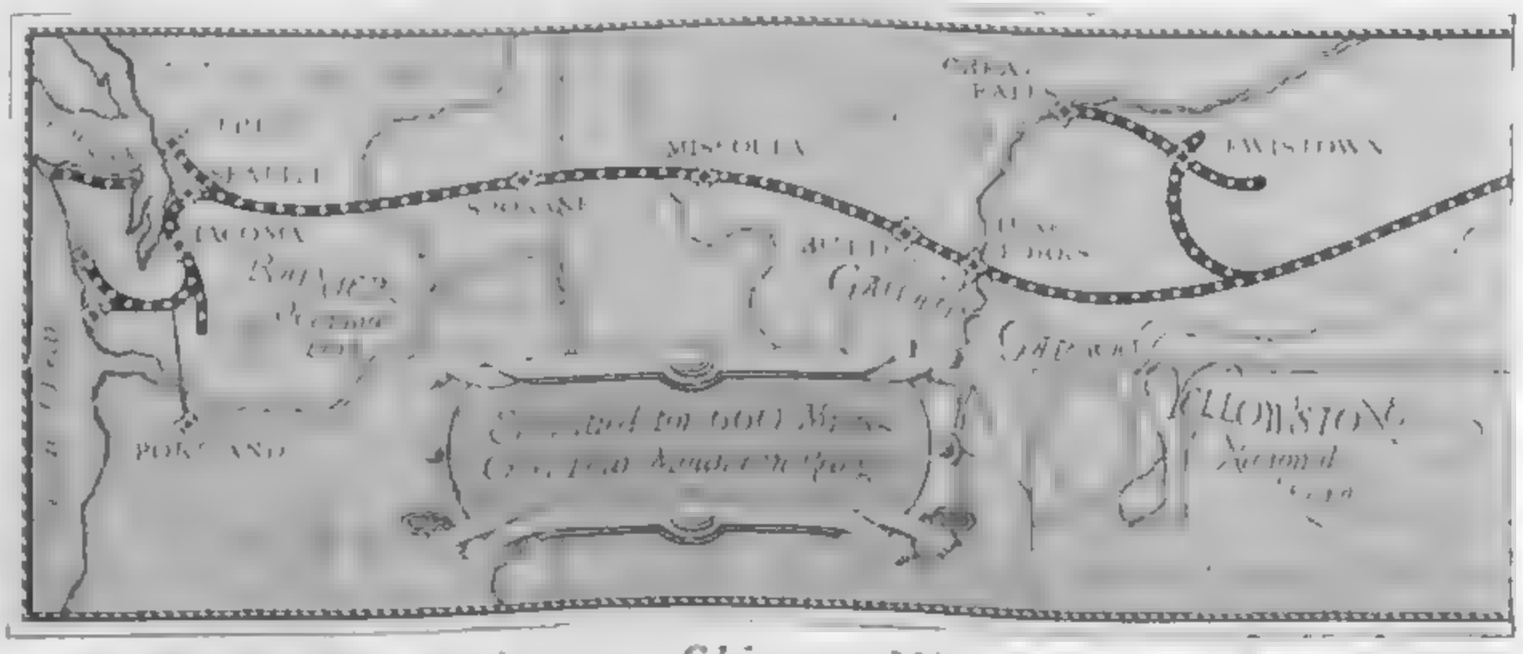
Lombardy in the Northwest

Like Lombardy, ringed with Alpine peaks and tilted towards the warm scented winds of the Mediterranean, the Inland Empire is a landlocked vale strongly influenced by the warm breezes from the Pacific Ocean. Like Lombardy, but as large as all France! In the west Rainier lifts its glacier-crested peak. To the north and west stretch glorious wildernesses of mountain and primeval forest. Through enormous fertile valleys, blossoming with apricots, melons, grapes, apples, pears, plums, peaches, alfalfa, wheat, rushes the mighty Columbia under claret-colored headlands. Beautiful little towns are springing into existence. Life is free, clean, vigorous, with domestic drudgery entirely eliminated by the all-powerful servant—electricity. A balmy, stimulating climate! A valley of supreme content!



SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

The



The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,

MILWAUKEE ROAD

How does the railroad reach the Inland Empire?

It is directly in the path of the shortest and most modern transcontinental route to the Pacific! No region in America is more adequately served by great railroads. It was the railroad, breaking through the mountain barriers, that opened up its riches to the world.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul—pioneer in the last great American development, from Chicago and Milwaukee westward—penetrates the Inland Empire with a marvelous *electrified system*, one of the world's greatest achievements in railroad engineering. Its feeders extend into the richest valleys, timberland and mineral regions. Yet this is only part of the vast system—11,000 miles long—with which this railroad reaches every vital part of the Northwest.

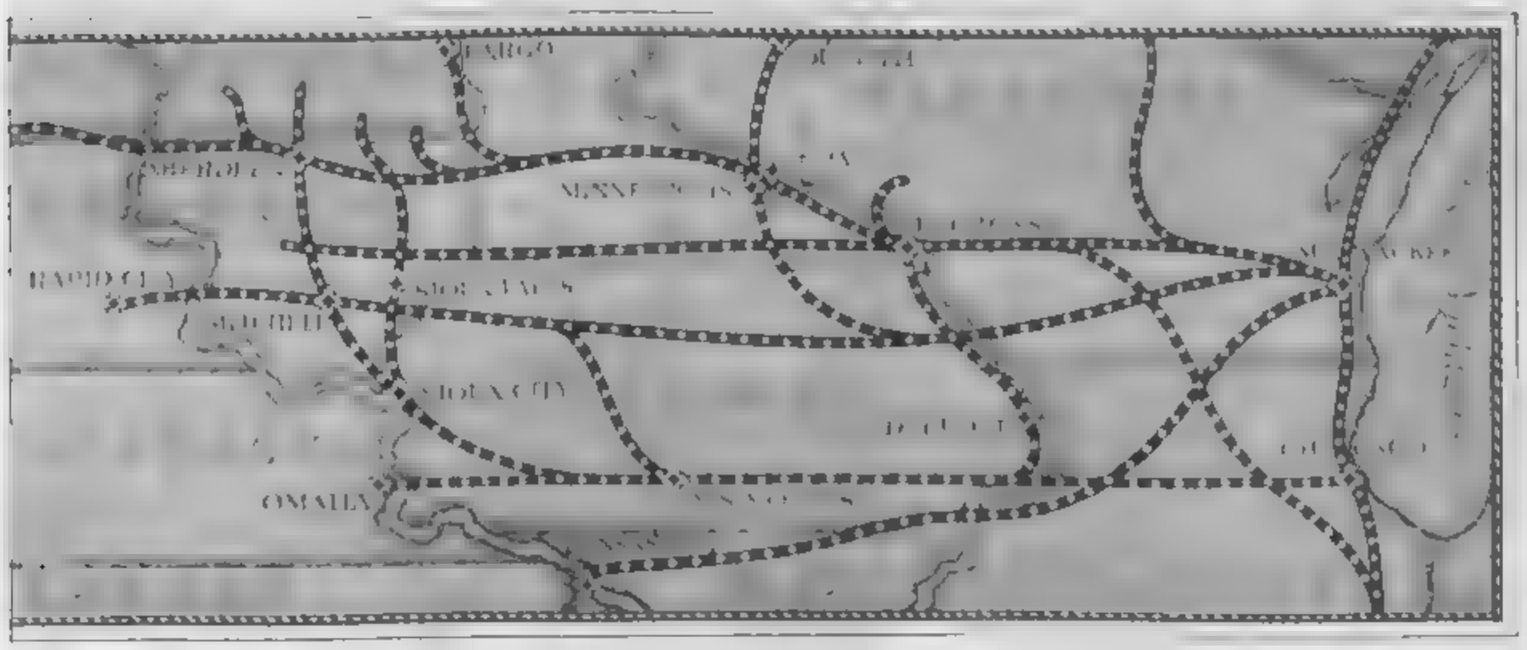
It is like a great artery along which flows the life-blood of a waking giant. Farm implements, machinery, tools, seeds, pure-bred stock, and people—people in an endless stream—pour through it, giving energy and life. And pulsing back comes the flow of raw products upon which the great industrial centers of the East are fed. The railroad brings fresh life to the Northwest; the Northwest has health and prosperity for the railroad!

An event of tremendous significance in the development of the United States occurred recently when Asiatic imports gained ascendancy over imports from any other part of the world! Far-sighted industrial and commercial leaders are already planning for the great trend towards the Pacific. The Pacific Northwest now leads the Coast in commerce. *And the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the shortest link with the Pacific Northwest and the Far East!*

See it on your next trip West

When you make your western trip, take this wonderful route. You will see the most diversified scenery in America—the golden plains—lush dairy country—three of the greatest rivers in the world—four tremendous mountain ranges: the Belt, the Bitter Root, the Rocky, and the Cascade Mountains—the glories of Puget Sound—truly an empire bursting ripe with opportunities!

Milwaukee passenger cars are now being equipped with *roller bearings*—a revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.



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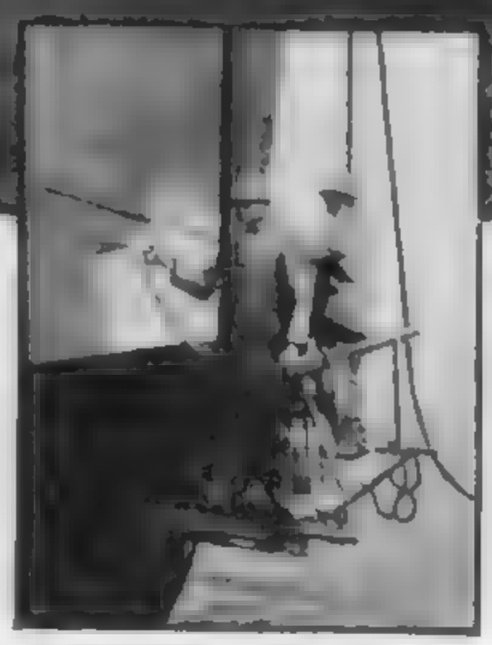

Save the Surface Campaign, 1927

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN

18 East 41st Street, New York

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

(Continued from Page 145)

"Oh, I don't object in the slightest!" beamed Mr. Tutt. "In fact, I welcome interruption. However, we'll turn to something else. My learned brother on the other side has sought to bolster up his case by picturing the testator to you as an old man so enfeebled that he could hardly walk, much less get any enjoyment out of existence. On the one hand, he paints him as rollicking on Broadway, sitting up all night at cabarets and leading a generally gay life, and in the same breath as almost deaf, blind, and with one foot in the grave.

"Has it ever occurred to my friend Tutt—or to you—that a man who was practically crippled with lumbago and rheumatism, a mere wraith from pneumonia, and the victim of countless chronic diseases, selected a very vigorous method of doing away with himself? A bedridden invalid usually doesn't get up in the middle of the night, go down to the beach, strip naked and then row out into the ocean and drown himself. There was life in that old dog yet!" The jury were listening with interest. "Yes," ejaculated Mr. Tutt, "there was a lot of life in that shrewd old dog. I wonder if, if perchance my friend Tutt's description of him has reached his ears in the other world, he recognizes himself in that picture of a doddering human wreck. I wonder if ——"

Mr. Tutt was interrupted by a disturbance at the door of the court room, where the voice of Cap Phelan could be heard raised in what seemed singularly like profanity. Then the door swung wide. Standing in the threshold in his familiar yachting costume of blue coat, cap and white trousers, a broad smile upon his ruddy cheeks, was a figure singularly resembling the late Commodore Lithgow. It was as if Mr. Tutt had evoked a ghost. The Honorable Waterbird nearly fell over in his swivel chair. Tutt's eyes were popping.

"I understand," boomed the commodore, "that you are dividing up my estate, so I thought I'd join the party myself."

"Are you Commodore Lithgow?" inquired the Honorable Waterbird faintly.

"That's me!" declared the commodore. "Isn't all this a little previous?"

"I should like to call Commodore Lithgow as a witness," quickly interpolated Mr. Tutt. "Is there any objection?"

Nobody voiced any and the commodore seated himself comfortably in the witness chair and bowed genially to the jury.

"May I inquire," began Mr. Tutt, "where you have been all this time?"

"In South America," replied the commodore. "I'd never been to Rio or seen a jaguar or an armadillo dilloing in his armor, you know, so I thought I'd run down there before I was too old."

Meanwhile the Honorable Waterbird recovered himself. He now turned upon the commodore with as near an approach to ferocity as his timid nature permitted. "Do you realize that in pretending to have committed suicide and allowing the court to proceed to administer your estate you have been guilty of fraud—a contempt—very probably a crime?"

"I didn't pretend to have committed suicide," replied the commodore. "I just went for a moonlight swim. I couldn't help it if my executors thought I was dead and started to probate my will. But," he added, "I've found out one thing!" He looked significantly at his nieces and nephews. "I know now which of my relatives have enough affection for me to abide by my wishes after I'm dead. And I know now who to leave my money to—and it won't be to cats either!"

"Look here," persisted the surrogate, "didn't you leave a note pinned to your clothes saying that you were tired of life?"

"I did and I was! But I didn't say I was going to commit suicide. I referred merely to the kind of life I was leading at the moment."

"That's a pretty fine distinction!" commented the Honorable Waterbird with sarcasm. "I hope it'll keep you out of jail."

"I wouldn't mind a good jail provided it was a modern up-to-date jail," answered the late deceased. "There's nothing like going without things to make you enjoy 'em. Hunger is the best sauce, as someone said once."

"You'll get your wish, if I have anything to say about it!" sniffed the Honorable Waterbird. "I fine you, here and now, ten thousand dollars for contempt of court!"

"That's all right, judge," retorted the testator, pulling a wad of yellow backs from his rear saddlebags. "Got it in my pants pocket."

"And I sentence you to thirty days in Ludlow Street Jail," continued His Honor, peering over his glasses at the commodore, as he added lightly, "Have you got that in your pants pocket?"

Mr. Tutt's tall form shot upward. "No, Your Honor," he said severely, "he has not got it in his pants pocket. And if you insist on trying to punish a man for an offense—if it was an offense—committed entirely outside your jurisdiction, I'll have a writ of habeas corpus served on you within ten minutes."

The Honorable Waterbird showed uneasiness. Mr. Tutt followed up his advantage. "The witness has not been guilty of any contempt. While he has been in your presence the commodore has conducted himself with the utmost propriety. His pretended attempt at suicide—if it was a pretense—did not occur in your presence. It was done on the high seas."

The commodore hastily stuffed his roll of bills back into his pocket.

The Honorable Waterbird flushed. "Adjourn court," he ordered; getting up abruptly, "*sine die!*"

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2387—Imported Tan Scotch Grain.

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Nunn-Bush

MILWAUKEE NEW YORK

Fashioned by Master Craftsmen

THE CHANGING ROAD

(Continued from Page 35)

Sometimes the world is as wide as the universe; sometimes it is only as wide as the hand. Prescience is a silent goddess: she touches only the chosen.

Stout shoulders, thought Davidson, as he watched the unknown weave in and out of the tables and dancers on the way to the coat room. A *gigolo* by the ironic force of circumstances; yet those shoulders were carried proudly. A good story there, if one knew the proper attack.

The wine was dying in his glass. It came to him suddenly that he wanted the road again, that Paris was palling on him. Cities took his breath away. After Lubovin was in the crotched stick, he and Mason would pack up. Whither? That would come later. To write down an itinerary was to write down boredom. He wanted to roll in unexpectedly, into unknown villages; to plan the day's trip at breakfast and to have the fun of changing it at noon.

Sonia. If he stayed in Paris after Lubovin was caught, there would be a fine chance for him to make an ass of himself. A woman he could not take home or introduce to his friends! He must tell Molly who her beautiful chance acquaintance was. Chance might throw them together again, and there were no locks on the doors of Molly's warm heart. Just because the woman had kissed him—it always returned to that—to keep him entranced long enough to permit her to hide herself. That kind of kiss, and he was still fool enough to let it thrill him. Yet the sunlight on her face that afternoon! Riddles; and if, during life, you solved one or two little ones, you considered yourself a great man.

Out of his wallet he took the receipt which the chief of the Brigue police had given him. If he could find Sonia's address he would mail this receipt to her and then she would know what had become of the Boronov emeralds. With that the incident would be closed—unless she wished to punish him for his meddling. He returned the receipt to the wallet and called for his bill. This paid, he stood up—and felt something under his foot. He looked down. At first he thought the object to be a brass two-franc piece. Instead, it was a locket. He recovered it. A jeweled locket—or rather, it had once been jeweled. The locket was circled by little pits. Curious, he pried it open.

The Perroquet faded, the music no longer sounded in his ears. He saw the smiling face of a young girl—Sonia's! The *gigolo*—the *gigolo* had dropped it! And with this his mental machinery stopped functioning. He could not think; his brain for the moment housed nothing more than a jumble of words which were without correlation. Sonia's photograph when she was in her teens! All things have an end, and this trifling aphasia departed and he became coherent again.

Tomorrow he would pay the *gigolo* a visit and Sonia Karlov would cease to be a puzzle. It suddenly occurred to him that he might not have to wait for the morrow; the *gigolo* might be doing the cabarets.

He gained the street, congested with taxicabs and private cars and jostling men and women in evening dress, his brain now tingling with excitement.

A man approached him. "Taxi?"

"Which one?"—cautiously.

"The ocher, monsieur."

"Drive me to the Gare St.-Lazare." Davidson wanted Mason on this hunt.

He jumped into the dark interior of the ocher car—and was swiftly overpowered. "Don't hurt him!" said a woman's voice.

Davidson's last coherent thought was sardonic. Sonia had him! He wouldn't have to hunt for her! The odor and sting of chloroform, then oblivion.

XVI

THROUGH the long summer night Mason waited at the Gare St.-Lazare. The stir of the station life, the bustle of automobiles and trucks, the effeminate peals of engine whistles, kept him awake till three; then the world became quiet. Inside the vast shed there was an occasional mechanical whimper which reminded Mason of puppies dreaming in their sleep. The dead hours of the night had come.

Perhaps up to this time Mason had not really waited; he had simply passed away the time. Now he began to wait, for Davidson did not come. To wait is a nerve-racking business. Someone doesn't come, and your imagination takes up the reins and races about in your mind over hurdles of disaster. So Mason began to wait. Half-past three. Perhaps the boss had found his quarry or he had run into friends he couldn't escape from. Four o'clock. The sky grew pale in the east. Half-past four. Spring dawn. Then the station awoke again; the noise and bustle grew. Five o'clock. Not only was the station awake but the huge Paris which only Parisians know was yawning and grumbling and pulling itself out of bed.

At six o'clock Mason started for the Rue St.-Honoré—home. He knew now what had happened. The boss had walked into some kind of a trap.

"The fool!" cried Mason, a sob in his throat. Queer how prone we are to berate those we love when they have invited themselves into trouble and we can't help them. "The big stiff! Everything in the world to live for, and he has to go monkeying with this kind of a buzz saw!"

And now to go home and tell Miss Molly—tear the heart out of her. Hell! One thing, though, there wouldn't be any wailing and fainting; no, sir. She'd land on both feet and start right in to tear up Paris. No clinging vine; not so you'd notice it. Yet he must hurt her damnably.

A flat tire on the Simplon—to this hour! Mason cursed himself for warning Davidson that the Karlov woman was in Paris. Why hadn't he kept his mouth shut? How would the woman know that he was still in Davidson's employment if it hadn't been advertised? And yet ——

Mason was a resolute young fellow. The war had taught him the value of never holding back a blow, physical or mental, if it was necessary to strike. Hesitance had lost more lives than war itself. He did not put the car in the garage, but left it in the court and opened the house door with his emergency key. He would wake up Miss Molly and tell her now. She'd never forgive him if he wasted time.

He did not tiptoe up the two flights of stairs to the bedroom floor. He thumped up, two steps at a time, noisily. He wanted Miss Molly to be awake when he got to her door. When he came to it he struck the door boldly.

"Who is it?" came instantly.

"Mason."

Molly, who was in her kimono—she had read till dawn—ran to the door. But she did not open it. A spell of vertigo rolled over her and she had to lean against the door, a little prayer on her lips.

"Is Mr. Davidson home?"

"No," said Molly. "Has anything happened?"

"I don't know, miss. But if he isn't home ——"

"Go down to the study and wait for me. I'll be only a minute."

When she did appear, Mason began bluntly: "I don't know how much you know."

"Is it the Simplon affair?"

"Yes. He told you about the Karlov woman and the man Lubovin who killed the chauffeur?"

"Yes. And this woman?"

"She's got the boss, I'm sure. If he had any new plans he'd have come and told me, then gone off again. He wouldn't leave me in the air this way. But you mustn't blame the boss, miss. It's just what they call psychology—the war back-firing. Four

(Continued on Page 152

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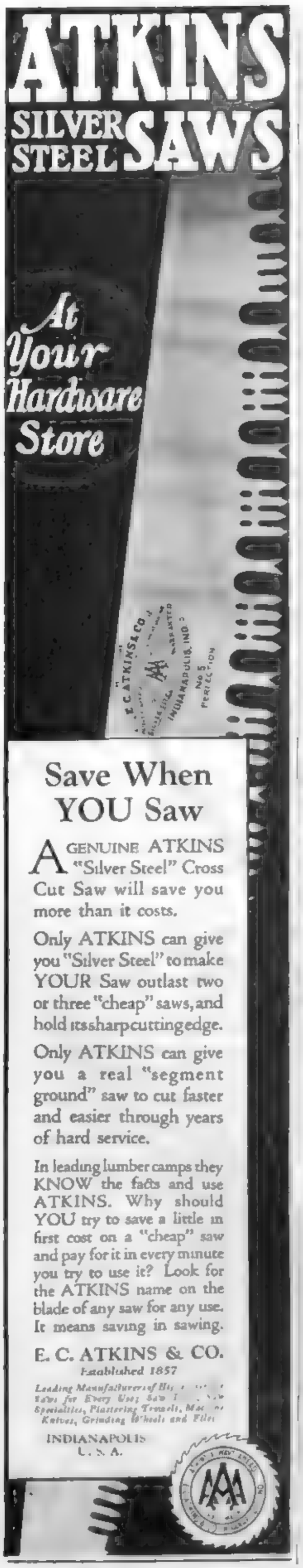
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(Continued from Page 150)

years all keyed up to the highest point, and then the big flop. You folks who weren't in it actively can't understand. Every once in a while a chap just boils over. Zowie! he goes, and he don't know why. Every now and then I get it. Honest, sometimes I feel like running into another car just to see what would happen. You couldn't get the reason out of me if you took me all apart."

"What does this woman look like?"

"Very beautiful. Black bob. Generally has a little seal-brown Peke with her."

Molly was Davidson's sister; that is to say, her brain was constructed something like his. In the newspaper clippings she had found on his desk, the description of the Karlov woman was meager; nothing would linger impressively in the mind. Yet the description of the Pekingese led Molly's thought instantly to the woman out by the Bois. That would be Sonia Karlov.

The shock was almost equal to that of Ronny's disappearance. It was inconceivable that so beautiful a flower could be poisonous.

The way the woman had cuddled the dog to her throat, the eager protestations of gratitude! Common sense rejected the notion that she was criminal or that she had kidnaped Ronny in reprisal.

"Rather wouldn't it be this man Lubovin?"

"Just now he'll be hiding in the deepest cellar in Paris. No, count him out. The boss wanted to find the Karlov woman and prove to her that he had given the emeralds to the police. Wanted to forestall her, keep her from doing the very fool thing she's done. He wanted to keep her out of the Rue St.-Honoré."

"Why didn't he inform the police about her?"

"For the same reason he let her go that night. I'm going to tell you something he'll never forgive me for telling. Just before she started for the tram that night she kissed the boss."

"Kissed him?"

Molly recalled the beauty of the woman, and for a space the kiss alarmed her more than her brother's present peril. Things she hadn't given much thought to came vividly—her brother's new zest in life, his lack of diffidence now in relation to women, his strange dismissal of the scar as an obstacle.

"Charlie, I believe I have seen the woman. Was she dressed in black?"

"Yes."

"She had lost the Peke and I found him for her."

"Where was the boss?"

"Sitting on the bench where you picked us up when you came. The crowd of promenaders prevented him from seeing her. I am now sure it was Sonia Karlov."

"What do you know about that?"

"If she kissed Ronny, she won't hurt him. She'll be wanting money. Can he prove he gave the emeralds to the Brigue police?"

"I saw the officer in charge give him a receipt. That let the boss out if the stones got lost again."

"Does he carry it with him?"

"I don't know, miss."

"Take that cardboard by the telephone. All the hospitals are there. You give me the numbers and I'll do the calling."

Ronald Davidson was not in any of the hospitals of Paris. No man answering to his description was on record.

Nor was there any news at the *préfecture de police*. Two men, however, would be sent over immediately.

"Shall I go now, miss?"

"No; the police will need you." Molly rose and paced, pausing from time to time to look down into the street. "Boronov," she said aloud. "I've heard that name before, but I can't remember where. See if it is in the telephone book."

Mason found no Boronov either in the telephone or in the city directory. "Family wiped out," he said. "They don't give you a house, only the people living in it."

"After all, it was just a notion," said Molly. "The name recurred to me. Wake up Victor and order coffee. You look tired."

"Who, me? I'll never go to sleep again till the boss is back."

"Do you suppose it might be something out of the war? He made some terrible enemies."

"That's all forgotten, miss. If he met one of the spies he chased or was chased by, they'd probably laugh and shake hands."

Molly nodded. She hadn't been in the war actively. The men who had would know whether personal enmity still existed. But she must go into every alley, no matter how many blind ones.

So they waited for the police, who came, took notes and went their way. When Davidson senior came down for breakfast he was informed of the catastrophe. He merely put his arm around Molly. "Good girl! Now don't worry about the boy. The woman will want money, and if we have to pay, why, pay we will. She's probably picked up information that I'm a banker. And then there's always the chance of Ronny getting free. I imagine, from some of the war yarns he told me, that he's capable of slipping through keyholes and cracks in the floor."

"She did not look that kind."

"They never do, Molly. Nature sets them up just as we're set up, and something turns poisonous in them. Now cut out the worry."

"All right, daddy."

But they both did worry terribly.

Mason was given the day off. So he changed into his ordinaries and went upon a voyage of discovery. He knew that nothing would come of this voyage, but it would keep him from twiddling his thumbs and tearing at his hair. If there was a Boronov palace or hotel in Paris he was determined to find it. He had learned one trick from the boss—when he wanted information he knew where to go for it.

So he began by quizzing the taxicab companies. By four o'clock he was informed that there was such a hotel. It was either on the Boulevard Raspail or somewhere near that thoroughfare.

Between inquiries and little journeys, he dwelt upon his employer's war record. They might trap him, but could they hold him? Could they keep him from getting loose, unless they chained him to the wall, as they did in the old dungeon days? Boiled down, it would be ransom, pure and simple. The boss would be coming home tonight if he didn't try to stick it out, and that was what he'd be likely to do. There wasn't a more generous man living, but the boss would fight all over the lot against a ten-centime overcharge. Threats on one side to see if he would weaken and contempt on his side to see how far the crooks would go.

At five o'clock he stood opposite the walls of the old Boronov hotel. It did not require a practiced eye to discern the truth, that the place had gone to seed, that it had not been occupied in years.

Beyond the top of the wall he could see the windows under the mansard. They dazzled his eyes, fierily painted as they were by the sun. For Rent or For Sale. Mason grew speculative. He wondered how long that dingy sign had hung there. Wine, women and all that; and now the spiders. The Russians had got it pretty hard. The house of the Boronov emeralds! And now they hung around the fat neck of Baroness Sauer in Vienna. Funny world, wasn't it? Up she goes and down she goes.

Near by, unseen by Mason, stood a tall handsome man, leaning against the doorway which opened between the baker and butcher shops. He, too, was staring at the house over the way. From time to time his chin touched his breast and his eyes closed. His arms hung tensely at his sides, his scarred hands tightly shut. He was not speculative; he was running over poignant memories. If he was unnoticed by Mason, the latter was not observed by him.

Well, concluded Mason, there wasn't any use hanging around this tomb. Coming over here had kept him from tearing his hair, had steadied him. His vanity, however, was satisfied; he had the facility of discovering things, just as the boss had. He turned and hurried away—while from behind one of the windows Mason had blinked at, Davidson shouted and gestured wildly. He could see Mason, but Mason could not see him because of the sun.

XVII

WHEN Davidson's mind wandered up through the effects of the application of chloroform and became a normal thinking machine again, he had knowledge of two things—darkness and the immobility of his body. Shortly he understood clearly that he was bound to a chair and that it was still night outside. On the wall was a dim patch of light, cast there by the street lamp. He struggled for a moment, but futilely; they had trussed him with a good deal of ingenuity. Any twisting about might topple him to the floor, where he would be ten times more uncomfortable than he now was.

Got him at a time when his mind was involved with theories regarding the locket and the *gigolo!* "Taxi?" And because the cab hadn't been cherry colored, he had jumped in. Easy as falling off a log. He had entered a game which he was no longer capable of playing; that was evident. Could he get out of this trap as easily as he had from the others—war traps? His chagrin would help him somewhat.

He was without any fear. He knew that he was in for some kind of trouble but that it would not have lethal qualities. Ransom, probably; a ransom equal to the price of the Boronov emeralds. At the end of this business he would find himself with a very sore nose, literally and figuratively. In the one case the chloroform had burned it and in the other there would be a serious financial operation.

Two men and a woman in that cab. "Don't hurt him!" He recalled that, and it was this recollection which convinced him that he had not been brought here to be done bodily harm. But something dreadful was going to happen to his wallet. Ass!

Davidson did not boil with fury, nor did he whip himself with epithets beyond the Balaamism. He had issued his own invitation, and now he must wait till the dance was over. Sitting still, conserving his vitality, had got him out of worse scrapes than this promised to be.

The thought of Molly and his father troubled him. During the war they had stiffened their spines and made ready for any catastrophe. But he was giving them this racket in their normal relaxation, and their nerves would go to pot if there was any length to this incarceration. "Taxi?" And he had jumped right in!

Touched by slight nausea, he shut his eyes. His nose began to itch. Presently this itching became intolerable. Twist his head anywhither he pleased, he could not touch anything with his nose. He would have given the contents of his wallet—supposing he still possessed it—for the freedom to scratch his infernal nose. His arms were bound to the arms of the chair, his ankles to the legs. Mighty good job they'd made of it.

Whereabouts was he? In town yet? On the right or left bank of the Seine? Morning light would tell; that is, if the view from the windows was unobstructed.

He strained his ears for sounds, but none rose from below. Silence was to be expected. They had him, and he would be right where they had left him when they came in the morning. Afraid of him, just a little. Sonia evidently had not forgotten his strength in a rough-and-tumble.

He began to experiment upon the rope, contracting and relaxing. He soon found that he was wasting his time. Well, in the morning they would come to give him food, and then something might break in his favor.

During the war he had taught himself to sleep at will. Could he do it now? No sleep would not be possible till he had seen

(Continued on Page 157)

"Your favorite table, sir

—and your favorite dishes not forgotten"

It is pleasant to get back to that old familiar table. Somehow the cozy nook always seems just right . . . and of course you know they will have your favorite dishes cooked your way.

And that means cooked and served with care given to every particular, clear through to the sauce and garnishing.

For savory chop or delectable cutlet the chef knows the importance, to your appetite and his own reputation, of preparing his tomato sauce from just the right quantity of just the right catsup.

And whether that favorite dish of yours is meat, fish or vegetables, you may be sure that the waiter, sympathetic even to unexpressed desires, will keep you supplied with the condiments that top off the meal, the catsup and chili sauce that add zest.

Snider's

tomato

catsup & chili sauce

also Cocktail Sauce, Tomatoes, Tomato Soup, Spaghetti, Pork and Beans (Tomato Sauce)

T. A. Snider Preserve Company,
Temple Bldg., Rochester, New York

Please send me a copy of your free booklet, "The Story of Tomatoes and Vitamins."

Name.....

Address.....

There's a joker in the "cheap" paint can

IN the last dozen years thousands of home owners have been fooled by "cheap" paint. But now the public is learning that "cheap" paint isn't cheap at all—for two reasons:

First, "cheap" paint can't cover. It takes nearly twice as much to do a given surface as with fine old SWP House Paint.

Second, "cheap" paint can't stand the weather. You pay a costly penalty—in repainting expense.

You can't paint a house with "apple-sauce"!

If you want proof just compare the formula of any "cheap" paint that tempts you, with the "balanced" formula of SWP House Paint. First look for *white lead* and *zinc oxide*, the recognized basis of all whites and light colors.

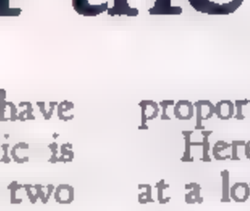
Note that in SWP Outside Gloss White the pigment content is 90 per cent white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate and zinc oxide . . . in a scientifically "balanced" formula.

These basic materials are mined and made by Sherwin-Williams exclusively for S-W paints.

We could buy made-up materials in the open market at lower cost. But SWP standards call for extra fine quality.

Now note the "cheap" formula. Usually you will find that white lead and zinc oxide make up only 50 per cent or less of the pigment content. The other 50 per cent is made up of the cheaper materials—which in such large proportions become useless filler—mere bulk to fill the can.

Here you have the reason why "cheap" paint can be sold at a low price. Why it has no covering power—no hiding ability—no endurance. Why it often costs *two and one-half times* as much as fine old SWP.



The Master Touch

But quality of ingredients alone does not make a fine house paint. Formula alone does not make a fine house paint.

Even formula and ingredients combined do not assure a fine house paint like SWP.

The SWP "balanced" formula is openly printed—and has been for years. Every paint manufacturer in the world, we imagine, has studied it.

Yet today there is only one SWP House Paint—the accepted leader throughout the world.

Why is this? Because there is an element in every can of fine old SWP House Paint that cannot be duplicated or imitated successfully.

It is the *Master Touch*—that inimitable touch of superiority with which the few great scientists of the world have been endowed. Edison, wizard of electricity, has it. Burbank, great American horticulturist, was blessed with it. Marconi, discoverer of wireless, has it.

And so, too, the scientific men at the head of Sherwin-Williams' laboratories add to the fine materials of SWP

Up-to-date painters everywhere are using SWP House Paint. They realize that its beautiful colors—creamy smoothness—brushing ease—covering ability—and wonderful durability—can only be produced by scientific processes and modern machinery.

House Paint the Master Touch that has set it above and apart from *all* others—as the leading house paint of the world.

This Master Touch of science is evident in the quality of the raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams. In the delicate "balancing" of ingredients. In the wonderful power-driven machines which mix and grind SWP to its creamy-smooth texture. In the critical analyzing, testing and proving which daily guard and control each step in the SWP process.

This is the vital element of SWP which no "cheap" paint even *attempts* to have—and which no paint regardless of price can successfully imitate.

Naturally, no individual can equal, by hand, the scientific skill and modern machinery that produce the creamy texture of SWP.

Price per gallon means nothing in cost

A gallon of SWP House Paint covers 360 square feet of surface—two coats. The average "cheap" paint poorly covers only 250 square feet—two coats. SWP costs no more by the job—*because fewer gallons are needed.*

Once the "cheap" paint is applied, the real tragedy begins. Hardly have you paid the painter's bill when your "cheap" paint begins to fade and wash away.

According to thousands of tests both in the laboratory and on the house, SWP lasts from two to five times as long as "cheap" house paint.

The beautiful colors for which SWP House Paint is famous are wonderfully durable. Neither sun, rain, hail, sleet, snow nor cold affects them. They do not fade. That is because they are made with the Master Touch in the Sherwin-Williams Dry Color Works. Long after "cheap" colors are hopelessly faded—your SWP colors will be bright and cheerful as new. And when repainting is necessary it is easily and quickly done because the surface is in proper condition to take the new paint at much lower labor cost.

Here is where the *big saving* is made by SWP House Paint.

Again, we say—"You can't paint a house with 'apple-sauce'."

See "Paint Headquarters" —save money

Before you permit "cheap" paint to get the *laugh* on you, see the Sherwin-Williams dealer. He is the recognized "Paint Headquarters" in your locality.

Get his advice. Have him estimate what it will cost to do your job in fine old SWP House Paint. Then compare the estimate with an estimate on any "cheap" paint. You'll find out that "There's a joker in the 'cheap' paint can."

And remember: Quality makes no difference in labor charges—it costs just as much to apply "cheap" paint as SWP.

If you want advice on color schemes or on any other phase of painting, or a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams "Household Painting Guide," write us.

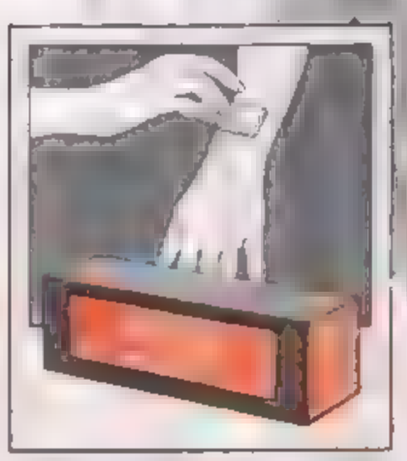
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland, Ohio

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SWP HOUSE PAINT

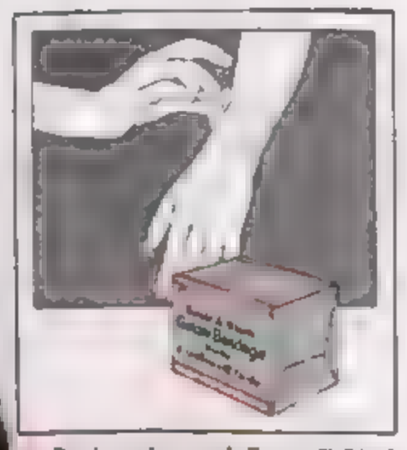
PAINTS · VARNISHES · ENAMELS · OPEX LACQUERS

Bar the Gray Specter of Infection from the cuts and bruises of childhood

1 Sterilize wound with Bauer & Black Iodine or Mercurochrome Swab.



2 When antiseptic is dry, cover with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze.



3 Bind in place with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze Bandage.

4 Fasten the dressing with Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.

These four Bauer & Black First Aids are approved by the highest Medical Authorities . . . for cuts, bruises and minor wounds.

• • •

Your doctor will tell you that any break in the skin, whether a cut, a scratch or an abrasion, should be given prompt and proper First Aid. Surgically cleansed and bandaged, as soon after the accident as possible, to shut out Infection's dangers.

If there is any question about the nature or seriousness of the wound, call the doctor at once. But the four simple things to do, as shown above, are the things he would have you do when he is beyond prompt call, or when the wound itself is obviously too trivial to need his attention.

But be sure that you get Bauer & Black First Aid products. In the treatment of injury, your doctor never compromises with quality. Be as careful as he is. Bauer & Black dressings are made to the exacting standards of America's foremost surgeons. They are sterilized, not only in the making, but again, after they are packed and sealed.

Look for the Bauer & Black trade-mark. It's your guarantee of first quality in First Aid . . . Bauer & Black products are obtainable, at small cost, in more than 45,000 drug stores . . . Bauer & Black . . . Chicago . . . New York . . . Toronto.

Bauer & Black

FIRST QUALITY • • • FIRST AIDS

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(Continued from Page 152)

Sonia. Little by little the patch of light on the wall faded; paler grew the sky outside. He was terribly thirsty, but his nose had stopped itching. . . . Dawn. Sounds began to come to him. A horse truck jogged past on the way to the markets. He was growing very tired, but there was no sleep in this weariness. Objects in the room became visible. He was facing a wall, with his right to the windows. He turned his head, but it was too early to get a true north. At the present moment he could not tell whether the windows looked west or east.

Some day he would laugh over this, but not just now.

He wanted water desperately. His tongue was swollen and his lips puffed, the aftermath of chloroform inexpertly applied—or they hadn't cared. "Don't hurt him!" Some comfort in that. She would deliver him to the world again, whole, when she had emptied his pockets.

Ah! There was daylight. He looked out of the windows again and saw, far away, the shadowy, spidery form of the Eiffel Tower above the morning mists. He was on the left bank of the Seine, possibly somewhere near the Luxembourg. Small pleasure he got out of this knowledge, since it did not loosen the ropes in any degree. His legs and arms were numb. If only they'd bring him a glass of water!

Other than the chair he sat in, there was no furniture. The walls were bare too. There were four doors; one in the center, one on the north and two on the south. The servants' quarters of an ancient house; and if his faculty for observing things was not grown numb along with his legs and arms, it was a deserted house. Possibly the crooks had some secret method of getting in and out.

He closed his eyes and began to count the seconds and the minutes—and dozed. How long he remained in this state he never was to know; it might have been an hour, two hours. The click of a door latch aroused him. He opened his leaden eyes, to behold Sonia Karlov, her back to the center door. She was observing him somberly.

XVIII

THEY locked eyes for a full minute. He had known that she would arrive, but not in this picturesque if puzzling costume. Russian, he took it to be; for he knew Russia only in a vague way; the war and revolution phases, little else. He had seen hundreds of costumes *à la Russe* on the stage and in the tea rooms, but these had related no story to him. What significance the costume had in relation to the present instance he was curious to learn.

Beautiful, and the costume added piquancy to this beauty. Once he had seen her in poor artificial light, once in the sunshine, now in the pure light of early morning. Cream-tinted skin without color, the red of the lips her own, her eyes black and lustrous, with perfectly arched eyebrows, the mouth exquisite, the brow wide, the body that of a young Diana. She looked about as predatory as Raphael's Madonna on the barrel head. Yet he knew that she had stolen the Boronov emeralds, kidnaped Ronald Davidson and tied him to this chair.

The significance of his recent activities became revealed during that locked gaze, as if a curtain had been whipped aside. In this trifling space of time he was made to understand what had happened to him. It did not appall him; it merely astonished him. He had surrendered something that had been his and would never again be his—his secret heart. He loved this woman. The phenomenon was not amenable to reason; there was nothing which lent itself to analysis. He loved Sonia—just that.

Suddenly he understood why cashiers absconded and men and women committed murder. He had been mysteriously drawn into this sinister circle. He wanted her. Whether she led him to heaven or to hell did not matter—whichever road she willed him to take—that kind of madness. He had gambled with death many times, but he knew that he would gamble with love this once.

Of such quality was this madness which had fallen upon him that he knew he would give up Molly, his father, his friends at a sign from Sonia; take his fortune and fling it upon the winds; go to any depth, rise to any height, at the crook of her finger. He felt no shame in this madness; on the contrary, he gloried in it. To give everything!

Sonia had got him, but she did not know how very well she had got him! His second sensation was irony veined with self-mockery. She had brought him here to bleed him—and he loved her! None of these emotions was visible in his face.

Sonia approached and stood before him, her arms folded. Something in her expression revealed to him an astonishing circumstance. Now that she had him, she did not know precisely what to do with him! He sensed this, though he knew not how.

"We meet again," said he, smiling.

"You wished to see me. Here I am."

"May I have a drink of water?"

"A vacuum bottle will be brought to you presently."

"*Touché!* Have you still got that bottle of mine? I was easy last night."

"You acted as if I had written the lines for you. Montmartre"—contemptuously.

"I thought it might be possible to find you there."

"Well, now that you have found me, what have you to say?"

"That I love you," he answered. Ah, he had her there; for she stepped back, her arms unfolding, her eyes and mouth showing her dumfounderment. "This is a mad world. What shall we do with this Ronald Davidson, who doesn't want to love you but who can't help himself, who doesn't care what you are or what you have been? Why, we are talking in English, and I hadn't noticed it!"

Sonia retreated another step, speechless. The vitriolic words she had marshaled together to crush this man floated out of her lingual reach. Love—when she had expected protests and threats?

"By the way," he said, "Fedor Lubovin will be arrested tonight or tomorrow. That should comfort you. I decided it wasn't safe for you that he should be at large. Today and tomorrow you should be well guarded."

"I shall be," replied Sonia, recovering speech, though her bewilderment was nowise mitigated. She gestured repellently to sweep away this bemusement. It was spoiling the scene she had pictured these many hours.

Perhaps, too, she was seeing him for the first time in clear free light. There was no evidence of fear in the man. She ought to have remembered that. He wasn't even furious—only gently mocking.

"I am not comfortable in this chair. Are you afraid of me?"

"No." She clapped her hands. Three doors opened simultaneously and three men appeared, their eyes polished with expectancy. They reminded Davidson of hounds about to be loosed upon the chase. "I have no need to fear you." She nodded, and the trio disappeared whither they had come.

"Gentlemen," he said, "do not refer to benefits forgot. Yet not so long ago I found you in a chair, like this."

The beauty of her—and the damnable pity of it all! Up there, on the Simplon Pass, in the uncertain light, she had looked older, sophisticated. Now she had the look of a child—a child whose will had seldom been troubled. Still, the bright costume might be acting upon his senses as the white wig had acted—and the kiss. Besides, external impressions were never dependable. Here was a young woman whom he knew to possess courage, stamina, invention. She had muffed a great coup by a hair, and she had brought him here to punish him for his meddling. There would be no child to deal with.

She stepped forward and untied the knots, leaving to him the action of freeing himself. He tried to stand, but his knees buckled and he promptly sat down on the floor heavily. He had always hated the ridiculous scene, and it infuriated him to appear ridiculous before this woman to whom he had just declared his love. But all she did was to eye him gravely, and he was grateful. He pulled himself to his feet by using the chair; and so he stood, his body tingling painfully.

"I let you go, remember."

"You were well paid."

"Yes—that kiss paid me well indeed. It even brings me here."

"I want either the emeralds or their equivalent in Yankee money." She again folded her arms across her bosom, breathing quickly.

"Ransom! And if I refuse to pay it? Suppose there should be some colossal mistake somewhere in this," he suggested inspiredly. After all, there might be a mistake.

"You have made it." Her tone assured him that she had recovered from the shock of his declaration of love. "At least Lubovin had the courage to risk his life for what he wanted."

"I did not risk mine?" A hot flash of anger ran through him. She had forgotten that scrap, her own life hanging in the balance!

He walked to and fro till the stinging left his legs. He stopped before her suddenly. A mad impulse fired him. Were he to die the next moment, this impulse was not to be denied. Something in his gaze hypnotized her, and before she could fend off the influence or cry out he had taken her by the shoulders and kissed her. He let her go at once.

"Remember, you took the same advantage of me."

Astonishing thing! Had this woman been Molly or any other woman he knew, he would have sworn that she was on the verge of tears.

"I'm sorry!" he said. "That was cowardly. It wasn't premeditated. But to me you are the loveliest thing on earth. Listen, please, before you call in your men. I gave those emeralds to the Brigue police. I could not honorably permit you to get away with those gems. I could give you your freedom, but I could not give you that and the emeralds. There was a lawful owner—the Baroness Sauer. If I hunted for you it was to tell you these facts."

She drew the back of her hand across her mouth, but said nothing, her dark eyes holding his.

"Call in your men. Having told you that I love you, whether I will or no, life without you would mean nothing. What fools these mortals be! Puck was right. I did not want to be thought a thief by you. I wanted you to know that there is still a breed of men who can do a woman a kindness and not expect to be paid. I wanted to save you, if I could, from this very foolish thing you have done. The newspapers did not give you the truth. The baroness shut down on the newspapers wisely. She didn't want the underworld climbing into her windows again. Could I have found your address, I should have been able to make all these things clear to you." He paused because his tongue had gone dry. He was terribly thirsty.

Sonia was like a statue. The green skirt, the spangled blouse, or jacket, the polished boots, gave her an unreality, like the beautiful models one sees in Parisian show windows.

He went on: "My name is Ronald Davidson. I am known in the War Office and at the *préfecture de police*. My father is Davidson, the banker, near the Madeleine. I live in my father's apartments in the Rue St.-Honoré." He produced his wallet, out of which he took the receipt for the emeralds, his visiting card and the military-medal ribbon. "Here are proofs that I am neither a thief nor a liar." He extended his hand and Sonia extended hers. As the articles fell into her palm her gaze remained fixed to his. "Let me proceed," he went on eagerly. "What would naturally be my suspicions? That you were in league with

To Straighten and Strengthen the Line of Least Resistance

Backbone is the biggest thing in business, and yet that line of vertebræ that encases the spinal cord is "a line of least resistance." At home, in restaurants and particularly in business offices, the spine (and the body along with it) is literally moulded by the position into which a chair forces it.

The chair that encourages careless, slovenly or fatiguing postures is a menace to the health, disposition and efficiency of every office worker who uses it. The chair that gives perfect, natural and comfortable support stimulates physical well being, contentment and productive effort of the highest order. And the new Sikes X 69½ is just such a chair.

We call it the Perfect Posture Chair—and it is exactly that. But it is more. As a saver of costly floor space, it offers real economies, occupying a minimum of room when in use and sliding unobtrusively under the desk at closing time. And its utilitarian values have not detracted from its appearance. The Sikes X 69½ Perfect Posture Chair is neither freakish nor unattractive, but on the contrary, is a piece of furniture you would be proud to place in any office.

Ask the nearest Sikes dealer to show you the Sikes X 69½ Perfect Posture Chair. And mail the coupon below for a free copy of the new book "Better Offices."

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The Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair.

Takes little room in use. When not in use takes less—sliding unobtrusively under the desk.

Look for the Sikes Self-Lubricating Chair Iron on all revolving chairs.

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THE city shines a million lights on your hat. When these lights fall on the Dunlap "Metropolitan" they reveal a hat that meets each exacting requirement of smart city wear—a metropolitan hat in name and in spirit. The new "Metropolitan" for Fall shows some original Dunlap style developments, comes in the latest Fall colors and costs only $8. Others $10, $12 and up.

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those scoundrels and that you had tricked them out of the emeralds and fled. You see, I knew about the emeralds. I had a newspaper clipping in my pocket relating to the theft. Otherwise you would have succeeded in getting away with the stones. Why, the baroness offered a reward of ten thousand schillings for their return, no questions asked! Go and verify these things. I am telling you the truth. If it is reprisal, pure and simple, I promise you that I will not pay one kopeck for my liberty. You can keep me prisoner till the crack of doom. When I tell you that I love you, that is also the truth. I expect to pay for that. These things will happen. You are young and beautiful. Some day you will know what this madness is. I am sorry that I kissed you against your will."

Sonia now inspected the police receipt; she studied the visiting card; she stared at the little ribbon for valor. Then she walked slowly toward the door. There she paused and turned. She gave Davidson a look which he could not translate. "You say you love me, even if I am a thief"'

"It does not matter what you are. The thing comes. You can't say I shall love this woman or that. It just comes. It has come to me."

"Well, I am—a thief!"

She opened the door and passed out. The door went to with a snap. Davidson heard footsteps outside, followed by silence. He walked over to a window and stared down into the empty courtyard. "Well," he mused, "Charlie had the right idea. I've stepped off the pier in the dark."

He was weak, so he sat in the chair and slid out his legs, ramming his hands into his trousers pockets. He maintained this pose for a while dejectedly, then became curious about the time of day. As he reached into his watch pocket, his finger tips came into contact with an object which caused him to jump to his feet.

The *gigolo's* locket! He ran to the middle door and began to pound and shout, but nobody paid any attention to his noisy demonstrations.

XIX

HE GAVE up his hammering on the door, his shouts. His wardens weren't curious, it would seem. Well, Sonia would return sometime during the day, when her investigations were complete. Of course she would have to maneuver discreetly; she could not go boldly toward her objectives. The police were still interested in her, and there was that brute Lubovin at large. When she returned he would show her the locket. But he would never surrender it, not even to the *gigolo*. That would be his one souvenir out of this strange adventure. When he was in the middle forties it would be something to mull and dream over; when his ship had ridden through the big worldly storms into the peaceful harbor of his bookshelves.

Now no psychoanalytical nonsense. He was in love with Sonia. He didn't know why, and, what was more, he didn't care why.

These cogitations were interrupted by the arrival of his breakfast. The man placed the tray on the floor. Davidson seized the vacuum bottle and drank deeply. Next he attacked the coffee.

"Do you speak English?"

The man stared blankly.

"French?"

Still the blank stare.

"German or Italian?"

No answer.

In French Davidson said: "I will give you ten thousand francs if you will liberate me."

The man turned and walked to the door, which he opened and firmly shut behind him. Davidson understood that he could not bribe his way out. He ate his breakfast and finished the coffee.

That Russian costume—he couldn't see any sense in that. Silly theatricality. Perhaps he did not understand because in America there wasn't any such thing as native costume, leaving out the Indian. Clothes expressed style and good taste, but in America there was no national significance to dress. He had never given this phase any particular thought. All over the world he had seen natives in costume and had accepted it as a part of the scenery, without comprehending that costumes were tribal and of a consequence bred in the corpuscle. By George, he thought, if you took away all these falderals people might really become acquainted! Russian. Had she put on the costume to give her mind a barbaric slant? A mascue somewhere.

He tried the windows; but even if he could have lifted them, the drop to the court would break his back or neck. From the windows he could see the sidewalk opposite—people going in and out of the bakery and butcher shop; children going to school; a policeman with his thumbs in his belt. He did not want to waste his energies yelling uselessly. He doubted if yelling would attract anyone in the court even. Besides, he wanted to see how Sonia would act when she had the truth

He tried three doors—locked. The fourth door, however, opened, and he discovered a closet, on the floor of which was a tin bathtub. He knew the type. Englishmen used to carry them about in Europe in the 80's. Naturally the taps were dry.

At noon he made a threatening gesture at the man who brought the luncheon. Instantly the man whistled. Doors opened and men appeared—which was what Davidson wanted to know. He was well guarded. It would be folly to invite a scrimmage.

So he let his thoughts wander back to the Simplon again. That vanishing car had never been found. Neither the Italians nor the Swiss nor the French had been able to locate it. Yet there were still those bullet holes in the windshield, and they continued to bother Davidson whenever he thought of them. Lubovin had done something clever there, or the police would have got hold of the car long ago, having as they did the license number, the engine number, color and shape of the body. But the vanishing car fell into the negative side of Davidson's mind.

The bullet holes—he wanted to know how they had happened. Gregor Sergine's position in the car didn't dovetail. Davidson could produce only one logical deduction: Sergine had not fired that automatic. Somebody had, and had dropped the gun at his feet.

Who had, and why? What was Sonia's reason for not mentioning the incident? Inquiries at the Italian and Swiss barrier elicited the fact that when the car passed, the windshield was intact. Bullet holes would have been noticed instantly, and there would have been a hubbub.

Neither had Sonia fired the shots. The marks of her shoes proved that she had been compelled to walk up to the farmhouse; there were no other signs of her.

The bullets—had Lubovin and his companion been behind the windshield—would have done them some kind of damage. Lubovin's bullets, however, were accounted for—one entering the back of the forward seat of the car and the other lodging in the base of Gregor's brain.

When those two rogues entered the farmhouse neither was wounded, even slightly.

And there you were, thought Davidson, rather peevishly. He hated problems he could not get back of. Well, Sonia would explain all this along with the locket.

Conjectures getting him nowhere, Davidson tilted the chair against the wall and soon fell asleep. The sun, shining in his eyes, awoke him. He inspected his watch—quarter to five. Evidently he was to spend another night in captivity. One thing was certain, anyhow, and that was, by this time the *préfecture* would be busy hunting for him.

He drew the chair to a window and stared at the myriads of chimney pots. Suddenly he saw Mason across the street. He gesticulated and yelled and was on the point of smashing a window, when he recollected that if he were liberated by outside agencies he would never again look into Sonia's eyes. Wasn't a man a fool?

By suppertime a fit of irritability seized him. Sonia ought to have her information by now.

They gave him his supper just after the sun went down. No candle came with the supper, no matches. He asked in French, German and Italian for tobacco and a blanket. Neither request was granted. They were riding him hard. Never mind. He was irritable enough now to hope that Mason would soon bring the police. Sonia was overdoing it.

So, while he watched the illumination of the Eiffel Tower, the baker and the butcher had their evening chat.

"Queer folks over there," remarked the baker. "No lights last night and none tonight."

"Servants. They'll be in the rear," replied the butcher.

"Well, there's that fellow who shook the lock. Those two this afternoon who stared at the place for a long time, and then went away. I heard an automobile drive up between two and three last night. It drove away almost at once."

"Eh, well, we who live shall see," returned the butcher owlishly. "They are throwing stones at the American tourists over the river."

"It is they who keep the franc down."

"Bloodsuckers!" The butcher spat.

Side streets, the world over, curl up and go to sleep early at night. By ten this street was empty and the only light came from the street lamps.

At 10:30 a man strolled along opposite the hotel. Presently he set himself in the doorway between the baker and the butcher shops. Thus he became invisible. He took off his straw hat. He had walked far and the night was warm. What had brought him back to this spot? Yonder hotel was like his heart—a tomb. Possibly he was half mad. Crowds angered him; their forgetfulness infuriated him. Perhaps it was because he envied them. They had come out of hell seven years ago; he had only just returned. Sometimes he wondered if it wasn't his imagination, not his legs, that was carrying him about Paris. Hating crowds, yet tortured by loneliness. Two personalities, one considering that the other was not real!

Moscow—Vladivostok—Marseilles; an incredible loop. Out of chaos into indifference. Through the war they had danced; they still danced. He hated women. They bought him as they bought poodles. They paid him money to put his arm around their waists and twist them about on a polished floor. He could be grateful for one thing—having bought him, they proceeded to ignore him when the score was settled. Perfumes! He grimaced.

He wiped his forehead. He hadn't taken to drugs. He got sleep through exhaustion—miles and miles along the streets, till his body gave out.

Strange pictures began to shuttle back and forth through his head. He saw carriages and motor cars crowding into this narrow street. Music, laughter, dancing; at that time when everyone had laughed at the notion of war coming out of the assassination of the archduke. . . . The Masurian lakes. . . . Mental blankness. . . . The burning of palaces, drunken mobs, screaming women. . . . Noisome prison pits. . . . Callous executions, murder, torture, suicide. . . . The snow-covered steppes, a straggling line of specks moving with bowed heads and bent shoulders. Sometimes a speck fell. The others straggled on. Misery which numbed kindness and mercy. Death that came to those who wanted to live and evaded those who wanted to die.

With his crippled left hand the stranger in the doorway drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead again—sweat born of memories. He stared upward. A face? No. The street light, striking the uneven surface of a windowpane. A ghost. He was only thirty-five, and he had lived three thousand years.

That chap last night. What had impelled him to cross the dancing floor of that silly cabaret and ask if he might sit down? Perhaps the oddity lay in the quick understanding that visibly this fellow was in poorer luck than he himself. He could hide his hands, but that chap could not hide his cheek. He had gone back into the world again, devil may care what the world thought of the scar. A stir of friendliness, which had died after three or four breaths, and he had gone forth to wander in the night.

Evening clothes. He dressed in them every night, sardonically, as they dressed dead men before they laid them in their coffins. No doubt, originally, he had remembered reading about isolated Britishers dressing every night to keep sanity inside their skulls. But he understood now. He was a broken gentleman in search of a coffin. He wanted to laugh, but he dared not; it might run away with him. Afraid to laugh, afraid to weep.

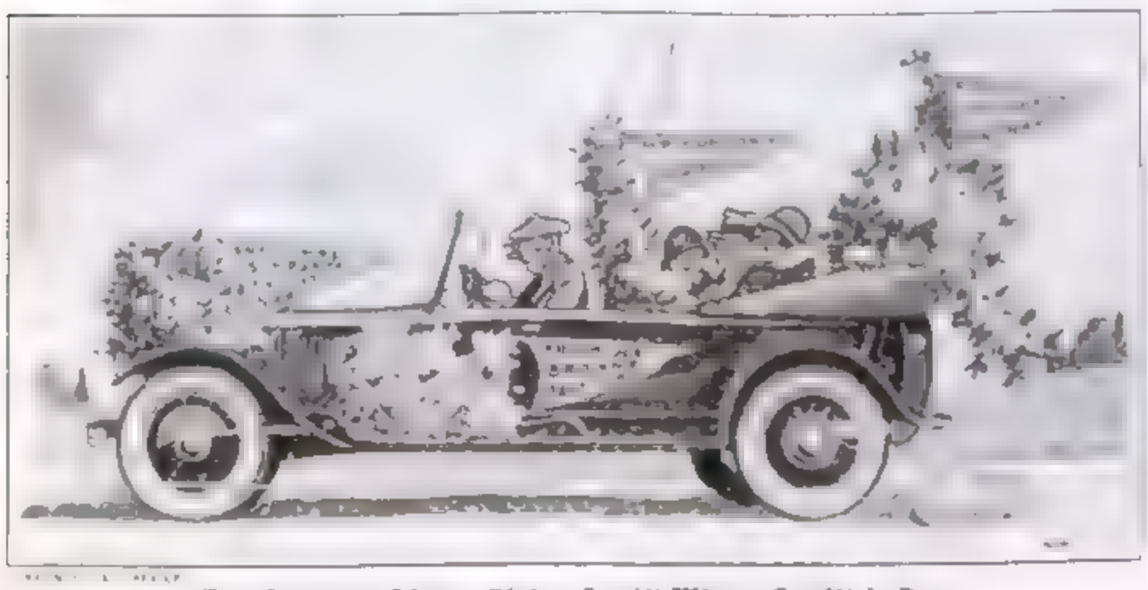
All this while he had been gazing inwardly; his eyes themselves had absorbed nothing, or their absorption had not registered. Now he became alive to an action across the street. A man was standing before the gate—in reality, two heavy wooden doors—and was endeavoring to peer into the court. A prowler.

The street lamp stood a few feet to the left of the gate. When the prowler turned, his cap being on the back of his head, the light struck his face. The observer gasped, but he did not stir. His thoughts had been jumping about so erratically that yonder face might be simply an illusion tacked to the head of a living man. He had best wait a moment. Such things did not happen; the one human he wanted would not appear at this moment, in such a place. Miracle was merely a word. The stranger shivered; his palms grew wet and cold.

The man by the street lamp appeared to be ruminating. He returned to the gate and began to press against it slowly. The doors bent, but an iron bar on the other side held them stoutly. With a shrug, the prowler gave up and turned. He was astonished to behold a man in evening clothes standing two feet behind him. He growled menacingly.

"Fedor Lubovin!" whispered the man with the broken hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Twixt menus and table electrics, breakfast can be the brightest meal of the day

Among the varying golds that menus have devised for breakfast gold-rind fruits, paler cantaloupe with its orangey pulp, burnished bacon, egg-yolks floating in their whites—most pungent gold is the coffee! . . . And after that, the crinkle tints of fresh, hot waffles! . . . Twixt menus and table electrics, breakfast can be the brightest meal of the day.

You have had a few shining breakfasts, a few pale ordinary breakfasts . . . now because of this gift, this purchase, every breakfast can be most fragrantly bright! A few tablespoons of fine-ground coffee to be put in the percolator, a little fluffy batter to be beaten—and you come to the table cool and refreshed. To a clean, electric serving. To butter-waffles—or golden white-meal waffles—waffles with rice in them—holiday waffles with hint of sugar and many fat nuts! These crisp soon and easily in the Manning-Bowman Waffle Iron, while coffee bubbles to high clear beauty in the silvery tallness beside the zenia bowl. Coffee that is most wonderfully whiffsome—smooth and magical to drink.

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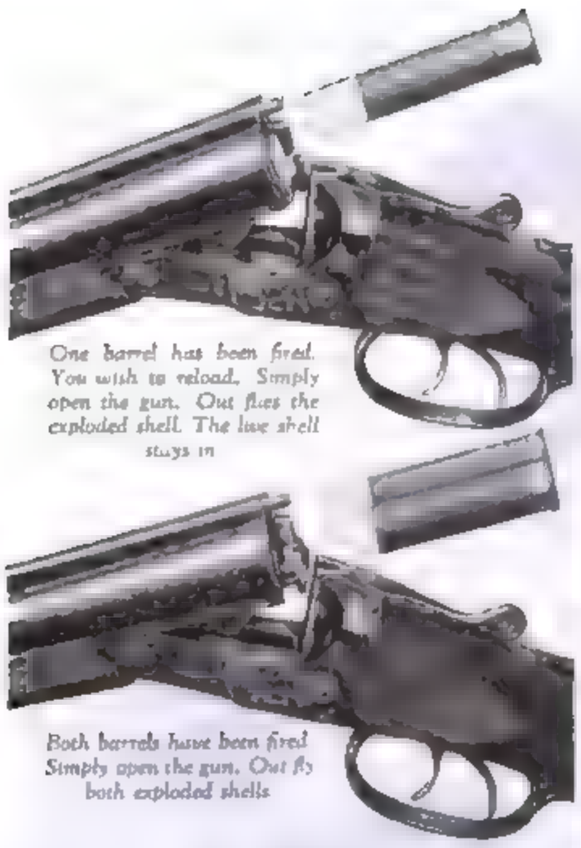

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(Continued from Page 9)

privileged, should voluntarily take on the limitations of poverty, hamper themselves with the disabilities of failure. He had been, for example, as the master of a ship, responsible for the life of every man on board; in a wreck it was his supreme duty to see the meanest galley boys in the boats before he left the quarterdeck; but there he was superior and not equal to them. No equality could ever exist between a master and his crew; none existed on earth. Any misapprehension of that fundamental fact could result only in disaster. It was absolutely necessary for Ambrose to understand this. He would, Nicholas Elliset didn't doubt, eventually; but he must not, meanwhile, make the serious error of compromising his dignity.

It was, Nicholas Elliset observed, past noon and, in a greatcoat lined with imperial sables—the days grew colder in place of even hinting at the approach of spring—he went down to the wharf, crowded with merchandise and an amazing diversity of men, and made his way to India Street. He continued over State Street, purely from habit, since the institution of 'Change, like so much else, was practically destroyed. The new Exchange Building, however, would soon be completed; in the future he would meet the merchants and underwriters and shipowners of Boston there through the middle of the day; but he regretted the old custom of lingering on the street. He doubted if the new would be so pleasant. He found, the fact was, no one of his intimate acquaintance standing between Commercial and Washington streets, and he proceeded directly to Topliff's News Room. Nothing yet had been heard of his barque Celestina. The reading room was crowded, the air filled with the names of ships and ports and cargoes. Nicholas came squarely against Jabash Dyer, and, following a swift impulse, asked him a question.

"Jabash," he proceeded, "you have poets and such people to dinner. Tell me something about what, I believe, is called Brook Farm."

Dyer answered him indirectly. "I'll tell you privately about the poets. You know, Nicholas, that I hate to talk, specially at the table, and you know Sophia. You'd think she would hear enough at lectures, but it seems she doesn't, and so now and then I have a literary person there to chatter. They eat and drink and chatter and it saves me a lot of trouble. I haven't the least idea what it is they talk about, but Sophia seems to follow it. Women, Nicholas, like poets. Particularly if they are suffering. A wretched literary man will cheer the most sensible woman in no time at all."

"I didn't ask you to explain why you had poets to dinner," Nicholas Elliset pointed out, "but what Brook Farm was." He thought it was necessary to add that he had no interest in such a subject. "Ambrose was talking about it this morning."

Brook Farm, Jabash explained, was an experiment. "I happen to know about it because I was asked to subscribe. Ripley wanted thirty thousand dollars to found it, and proposed to organize a joint stock company. A guaranteed fixed interest secured by the real estate. I declined. It is devoted, I am told, to the sacredness of toil—the inexpressible is to be expressed by washing dishes and planting and reaping. The women wear trousers."

Nicholas Elliset said that Dyer was merely being funny about it. "Trousers," Dyer repeated firmly; "at Brook Farm men and women are social equals. But it is very high-minded, Nicholas; don't misunderstand me. Very transcendental—whatever the devil that means. I had Emerson explain it, and Miss Fuller, and Bronson Alcott—but it is beyond me." Elliset was relieved; he didn't believe Ambrose could be serious about women in trousers. Jabash Dyer added, "There is a mortgage. I'm not certain but there isn't a second, held by Josiah Quincy and Wilder for the Western Railroad Corporation." Nicholas Elliset nodded indifferently; he had dismissed Brook Farm from mind. It was unavoidable, however, that he should speak of it to his wife.

It was past dusk and a maid was occupied with Caroline Elliset at her dressing table. Nicholas, in place of a coat, had a flowing yellow silk Chinese robe over his formal attire. "I asked Ambrose to come to the countinghouse this morning," he proceeded. "I thought it was time for him to do something; to get out of Boston for a little. I wanted him to sail on the Fannie Bradwick to the West Indies, but he had other plans. It's in his head to join a mad scheme called Brook Farm."

"He spoke to me about it yesterday," Caroline admitted. "I hope you weren't severe with him."

Nicholas was mildly annoyed. "Of course not. You ought to know me better than that. So far as I was concerned, I told him, he didn't have to make up his mind to anything at once. I simply want him to consider."

Caroline Elliset spoke calmly. "It's a girl."

Nicholas was frankly surprised. "Are you certain you're right? Remember it is Ambrose and not just a boy. I have never seen him show the slightest interest in that direction. He seems so impersonal."

His wife merely repeated her assertion. "I don't know anything; really, in a way I had to guess; but I am right. I got something out of him about a girl who taught at Brook Farm. She has a curious name—Sabel Luin—and she's the daughter of a reformer of some sort. He was either a minister or a professor at Harvard—I forget which—but he gave it up, Ambrose explained, to escape from materialism."

"That was the way Ambrose talked to me," Nicholas continued. "He was very severe with me and said I was no better than a pirate and a tyrant. Rather unjust, don't you think, on top of our electing William Henry Harrison, the very cloak of Jackson? It wasn't my fault he died and Tyler came into the presidency."

"When you get like this," Caroline declared, "nothing can be done with you. Nothing. I wish you wouldn't. It may be serious about Ambrose and it may not. Everything, I think, depends on the girl. Everything usually does. If he had only gone around more it would be safer, of course. He has had no experience at all, and that's always dangerous." Nicholas Elliset studied her intently. Women, even Caroline, were amazing. Her blood at once resembled his and was totally different; it was distinguished, long in America, but she came from a line of celebrated and bitter Puritan divines—preachers and scholars. She was, as a result, very fine; the fineness, a surface judgment would have declared, of crystal; but that, Nicholas recognized, would be wrong. The trouble with Caroline—if it was a trouble—was the perfection of her self-control. Mere irresponsible nature had no chance with her at all. The passions of love and anger had never overcome her; she was capable of the latter, but she expressed it in an increasing cold reserve, a frigid correctness. About love he didn't know. After a period of successful marriage he didn't, for a fact.

Caroline was happy with him, he was certain; she had been a perfect, a miraculous wife, but he had a secret conviction that she had never allowed the profound depths of her feeling to be touched. It might be that he was incapable of reaching, stirring, them. He didn't, however, believe that it could be done. The fires of the early Bradwicks had been cooled, he thought, to that extent. Yet here she was completely allowing for the greatest degree of folly in Ambrose. She had coolly asserted the most frivolous of truths about girls. He felt a little aggrieved. Why, if Caroline had wanted to discuss life on that plane, hadn't she admitted him to her confidence long ago? It did look as though she questioned his knowledge of the world—of women.

"I didn't know there was a girl to be considered," he admitted formally. "If that is so the whole situation is more serious than I judged. A greater firmness, in spite of what you said, might be necessary." Girls, but children really, in headdresses of gold and insidious wine in cups.

Caroline Elliset repeated almost impatiently, "We can tell nothing until we see her. We may take it for granted she won't make any difficulties with Ambrose."

He said, "Certainly not. The daughter of some penny philosopher and an Elliset. Damn it, Caroline, I'd rather have her on the stage than at Brook Farm."

Caroline Elliset made no reply to that, and Nicholas said in a tone of mild surprise, "The Houqua emeralds! I haven't seen them in I don't know how long." She was fastening on her wrists bracelets, or wide bands rather, of deep green flashing emeralds. They had been given to Nicholas Elliset's mother by the celebrated Chinese merchant.

"They are too overwhelming," Caroline explained; "and I'm pale for emeralds, but these aren't near my face." After a few minutes she followed Nicholas down to the first floor, to a small reception room on the left of the formal shallow hall of their house. The dining room was above, an oval interior flattened at the end walls in white with two portraits by Copley—Nicholas Elliset's great-aunt Marianne, in pink muslin, with an enormous leghorn hat heaped with ribbon and tulle, and his great grandfather, the model of an autocratic provincial merchant, with a sword, and his hand resting on a table beside a bowl of tropical fruit, significant of his trade with the West Indies.

A china loving cup of hot spiced punch was passed around the dining table and the dinner—there were twelve present—began. Mrs. Thomas Butall was at Nicholas Elliset's right; she had white hair with a naturally high color—the exact habit, Nicholas thought, of a port-drinking squire—and she was aggressively interested in the advancement—by paid or personal monologues—of general learning. There was, however, no trace of transcendentalism about her; she was even innocent of Jabash Dyer's liberal attitude toward poets; there were no intellects to be observed, except in a professional capacity, in her house. Nicholas repeated Jabash's comments on poetry and women and she answered in her customary sharp decisive manner.

"That is Jabash, of course. As a result you never know whether to go to the Dyers' or not. Of course you go, but it's a question just the same. I know very little about poetry and nothing about poets, but I have the greatest belief in an admirable lecture. It is at once elevating and engaging. Through the winter I see to it that my family—my whole family, Nicholas—hear three a week. I send my servants to the ones proper for them."

That, now, sounded very dull to Nicholas Elliset. His memories of the picturesque past had momentarily increased his detachment from the present, from Boston. He saw, in imagination, the Butall family, led by the woman at his side and terminated by little Thomas, filing into the Athenæum. He, at least, had seen life, the East; it hadn't come to him by emasculated report. He had been young in the adventurous manner appropriate to youth, and now he was middle-aged, satisfied to be tranquil. He told himself that he was satisfied, but the memories, a sense of inner disturbance, persisted. Nicholas didn't approve of it; it couldn't affect him, but it was there.

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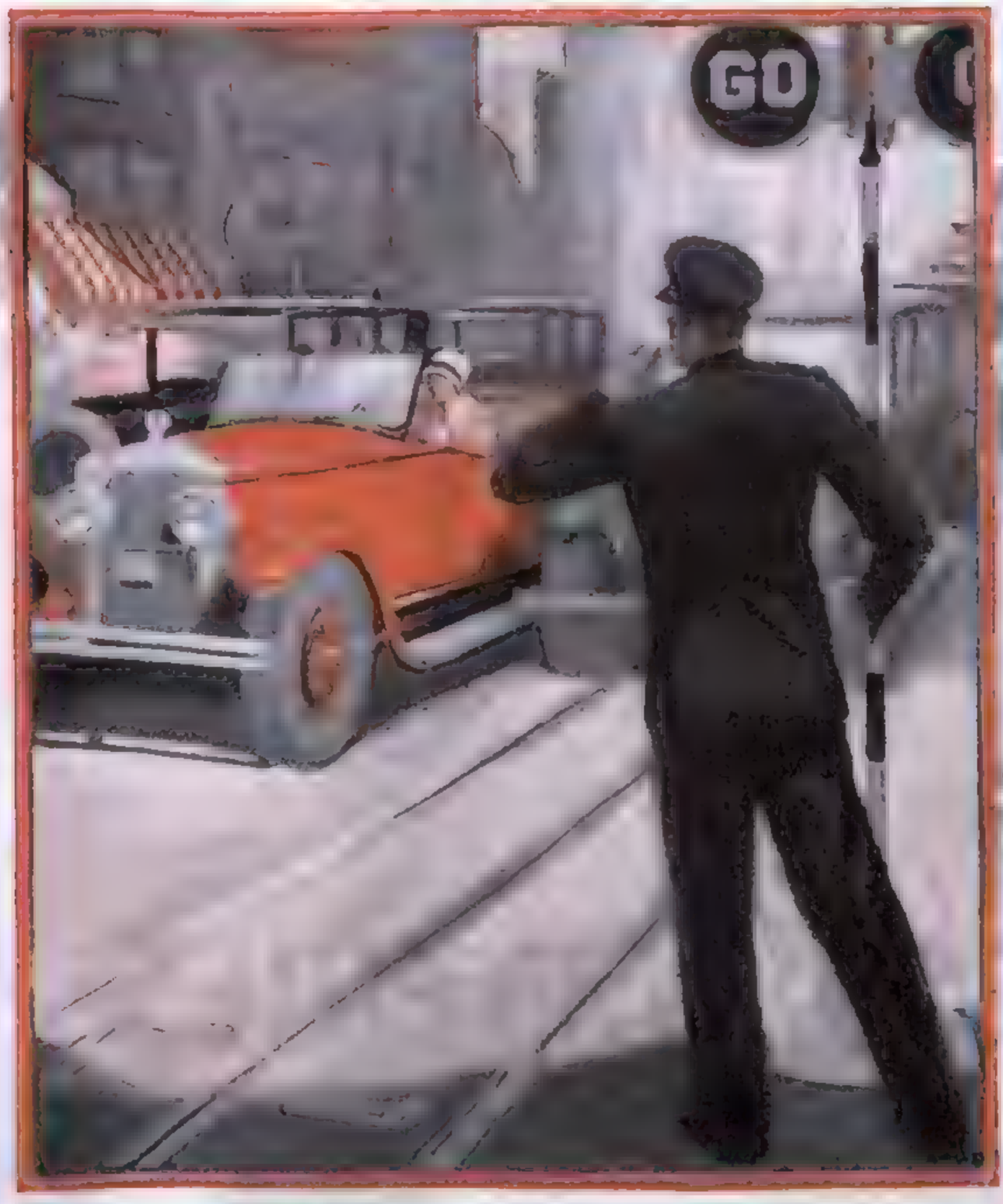

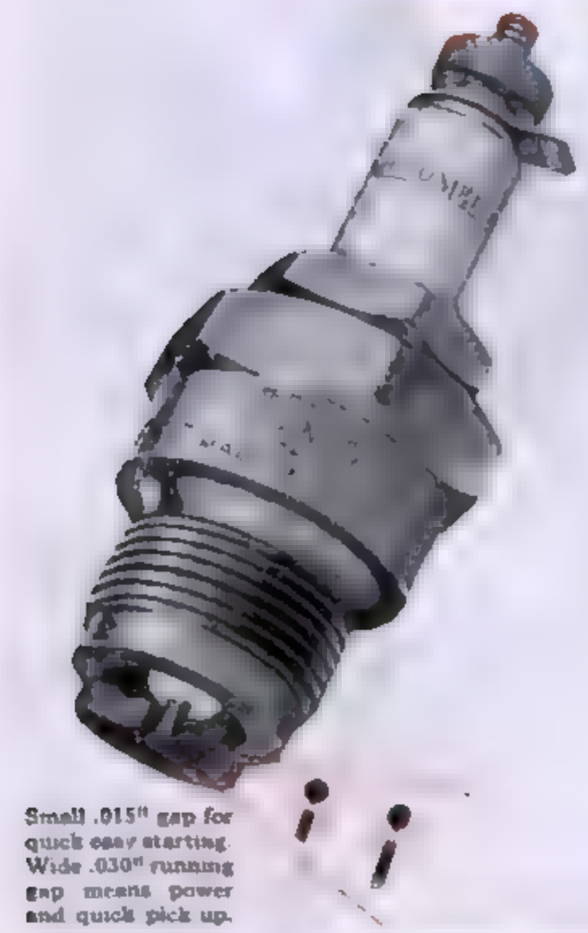

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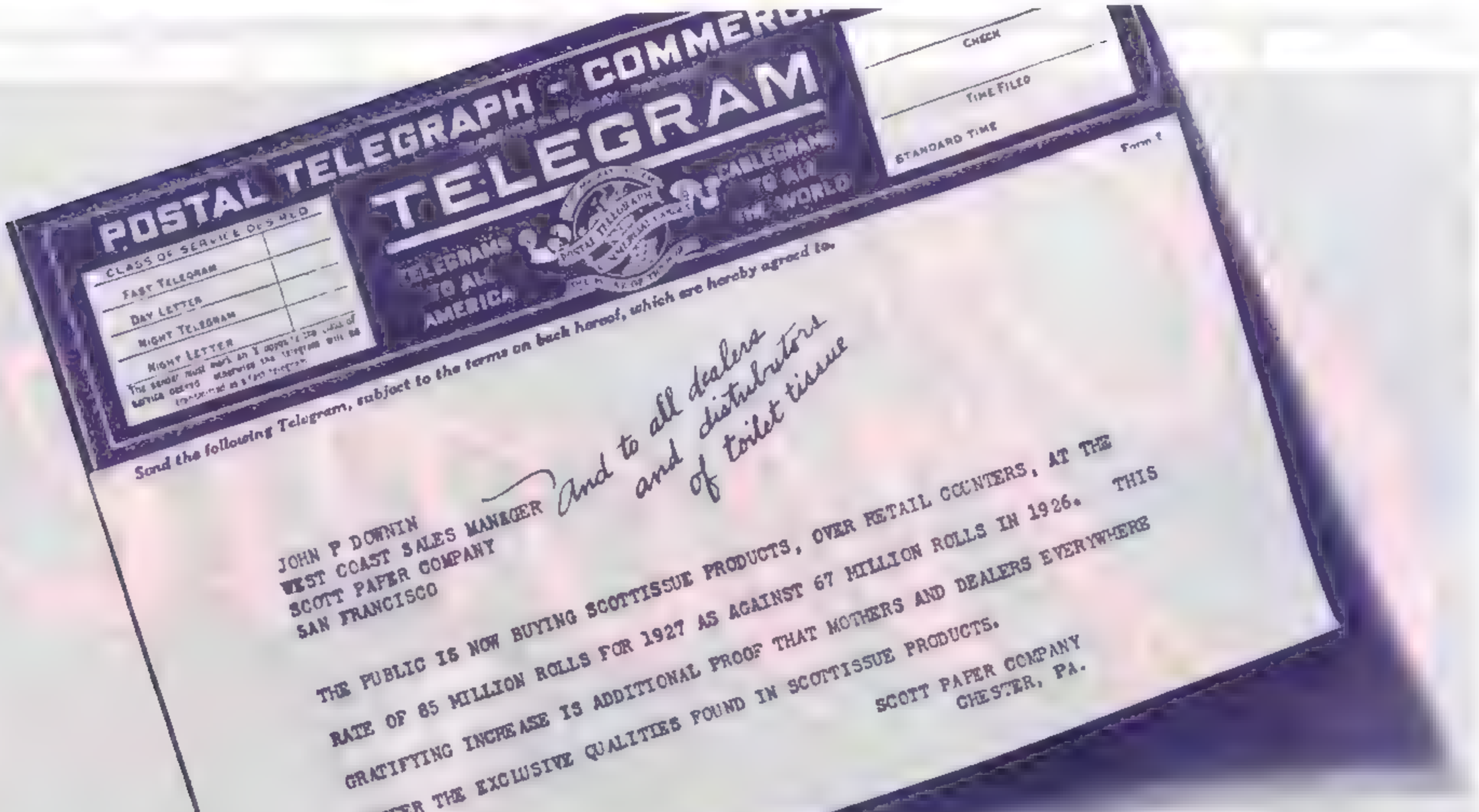
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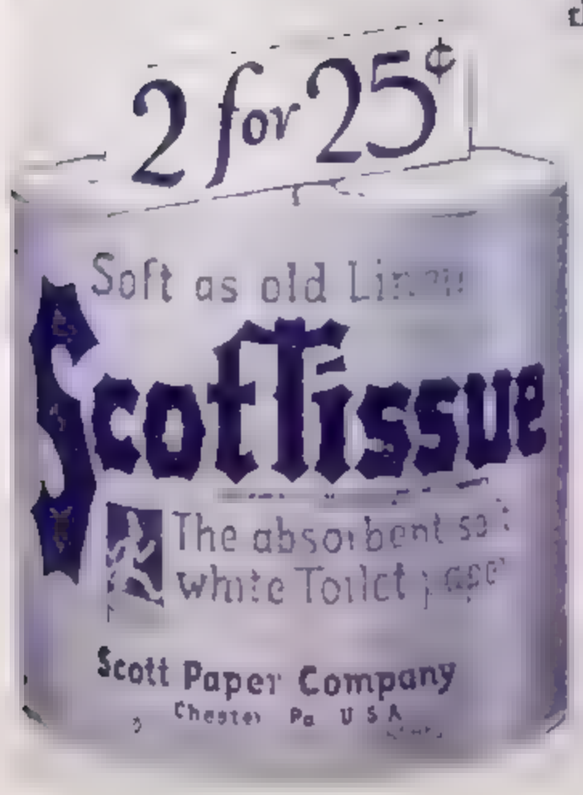

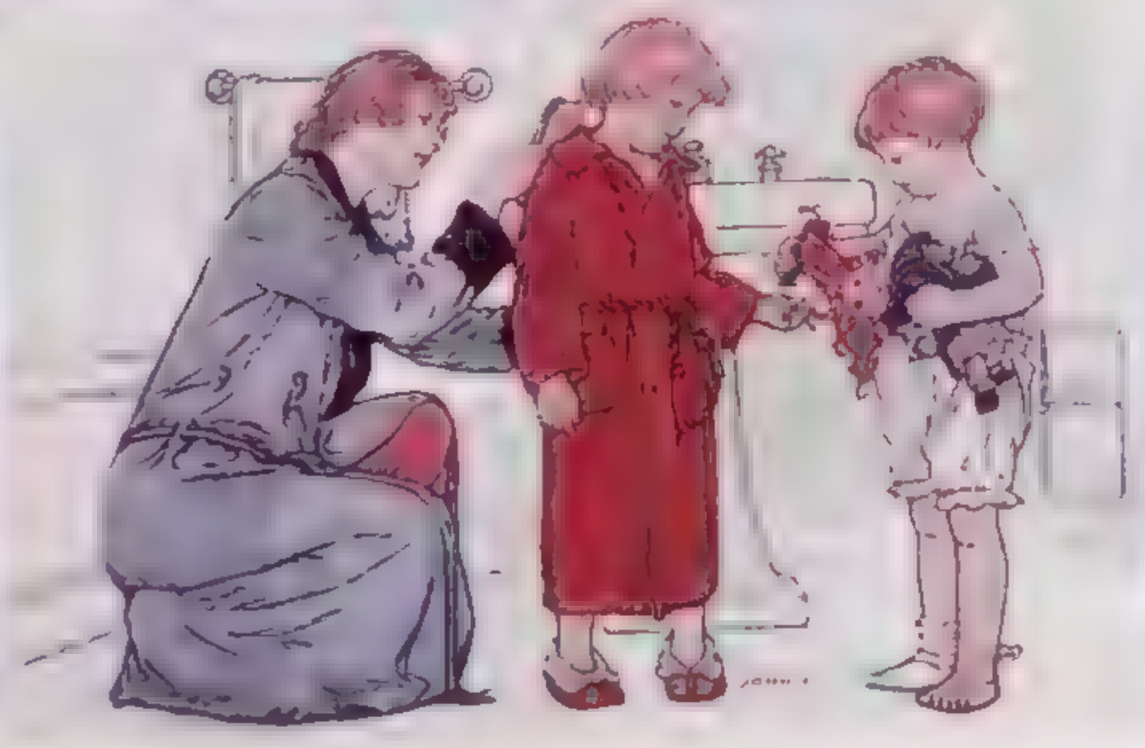

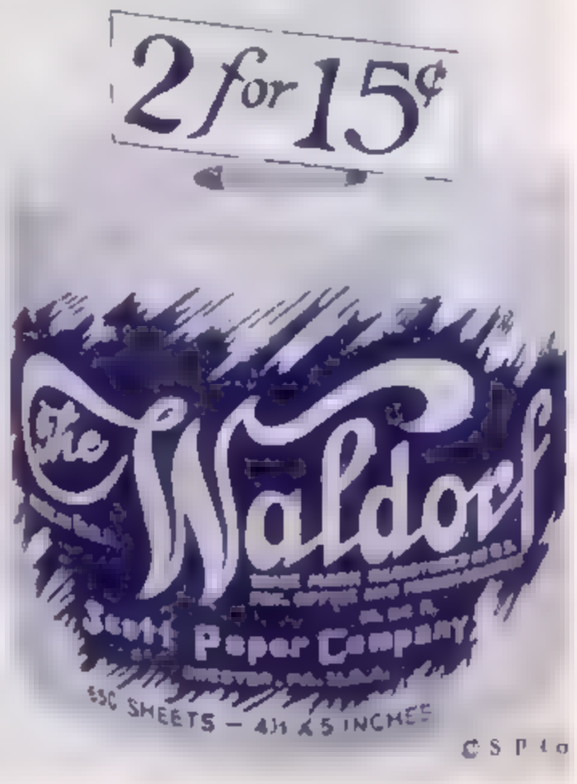

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His gaze fell upon Caroline, with the Houqua emeralds on her arms, and he realized again how precisely beautiful she was; or, rather, how correctly handsome. He made that modification deliberately. She ought to be beautiful, he added; she just missed it by the absence of some necessary intangible quality. She hadn't been transformed. He didn't precisely know what he meant by that, but it satisfied him. A perfect wife, he added. As a wife, for him, no desirable fact was missing. She would be impressively handsome, dignified, to the end. Perverse pictures filled his mind—of undignified and merely pretty girls; reprehensible girls; charming girls out of his youth; girls with knives and passions like knives. Old lost moons. Perfumed and silver moons. They all revolved in his memory like a kaleidoscope, at once bright and tender.

Ambrose, he saw, seated beside his mother, was completely silent. Nicholas felt that now he understood him fully. The Brook Farm project, and quite aside from any feminine influence, was the sheer revolt of youth against the stagnation of safety. In Ambrose the revolt was intellectual. That was the form it assumed in his imagination. Unfortunately it couldn't, Nicholas Elliset believed, be encouraged in that direction. It bred eccentricities not only of the mind but in dress. Ambrose would be laid open to mad schemes and schemers.

When the dinner was over and the Ellisets were alone, Ambrose came to him. "I wasn't entirely honest this morning," he began; "I only told you about Brook Farm. There is more: I am going to be married. I tried to tell mother, but for some reason I couldn't make out, she made it very hard for me."

"I am certain that wasn't her intention," Nicholas replied; "and God knows it wouldn't be mine. I'd be glad to hear all you care to tell me." There was a great deal, Ambrose admitted. "You won't approve of it, or of Sabel, at first. I'm sorry. It can't be helped. It doesn't affect my respect for you. Damn it, it does!" he exclaimed. "I can't respect what you are. What you represent. You might regard Sabel as a part of my protest against you. Against Boston—the old Boston, that is. A new one is rising, but you can't, or you won't, recognize it. I heard Mrs. Butall patronizing literature and it was all I could do not to throw my plate at her. Poets are the salvation of the earth," Ambrose declared, "if any salvation is possible. You are all very polite about the prophets in the Bible, but blind to the prophets in Boston. Alcott and Emerson and George Ripley. You only know what you are told, you only feel what you inherit; you can't see or feel independently."

Nicholas Elliset said reasonably, "I thought you were going to tell me about your engagement." Ambrose spoke austerely. "Sabel—Sabel Luin has a glorious soul. Her mother died when she was young, and her father was able to give her a rational education. She had read the great German philosophers before she was fifteen. Now, at twenty, she is a teacher—a teacher of the future," he added lyrically. "She is changing the leaden minds of today into the gold of tomorrow. We want to take the little school at Brook Farm together."

Nicholas asked, "What does she look like?"

Ambrose Elliset glared at him. "I didn't think," he said, "I didn't realize that, in addition to the rest, you were a sensualist."

"That appears to me to have been a very innocent question," the elder Elliset admitted. "If you don't realize it now, then you will find out later that the looks of a woman are quite important. Perhaps I ought to add, to a gentleman."

Ambrose broke in on him tempestuously. "If there is anything I won't be called it's a gentleman. At least not what you mean by one: A conventional coward, a frightened Federalist, a hypocritical Republican. I wouldn't insult Sabel by even thinking what she looks like. I don't know. It's her spirit I love. We are not going to be married in your sense at all. Oh, there will be a ceremony, but only to save trouble and legal complications—a concession. This will be a marriage of minds. We recognize that the flesh exists, but we refuse to pander to it. Our children will be beautifully and highly conceived—as a sacred duty. I am prepared to have you make it as difficult as possible."

"It seems difficult enough without me," Nicholas commented. "I can't just think what I'd say that you would listen to. But let me advise you not to tell your mother what you said to me. Not in the same words. Women are sometimes very light-minded."

It grew, on the following day, as unseasonably warm as it had been cold. On Nicholas Elliset's return to his house for dinner—in other words, at two o'clock—he was certain that buds had appeared on the lilac bushes since his departure for the countinghouse that morning. Boston was enveloped in a sunny haze, the air was at once faintly salt and still. It was oppressive in the house, Boston was oppressive; he had a sudden taste to drive out into the country and see the first traces of green along the fields, the beginning red in the maple trees. In his gig a further development occurred to him—he would proceed to West Roxbury and at least drive past Brook Farm. Since it was possible that Ambrose would become a part of it, he, Nicholas, was obligated to a certain interest. He wondered how much of his curiosity lay in the direction of the social experiment and how much in—what was her name?—Sabel—Sabel Luin. It was at once a strange name and easy to remember. A very fluid name to pronounce: Sabel Luin.

He smiled at the memory of Ambrose's indignation when he asked what she looked like. A little humor would do Ambrose a great deal of good—a sense of humor and experience. Education took the place of neither. The warmth increased, the haze thickened; the landscape was vague and soft and remote. He reached Roxbury without at once recognizing it, but Nicholas Elliset had no trouble in identifying Brook Farm. Almost at once, in a region of pines by the Charles River, he came upon a group of men, mostly young, in brown holland tunics secured with broad black belts, building a stone fence. They were, evidently, unaccustomed to such labor; they were prodigiously industrious, but their faces, their bodies, were strained, and they were obviously short of wind. Two other things impressed Nicholas—their flowing beards and intense earnestness. At the edge of the labor a young man in a velvet tunic and a small brimless cap was reading aloud—some stuff about a truth unconscious of the physical. He had the gig stopped and, in a firm voice, he asked if Miss Luin were in the vicinity.

"You will find her at the Nest," he was informed. The reading and work, momentarily interrupted, were resumed, and Elliset spoke again with a quick impatience. "Where," he demanded, "is the Nest?" After a moment he was answered over a shoulder. It was the small building, the schoolhouse, opposite the entrance to the Farm. He drove on slowly with an increasing antagonism to all social ventures and Brook Farm in particular. He detested people who were forced to call attention to the peculiarities of their views by peculiar dress. A velvet tunic on a Roxbury fence! Bad manners, he considered, were the first mark of rebellious inferiority. The schoolhouse was just ahead of him; a small bare classroom was empty, but Sabel Luin, he discovered, was in her room above. She appeared at once.

"I am Ambrose Elliset's father," he said, standing beside the gig. He said that audibly, telling himself that the situation was serious. Sabel Luin was calm. The word judicious occurred to him. She acknowledged his presence and at once asked if he cared to go over the Farm. "I do not," he replied crisply. "I have seen enough already. I came entirely on your account, I should say on Ambrose's."

She motioned to the threshold of the schoolhouse. "We can sit here," she proceeded; "though it would be more comfortable at the Hive." He glanced privately at her ridiculously inadequate skirt and visible knickerbockers. Her hair was floating over her shoulders from under a wreath of red berries.

"Perhaps I ought to warn you," she said, "that I regard you as an individual and not as a parent. Not even Ambrose's." That, Nicholas Elliset suddenly found, didn't upset him. It was pleasant, for the moment, to be inspected personally by Sabel Luin. "Ambrose told you our plans, or you wouldn't be here. I have nothing to add. The fact is enough."

He asked, "Do you intend to live here?"

"Of course," she answered. "We would die in the world you represent."

She fell tranquilly silent and his antagonism to Brook Farm expanded to an angry resentment. "The world I represent is harder to stay alive in than this. There is a certain amount of struggle. A demand for courage and decision."

"Bullfighters," she asserted tersely.

"Exactly," Elliset agreed; "skill and danger. We don't value the flesh too much. That is the trouble with places like this, with you; there is a lot of talk about souls, but it is the body you are really cautious of."

She gazed at him with a slow thoughtfulness. "That never occurred to me," she admitted. "But the body must be saved for more beautiful things than games and commerce and lust. We will make it, in the end, serve the spirit." He smiled down at the short rough expanse of grass before them. "Beautiful things," she repeated.

Nicholas indicated her clothes. "Do you call that beautiful? If you want to insist, it's useful all right. Speaking as an individual, I think it's hideous. And your hair! It might be taking in the privacy of your room, but here, publicly, no."

Her mouth hardened, but she remained resolutely quiet, self-controlled. "There is no need for our standards of beauty to agree," she pointed out.

"Women—really charming women—at heart are never radical," he informed her. "Specially where dress is concerned. An eccentric woman is either ugly or quite mad. I'm sure when Ambrose first saw you, you were very different from this. Or else I don't know him. At bottom, I'll warn you, he is an Elliset."

The old tyranny, she cried. "What is an Elliset? Ambrose is a man. You are a man, when you are not being a parent. You are born in the same ignominious manner as the others and you die in the same corruption."

The difference, he told her, lay in the middle, between the two extremes. "Ambrose explained something about your education. It was a mistake; it didn't fit you. Your education was precisely like the clothes you now have on. I hope, when you come to Boston, you'll change them."

"I'm not coming," she replied quickly. "I owe you nothing. I have no sense of family responsibility."

He gazed at her blandly. "I can't imagine that we will be very sentimental about it. It must just be done. Ambrose, you'll find, will insist. I can see that he is going to marry you. That, before, wasn't so clear. It's evident, too, that you are entirely honest. You are as honest, I should say, as you are ignorant. I'll add at once that under no conceivable circumstance will Ambrose be penniless. You are quite safe."

She cried, "I almost couldn't love him because he was an Elliset and you were rich. I am afraid of it." Her hands were clenched. "I am afraid of myself. My father is bitterly opposed to it." Her father, Nicholas observed coldly, must be a complete fool. She smiled tenderly. "He is a fool," she agreed; "he wants the whole world to be happy and free. He wants to

The Gold Medal presented by the Mines of the Bethlehem Steel Corp., to Paul Dobele and William Miller, winners of the coal loading contest conducted at Mine 41, Barrackville, W. Va.

She lifted 538 tons in 12 days

YOU can't keep a good man down. Red Edge users are continually breaking into the news. For instance, some time ago the papers published a story about the Mines of the Bethlehem Steel Corp. awarding two gold medals to miners for record breaking outputs of coal.

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end poverty and disease and slavery. All slavery."

Nicholas Elliset asked how. "By a diet of nuts, I suppose. He'd free the Southern negroes. Did he ever mention to you how he was going to recompense the loss of a few billions of dollars? I don't like nuts—is it his idea of freedom and beauty that I must eat them?"

"There is no beauty where there is meat," she declared; "no justice when men wear the cotton harvested by slaves." It was serious, he repeated to himself. Ambrose to a certainty would marry her. If the wreath of berries were scarlet flowers, hibiscus, about her neck—he interrupted an excessively scandalous thought, a memory, out of the palm-crowned past. He must return to Boston.

Changing into the flowered Chinese robe, Nicholas went into the room where, preparing for the night, Caroline Elliset was being unhooked by her maid. He sat down, saying nothing; Caroline said nothing. What, he wondered, had she thought of the evening and of Sabel Luin? His own feelings were confused; Nicholas was in complete doubt except for one incontrovertible fact. The situation was completely serious. Ambrose was going to marry her.

He made, at last, a tentative remark. "She looked, I thought, very pretty." Caroline made no reply and he continued. "It was impossible to get any just idea of her in the clothes she wore at Brook Farm. I gave her a hint about not wearing them into Boston."

Caroline Elliset answered that perhaps it would have been better if she had appeared at dinner in trousers. "Everything would have been quicker. But there was no chance she'd do that. She would know better. It wouldn't be a part of her plan."

Nicholas was vaguely disturbed: "Do you know, Caroline, I don't believe she had a plan at all. In the sense you mean. God knows she is full of crazy ideas, but to my mind she's incapable of deliberate scheming—ugly scheming."

Caroline let him see that she was merely impatient. "It is too bad you'd choose this time to be simply masculine," she told him. "It might be supposed that you had more comprehension of life, more penetration, than Ambrose, at his age. I am amused at you, Nicholas." He studied her curiously. Caroline was speaking in a carefully satirical, almost contemptuous, manner. She was apparently wholly cold, yet she gave him the impression of a determined, a bitter self-suppression. "I should understand," she proceeded, "that men are always like that. Always optimistic. Mostly it's harmless, an innocent sort of vanity, but now—really, Nicholas, now—it is indefensible, very dangerous. You must bring yourself up sharply. At once. This marriage would be fatal."

"That is rather strong," he objected; "we might say undesirable. I have a different feeling and a different sense of obligation; from the first I've been certain it can't be stopped. Opposition will only drive Ambrose away from us. The last thing I want—the very last. It seems to me the thing to do—at least for the moment—is privately to take it for granted and then see what can be done. How can we make the best of it?"

She didn't answer his sharp demand. Instead she murmured ridiculous. "It can be stopped. Ambrose will get over it."

Nicholas leaned tensely forward on the carved arms of his chair. "I can tell you why you are wrong. I happen to know. This is more than the girl, although she might easily be enough; it's a necessity in Ambrose's blood. A need for freedom, for escape from Boston. It has taken an intellectual direction, but that's unimportant; it's a revolt against authority, against stagnation; a quality very deep in the Ellisets when they are young. It has taken the form of Brook Farm, and was humanized, made a hundred times stronger, by Sabel Luin. If we try to interfere with Ambrose now it will be fatal."

A faint smile passed swiftly over his eyes. "My dear Nicholas," she informed him, "it is all much simpler than that—a young and sensitive and inexperienced man and a designing girl. A girl much smarter than the ordinary and for that reason more dangerous. Of course she didn't wear her trousers to your house. That would have been fatal. But, Nicholas, it would have been honest. I am amazed at you." He sank back, relaxed and thoughtful. There was a certain justice in what Caroline said. "You must tell her that you will give Ambrose no support. He will have no money." Caroline Elliset spoke with a sudden and passionate emphasis. Nicholas gazed at her with an enlightened amazement—she wasn't thinking of Ambrose, of their son, at all, but only consumed by dislike for Sabel Luin. She had been expressing her antagonism to the girl—entirely personal; insidiously feminine. It was possible that Caroline would do a great deal of harm. In response he hardened; he suffered a complete loss of sympathy, of the sense of a common existence, with his wife. Nicholas grew, together with this, autocratic; the quarter-deck manner descended on him; there was more than a breath of Oriental despotism.

"I cannot agree with you and it is hopeless for me to try. In an important way I am more responsible for Ambrose than you are. I am best able to measure his future responsibilities. I wouldn't consider telling Sabel Luin that my son would be penniless. The fact is I have already assured her of the exact opposite. I will say again that, in my opinion, this marriage can't be stopped. It isn't, naturally, ideal; I'll agree with you that it looks actually unfortunate. If it could be broken up I'd act against it; it can't; I won't. What, then, is the thing to do? The thing to do is make the best of it. We might be very successful there."

Caroline Elliset turned sharply and looked at him. She stood rigidly and a bright color rose in her cheeks. Nicholas said nothing. He was seated with his knees crossed under the folds of Chinese silk, his hands were at ease and his gaze bland. A crisis, he realized, had swept upon them; he had never seen Caroline so stirred. For the first time in their lives she was absolutely inimical to him. Caroline was positively vindictive.

He had, at the same time, never seen her so handsome. The woman before him he had never possessed, he had hardly guessed at. It occurred to Nicholas Elliset that, in leaving his tempestuous youth in the East, he had done her, he had done them both, an injustice. Useless to think of that now. He hoped life would be more vivid for Ambrose.

"No," he repeated more reasonably, "I cannot agree with you. We must regard this marriage as accomplished. The unfortunate parts are Sabel Luin's education, her ideas and Brook Farm. I don't want Ambrose to be dressed like a European peasant in West Roxbury. I don't want him married to a woman with her hair let down in public. We can do nothing with Ambrose, as you ought to recognize; so we must turn our attention to Sabel. She is, whether you like it or not, fundamentally a beautiful girl. I said fundamentally. And, though she doesn't know it, she loves beautiful things. She is hungry for them. I watched her here at dinner. She didn't ask for nuts. The fact is she ate a very respectable piece of venison. She took rather a deep drink of punch. Do you mind not interrupting me for a little? I am not as idiotic as I sound. It's unfortunate, Caroline, but probably she can be corrupted by beauty. It is possible that, without an objection or a word to Ambrose, she can be brought around to most that we think is important. At any rate I am going to proceed in that direction."

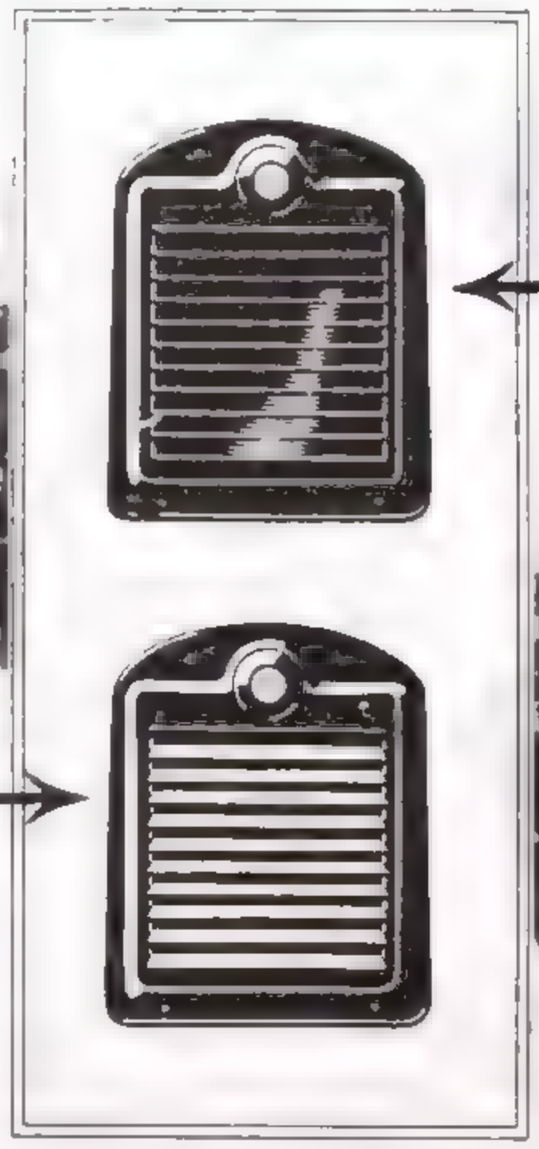
Caroline Elliset slowly turned away from him; she sat—her back toward him—and her shoulders lost their high rigid line; they were drooping. "How?" she asked after a little, in a spent voice.

(Continued on Page 168)

Over a Million Winterfront Users

URGE-*Automatic Motor Protection*

at 60° Fahrenheit or Colder



Closes itself when your motor needs heat.

Opens itself when your motor needs cool air.

THE advice of the day from leading motor car engineers who *know* before they advise is this

"Protect your motor against the destroying influence of cold with *automatic* motor protection—a device you can't forget to operate."

Over a million car owners have accepted this advice. Over a million cars go through the months of dangerous cold—safe, because of Winterfront protection.

Prominent motor car dealers everywhere put Winterfronts on all new cars delivered between September and April—and cars so equipped, they tell us, are seldom sent in for costly motor repairs.

This is a vital warning to you. Automotive research has definitely placed the blame for 50% to 75% of all premature motor wear on *cold*—destroyer of motor life and efficiency. And cold doesn't just mean below zero. At 60° Fahrenheit your motor is underheated. That's when cold strikes its first blow.

"Over-choking" warns you!

Coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting are the danger signals. Out comes the "choke"—flooding cold cylinders and cylinder walls with raw gasoline. Glass-like metal surfaces are washed clean of the vital oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are exposed to grinding friction. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. These are the troubles that bring *big* repair bills—troubles for which *cold alone* is responsible.

Winterfront regulates motor temperature—keeps cold out—ends heat-waste—automatically

The radiator on your car was put there to waste heat—thus to prevent overheating in hot weather

* * * *

Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only Automatic Radiator Shutter on the Market

It is Automatic because—

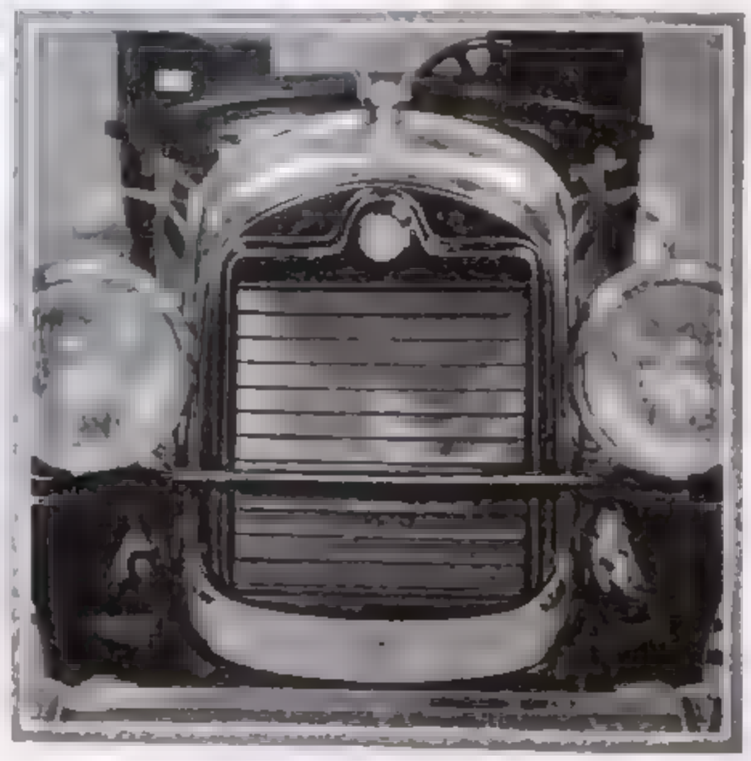
There is no other way to assure you of timely, constant protection against the destroying force of cold. When cold strikes Winterfront is *always* ready. You can't forget to operate it. There's nothing to remember. Its results are possible *only* because it is *automatic*.

An efficient radiator throws away 35% to 40% of the heat of the fuel. At 60° Fahrenheit there is no heat to spare, yet heat-waste continues through the radiator. Obviously, therefore, there is only one place to efficiently control motor temperature—that's at the radiator, where heat-waste occurs.

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

Important—When your motor stops, Winterfront shutters start to close, and are fully closed while your motor is hot. Thus you are certain always of complete motor protection. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car you "warm-up" in seconds. You lose the dangerous "choke" habit because Winterfront eliminates the need for it. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. You enjoy a noticeable increase in gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car—summer-time smoothness and flexibility in your motor.



Pines Automatic Winterfront is standard equipment on Packard "8," Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8" and Peerless De Luxe "6."

Put on any car in ten minutes

Pines Automatic Winterfront is sold by automobile and accessory dealers everywhere. It is installed in less than ten minutes without changes of any nature to your car. Pines Automatic Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Remember—it's *automatic*. Insist on getting the original for this reason. Cold is too serious a menace to take chances with. Winterfront results are possible only because it is *automatic*. *Models for all cars—priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50; Dodge Four, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and West—also Canada.* Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Blvd., Chicago

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An attractive perforated and engraved (ornamented) design. Beautifully nickel plated, equipped with Pyrex guaranteed cooking glass, with engraved cover.

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One of our splendid modern designs. Beautifully nickel plated, equipped with genuine Pyrex guaranteed baking glass.

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The design of this set is most attractive. Finely nickel plated. A beautiful everyday useful article for the home.

Ask for genuine Farberware Gifts at the leading stores. Prices range from $3.00 to $10.00. Look for the name FARBERWARE stamped on every piece

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141-151 S. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 166)

Nicholas grew correspondingly cheerful, affectionate. "I will give her something," he decided—"something very beautiful. Very valuable. We'll see what that will do. Caroline, if you don't too much object, I'll give her the Houqua emeralds! Thirty, forty thousand dollars on her wrists will have its effect. If I am mistaken it would have been hopeless anyhow. We can't weigh a pair of bracelets against Ambrose. The principal danger is if he'd make her refuse them."

Moving to a window on India Wharf, Nicholas Elliset saw the end of a signaling from the Central Wharf cupola. It had to do with an arrival from the East Indies. He sent for Nancred.

"Yes, sir," his chief clerk informed him; "it is the Celestina." The barque, then, was safe. But of course. Nathaniel Bowditch and the chronometer had seen to that. The uncertainty of dead reckoning and lunars were things of the past. The voyage to China was hardly more complicated than a coastwise turn. As instruments and methods were improved, he told himself, men degenerated. A great change was taking place in Boston as well—there was a beginning movement down from the Hill, from Mt. Vernon and Summer streets to Beacon and the water's edge. Politics had grown confused, its issues meaningless; the shrill local clamor about freeing the slaves, for example, was footless, the agitation for free land in the West, folly.

The country was blind to the fact that an irresponsible and highly dangerous power was being permitted to rise—the party of Andrew Jackson, the myth of the people. Even he had practically subscribed to Democratic tactics in the past presidential election.

The more abstract disturbance in Boston was no better; the multiplication of fanatics and fanatical ideas—ideas divorced from all responsibility, the projects of men who owned nothing and were nothing. Brook Farm. His thoughts changed and centered upon Ambrose; he hadn't seen his son yesterday or this morning. Nicholas wondered about Sabel Luin. The truth was that she, too, had recalled his youth. Something in her. If, at Ambrose's age, he had seen her he would have been no less engaged than his son. Even now she stirred his imagination. That, of course, was ridiculous, and he firmly crushed any personal regard for her. His mind, lately, had been full of such nonsense—lunar observations.

He had allowed himself to fall into a state of sentimentality worse than any boy's. Nicholas had a peculiar hatred for unbecoming vices in men—vices out of their appropriate seasons. His son Ambrose was announced. Ambrose was inattentively dressed and haggard; his directness of bearing was blurred and his hands were nervous.

"I hope you are not occupied," he said. Then he cried, "Those damned bracelets!" After that Ambrose was silent. Nicholas Elliset was careful to wait until he should choose to proceed. "It's not them, really," he went on finally. "It's women. I have made up my mind never to get married. It will kill me, but that is better than a surrender to ——" He shifted his speech. "I didn't approve of Sabel having the bracelets, and you will remember that I warned you I would advise selling them. They would have paid the whole indebtedness of Brook Farm. And Sabel agreed with me at first. She said it would be wicked for her to keep them. Neither of us approved of—of emeralds. Why should they be worth so much? Why should one woman have the happiness and relief of a hundred idle on her arms? Sabel didn't approve of them, but she put them on. She'd put them on and take them off. She had them in her desk when she was teaching. They went to bed with her.

"I asked her to give them to me and she begged me to wait and take them later. She began to talk about the fact that we had had them a long while; she said we might have no right to sell them. But when I told her we'd give them back she wouldn't say anything. Damn it, they ruined her! They poisoned her. It was as if their cold green fire got into her blood. I knew it the minute I saw her with her hair up. Her beautiful free hair in a cursed net. I told her she would have to give up the bracelets or all our future, and she only answered that I was nothing but a boy. All I could do was laugh at her. What had become of her noble sentiments? She insisted they hadn't changed, but then it was over."

"In a way," Nicholas Elliset asserted, "that is a shame. The trouble is you went into this too quickly. I won't repeat Miss Luin, but say that you depended on theories rather than on fact. It led you into behaving very badly. It was impossible to advise you. What are you thinking of doing?"

Ambrose, totally without conviction, replied that he would hold to his resolution of going into Brook Farm. "It will at least be an escape from the rottenness of—of life." What he meant, Nicholas reflected, was women. "The only thing left for me is the forgetfulness of work. Work for someone else. I won't marry Sabel Luin."

"I thought that was decided," Nicholas told him. "We can put her out of our plans. As I said, it's too bad. But it can't be helped now. You are determined to go to Brook Farm?"

Ambrose stared at him miserably. "Yes," he said listlessly. "I am going there to forget. Perhaps, after a long while, my spirit will return."

That, Nicholas Elliset agreed, might easily turn out to be true. "However," he added, "I hate to think of the dull and useless years between. The years without any actual pleasure. You are very bitter about women now, but it is astonishing how happy they can make you. There is nothing else quite like them; nothing else takes their place. I'll admit they are not abstract; at rare moments they are not conspicuously noble. But you get hardened to that. You do, for a fact.

"Then, Ambrose, I am very skeptical about any altruistic work. There is something very personal and selfish, very material, about really useful labor. The other is always a little fantastic and usually more than a little futile. I hate to see an Elliset caught by it. Women, of course, are as bad as you've guessed, but, my dear Ambrose, you'd be safer with a woman—a charming woman—than at Brook Farm. Your life, among other things, would be more useful."

There was a trace of revived life in the younger man. "Can you be sure I would be more useful married?" he demanded. "Do you think—well, do you suppose I could bring Sabel back to her old spiritual beauty?"

"Women are never beautiful unless they are happy," Nicholas explained. "You cursed the Houqua emeralds, yet in a few days they changed every idea in Sabel Luin's head. In the direction of happiness, Ambrose. They made her gayer and younger, more engaging to be with."

Ambrose Elliset nodded sharply. "I haven't been able to think lately," he admitted. "I may have done Sabel a horrible injustice. Perhaps if I deserted her now it would hurt her always. It may be my duty to marry her no matter what happens." He gazed at his father hopefully.

"You must decide that for yourself," Nicholas said equably.

Ambrose rose. "I will do this," he asserted; "I'll sail on the Fannie Bradwick. That will give me time to think. When I come back I'll know everything. My mind will be clear." He moved resolutely toward the door, then stopped. "If I do," he continued, "will you see Sabel occasionally? Ask her to our house. You will have to be rather careful about mother. Sabel thinks mother doesn't completely understand her." Nicholas reassured him. When Ambrose was gone he sat with tight lips and a shadowed brow. His eyes were tired and without any trace of a satirical gleam. Ambrose's rebellion, his sheer youth, was over. He, Nicholas Elliset, had killed it. His own memories were cold, thin and distant. The Celestina had been to China and returned. To Boston. A barque could make the voyage again, but men went only once to the East—when they were young. He saw that Nancred had come into the room.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

Perpetual Motion

OH, LIFE in camp is free and fair, the only true vacation, where I can win from urban care the perfect liberation; no worries over cooks and maids, no tyranny of diet, no slavish rites with beauty aids, no jazz to mar the quiet; no need to nag untidy males, no clubs, no drives with banners; uncensored are the kiddies' nails, relaxed their table manners. Some khaki duds of dingy tone, some sneakers, Number Seven; the bliss of being let alone—a little bit of heaven!

And when in peace I've dwelt awhile with ant and bug and jigger, and learned at leaky tents to smile, and loafed and lost my figger, and laved my skin with liquid mud, and lived on beans and bacon and fish and under-roasted spud, repressed desires awaken; I take a strong dislike to dirt, a scunner to my rations, and long for clothing with a skirt, and social obligations; I want to leave the peaceful trees, a frenzied pleasure seeker; I tire of crickets, birds and bees, and miss the old loud-speaker; against the mawkish woolly lambs I sense a strong reaction, and only mobs and traffic jams can give me satisfaction. The pearly mists that made me glad now prophesy neuralgia, and distant spires but make me sad and full of mauve nostalgia; I hate the rooster's raucous cry, I loathe the bullfrog's ditty, and madly, gladly, wildly hie me back to home and city!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

A Primer for Tabloid Readers

A IS for Ax Apeman wielded in glee.
B is for Babe upon Bobbed Bandit's knee.
C's for Confessions the Chorus Girl spun.
D is for Daddy—each Peaches has one.
E is for Extra! —"Kills Mate Prone to Err."
F is for Fiend who grabs girls by the hair.
G is for Gallows, and also for Gin.
H is for Heir who wed Gay Manikin.
I is for Ingrate who steals patron's dough.
J is for Jury—lets fair bandit go.
K is for Knees which win artist's acclaim.
L is for Love Nest which holds banker's flame.
M is for Model, found dazed in a glade.
N is for Night Club, scene of dry raid.
O is for Orgy at big uptown club.
P is for Picture of Girl in the Tub.
Q is for Queen of the bootlegger crew.
R is for Rumor, quite racy if true.
S is for Scandal at Four Hundred's door.
T is for Thug War in which pistols roar.
U's for Unclad Girl who flees in a sheet.
V is for Vice King shot down in the street.
W is for Woman, gagged, beaten and bound.
X marks the spot where the body was found.
Y is for Yegg who robs man in the hall.
Z is for Zero—the sum of it all.

William P. Rowley.

This house paint will save you dollars and dollars and dollars

The Spreading Test Shows Why

SOME PEOPLE think that when they pay a few cents less per gallon for house paint, they are saving money. But in reality the most economical way to buy house paint is *not by the gallon but by the job.*

Select house paint on this honest basis and you will choose Devoe Lead & Zinc House Paint. For whenever painter and scientific laboratories have applied Devoe in comparison with other paints, they have found that it covers more square feet of surface. That is why it costs less per job.

There is another reason why Devoe Lead & Zinc House Paint is the most economical you can buy. It remains beautiful and gives protection longer than any other paint. So that whether you figure first cost or ultimate cost over a period of years, you will save money by insisting upon Devoe Lead & Zinc Paint.

[illegible]

It is a mistake to imagine that because paint and varnish products look alike in the can, they act alike on a job. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is really astonishing how some paints outwear others; how some excel in beauty; how they differ in dollar-for-dollar value.

But how is the average man to judge? Devoe has devised a simple way to help him—by practical tests. Every Devoe Paint and Varnish Product has been subjected to tests—in laboratories and in actual use—that establish their undisputed superiority. Go to the Devoe Authorized Agency in your vicinity for advice on paint and painting.

DEVOE & RAYNOLDS CO., INC.

General Offices: 1 W. 47th St., New York

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173 years old—founded 1754.

Practical Tests Prove Devoe Quality

The DEVOE GUARANTEE

Use Devoe according to directions, with the understanding that if you find it faulty at the time you put it on or afterwards, we will make satisfactory restitution.

Another

DEVOE

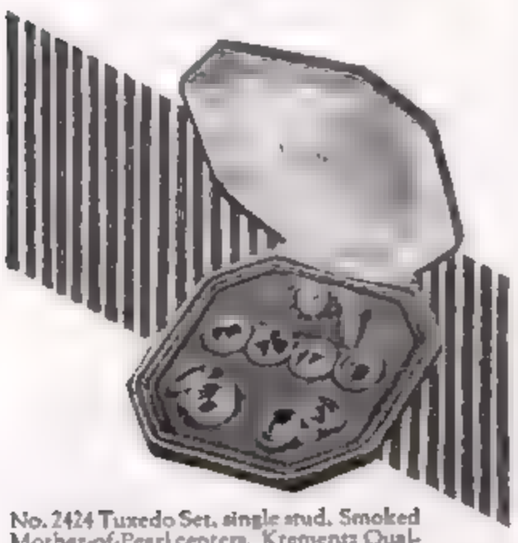
Paint & Varnish Product

Krementz Gift JEWELRY FOR MEN

AT affairs where correct attire is an inflexible requirement, there is a noticeable preference for Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry. That appearance of quality and refinement, expected of well-dressed men, is ever present in dress sets by Krementz. Designs are stylish, in a most gratifying variety. The well known bodkin-clutch back has made the erstwhile troublesome task of inserting shirt studs a matter of ease. Each set handsomely cased; wonderful for gifts.

Dealers everywhere. Illustrations of designs and Correct Dress Chart sent free upon request.

KREMENTZ & CO.
NEWARK, N. J.



No. 2424 Tuxedo Set, single stud. Smoked Mother-of-Pearl centers. Krementz Quality rolled white gold plate rims. Pair links, 4 vest buttons, 1 stud . . $8.75

Krementz Collar buttons are guaranteed to wear a lifetime.

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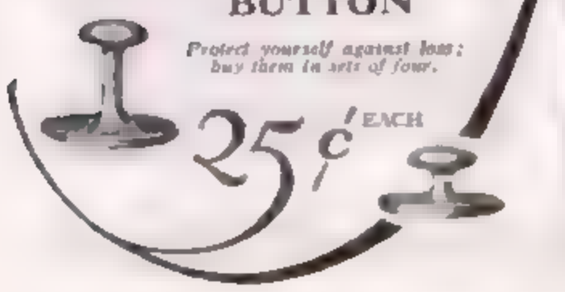
BUTTON

Protect yourself against loss: buy them in sets of four.



25¢ EACH

ÆSOP'S FABLE

(Continued from Page 31)

He led her into the paneled dining room. Miss Longwood studied the portraits one by one. At length:

"How well they go here," she said. "I think they must feel at home."

"You couldn't have said a thing which would please me more."

"It's true," said the girl. "I don't know who thought of this house, but it's like some woodcut I've seen—some tailpiece in an old book."

They passed out into the garden, and he showed her the lie of his land. Then Frodsham came out to tell them that tea was served. As they strolled across the lawn in his wake Miss Longwood hung on her heel and surveyed the house.

Presently she nodded. "We must find that water. You can't leave this."

As was to be expected, her downright appreciation took Spenser by storm. Her apathy was forgotten, her reputation became a myth. Her swift understanding, her fellowship carried the man off his feet. Her notable charm overwhelmed him. It only remained for her beauty to deal him the *coup de grâce*.

Sitting by her side in his study, her host could find no fault in her, body or soul. The setting suited her well; her natural dignity went with the sober room; her soft voice enriched its quiet; the William and Mary settee might have been made for her pose. Her firm, slim hands used the aged silver with infinite grace. Her little hat lay beside her, and her fine raven hair gave back the light, her eyes were gray and fearless, and there was pride in her mouth; her cherry-colored dress was perfect as the figure it served.

Before her cigarette was finished Miss Longwood rose to her feet. "Have you a rod for me?" she said.

There were hazel twigs in the car. Spenser had cut them that morning at eight o'clock. He brought them at once.

"They'll do," said my lady. "I think I like that one best. Will you cut it down a little? It's rather too big."

When he had shaped it to her liking it resembled the letter Y, twelve inches by eight.

"Now may I see the old well?"

He led her round to the courtyard and watched her compass the well. The rod never moved.

"I don't wonder you're short of water; there's next to none here. I—I can't even feel the spring—yes. Wait a minute. Here it is. But it's very slight. And now for the depth. Don't tell me. I should say it was thirty feet down. Perhaps twenty-nine."

"Well done indeed," said Spenser. "It's twenty-eight."

Miss Longwood took a deep breath. "For one dreadful moment I thought I had lost the knack. What would you have said, if I had?"

"I should have tried to thank you for coming at all."

"I don't quite see why," said Miss Longwood. "I'm enjoying myself very much." She took a step back and looked round—at the well and the oaks and the gable and the slope of the meadow beyond. "But I wish I could place your home. I've seen it before somewhere. It's all so simple that it's immensely rich."

As though to applaud this sentiment, a splendid rooster, exultant upon an old mounting block, crowed lustily. The two laughed naturally.

"He's right in the picture," said Miss Longwood. "And now to business."

They began to pass round the property, keeping close to its verge, the girl going first and Spenser stepping behind with his eyes on her back. Three times the rod declared water, but its signals were very faint. With the greatest care Miss Longwood explored the clews, and each time, after a little, she shook her fair head.

With a sinking heart Spenser followed her round to their starting point. One by one she searched the meadows, across and across, she scoured the beechwood and she compassed the house. She proved the lawn and the flower garden—even the drive—in vain. In desperation she entered and walked the rooms, but without avail. There was no water.

She asked for another rod and started again. Slowly and with infinite patience she covered the ground she had covered an hour before. When Spenser begged her to stop she waved him away. It might have been her home she was striving to save. At half-past six o'clock they stood again upon the lawn.

"Please, come in," said Spenser. "You must be ready to drop. I can never thank you enough for ——"

"If you talk like that," said the girl, "I shall begin to cry. I came to help you to live here. All I've done so far is to make it plain that you can't. But I'm not through yet. I found water down there, didn't I?" She pointed to the poplars fringing the road below. "Well, how did it get there? Downhill. It comes from above. Very well. I'm going to try once more at the back of the house."

Together they climbed the orchard, which presently slanted steeply to a little stone wall. This was Piétat's boundary. Beyond lay the rough of a meadow, scrambling up to a bluff.

The girl stared at the wall. Then she turned and looked at the house, and, below, the row of poplars and the sheep cropping the shadows they threw on the turf. Presently she returned to the wall and the meadow and the brown bluff beyond.

"Will you help me over?" she said.

Spenser mounted the wall, lifted her up very gently and set her down on her feet on the farther side.

As he leaped down beside her: "You're very strong," said the girl.

Then she glanced about her, took fresh hold of her rod and walked for the bluff. Almost at once the rod began to move. Another three steps and it was bending. It was plainly all she could do to hold the fork of it straight. Spenser watched it as a man in a dream. The tail of the Y, which had been pointing upward, was pointing outward and down—actually down. Very slowly its mistress was turning toward the right; her delicate wrists were quivering under the strain; without looking at Spenser, she spoke:

"Please come and take off my hat."

This was tight fitting and resisted; Spenser drew it off with the utmost care. Miss Longwood shook back her curls and continued to move. The rod relaxed slightly, and she bore to the left. As she did so it dipped sharply. Another two steps, and before Spenser's eyes it assumed the form of a hook.

The girl stood still, trembling. "This is the place. Will you peg it? Between my feet."

The man went down on his knees and pressed a peg into the ground. Miss Longwood shut her eyes and lifted her chin. For a moment she stood swaying. Then:

"Forty-two feet, I should say. Perhaps forty-three. D'you think they'll sell you this land?"

"Yes," said Spenser shakily.

"Good," said the girl.

Then she put a hand to her head and fainted. Spenser caught her as she fell and carried her into the shade. She came to her senses before he had laid her down. For a moment their eyes met. As she closed hers again the color came into her cheeks.

"Stupid of me," she murmured. "Don't go. Let me lie quiet for a moment, and then we'll go back to the house."

Not knowing what else to do, Spenser sat down by her side and stared at the tops of the oaks showing over the wall. So for perhaps two minutes. Then:

"I know," said the girl. "I remember. It's straight out of Æsop's Fables, this pretty place. The rooster and the well and the puppies and the cool of the little old house—they all fit in. And I'm sure the old pictures talk when they're left alone."

"They'll have something to say tonight," said William Red Spenser.

Miss Longwood, completely restored, sat back in her chair.

"I shan't rest till you've bought it," she said. "When will you know?"

"Tomorrow morning," said Spenser. "I'll send you a wire."

"And when can you start digging?"

"The moment it's mine."

"May I come and watch?"

The man got to his feet and stepped to the open window commanding the lawn. For a moment he stood looking out; then he turned to the lady adorning his room.

"I'm afraid I've been very silent," he said quietly. "The truth is I'm rather tongue-tied. You've tied up my tongue. Our lives are so very different and the gulf between us is so wide. You're 'the Longwood girl.' Why should the life I was living have mattered to you? It didn't, it doesn't, it can't—it's out of Miss Longwood's ken. Yet you've taken infinite trouble to save it for me. And now you actually ask if you can come and look at—at ——"

"At Æsop's Fable," said Miss Longwood, swinging an exquisite leg. "May I?"

"Oh, my dear," said Spenser, "what do you think?"

"That's better," said Miss Longwood, laughing. "And please don't talk about gulfs. We're two of a kind, aren't we? Even if you live in a fable and I in an ultra-film?"

Spenser's impulse was to kiss her smart little foot. Instead: "I wish," he said, "that I had a painting of you. Just as you are, sitting back, with a light in your eyes and your hands in your lap."

"To go with the others?" flashed Miss Longwood. "What about The Daw and the Peacocks?"

"To go with the others," said Spenser. "It's time the Frogs had a queen."

With a maddening smile, the lady regarded her watch. "I hate to say it," she said, "but in ten minutes' time I must go. Are you coming to Biarritz again?"

"I hadn't meant to, after I'd taken you back. But ——"

"Then don't. I'll come. I promise. But I like you best here. Æsop belongs to his fable."

"That's the difference between us," said Spenser. "I belong to my fable, but Lettice Longwood belongs wherever she goes."

The girl shook her head. "I don't think I belong anywhere," she said.

"You'll always belong here," said Spenser quietly.

"The freedom of Piétat. In return for ——"

"In return for nothing," said Spenser. "Neither Piétat nor I can ever make any return. We shouldn't think of trying. You just belong to it—that's all. That's why I'd like your picture to hang with the other six. And now, if you'll let me, I'd like to cut you some flowers."

"May I come too, Æsop?"

"Certainly not," said Spenser. "You've walked far too far as it is. If I had my way you'd put up your little feet."

"I will—on the lawn. I want to watch the sun going down."

"As my lady pleases," said Spenser.

Half an hour floated away before she had done with the garden and had bade the puppies good-by.

"Which one would you like?" said Spenser as Frodsham gathered them in. "I'll house-train him before you leave Biarritz, and then you can take him away."

"Oh, Æsop, I'd love to have one. I'll call him Tailpiece." She pointed a delicate finger. "I think that one likes me best."

(Continued on Page 173)

Rain?
—what of it!

What if sullen skies *do* weep and all outdoors is drenched? *You* needn't get wet —nor stay inside either!

A wonderful new raincoat—the *Duro Gloss* rubber raincoat—is banishing the age-old tyranny of rain—reclaiming dreary days that once were wasted. For this is a *real* raincoat—smart, colorful and absolutely rainproof—a correct, *tailored* raincoat that *keeps you dry*.

A select group of manufacturers—the leading raincoat stylists of the United States and Canada—have chosen *Duro Gloss* Raincoat Fabric as the standard of perfection for raincoats. They found in *Duro Gloss* Fabric the colors, the tailoring qualities and durability they have sought for years. And from this remarkable material they are making superb raincoats.

You may have *your Duro Gloss* rubber raincoat in the style you wish—in colors ranging from brilliant hues down through the softer grays and browns, or black.

Duro Gloss rubber raincoats are sold by most good stores. Get *yours* today. Keep it conveniently near—always have it with you when you start out in the car.

Duro Gloss Raincoat Fabric is made exclusively by one of America's oldest manufacturers of rubberized fabrics. See that the *Duro Gloss* label is in the raincoat you buy.

Fall Showing of
Duro Gloss Raincoats — September 6-17

Better merchants everywhere are now holding special displays of the new *Duro Gloss* raincoat models for Fall—colorful, tailored and really rainproof. When autumn's nipping, rainy days arrive, a *Duro Gloss* raincoat provides just the comfortable protection you need. Select a smart *Duro Gloss* raincoat for your Fall wardrobe. Every one is identified by the *Duro Gloss* label. It is your protection. Look for it.

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Manufacturers also of *Duro Gloss* Sports Fabric for shower-proof sport coats

42,500 people were rain-soaked at the Illinois-Iowa football game last Fall

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The PAVEMENT *of Lasting* Distinction

PAVEMENT of Portland cement concrete adds a lasting distinction to any street. On fashionable boulevards or busiest commercial arteries its true, rigid surface remains unmarred by traffic year after year—indefinitely. No concrete pavement has ever worn out.

When the concrete street *must* be cut through for underground piping or conduits it may be quickly and easily patched with no unsightly blemishes left to mar its even surface. Thus concrete provides a pavement of *enduring* beauty.

Firm, rigid, unyielding concrete is the ideal paving material—the engineer's answer to the challenge of modern traffic. It requires little maintenance. And it is the safest street, wet or dry.

PORTLAND CEMENT
CONCRETE
for permanence

More than 3,500 cities and towns have built Portland cement concrete streets within the last five years. Their experiences with the beauty, durability and economy of concrete pavements have been compiled in booklet form for those interested in modern street improvement. If you would like a copy, write to the headquarters of Portland Cement Association, Chicago.

(Continued from Page 170)

"He's yours," said Spenser. Then he let in the clutch.

Their way lay by byroads, and the two had sundown to themselves. The country was full of magic; Harlequin's sword was out. This comfortable stream ran crimson, that line of hanging woodland was turned to gold, the mountains became a miracle of rose-red stone.

As they slipped into Biarritz, Spenser switched on his lights. At the famous hotel the porters and pages were waiting to usher her in.

"I'm afraid you're very late," said Spenser, with his hat in his hand.

"What for? My film? You're going to be later still. Won't you come in and have something?"

The man shook his head. "Thank you very much, but ——"

"I hoped you'd say 'no,' Æsop. Will you remember to wire?"

"How could I forget anything? When will you come back?"

"I don't know. Very soon. Good-by. I've had such a happy time."

The man bent over her hand. Then he looked into her eyes. "D'you wonder that I'm tongue-tied?" he said.

Nearly three weeks had gone by. The land had been bought and paid for, the new well was forty feet deep, Tailpiece had bitten a brother for disrespect, and Captain and Mrs. Pomeroy were deeply concerned.

"My dear," said Belinda to her husband, "it's the most dreadful thing that ever happened. He's mad about her, and she's amusing herself. When she goes ——"

"He'll have to come here," said Ivan. "We'll see him through."

"He'll have to go back sometime. And Piétat without her will drive him out of his mind. I tell you he's mad about her. When he heard her car coming you should have seen the look in his eyes."

"Perhaps she's mad about him."

"I wish she were," said Belinda. "But she isn't. She's just friendly. And she has this extraordinary charm that makes her friendliness dazzling—knocks you out. I can't be angry with her, though she's doing this rotten thing. She's accustomed to adoration. If Rufus didn't adore her she'd be amazed. She's behaving quite normally and perfectly well. So is Rufus. In loving her he's doing the natural thing. The tragedy of it is he isn't a Gadarene. He leads a life that matters immensely to him. The consequence is that her coming into that life is a terrific affair."

"The queen of the Gadarenes goes into the hermit's cave?"

"And finds it great fun, while the hermit goes off the deep end. Exactly. Oh, my dear, whatever are we to do?"

"Stand by with the sponge," said Ivan. "We can't interfere. If Rufus is going to crash he'll have to do it. And when he's down you must go and render first aid. Here and now I give you permission to stroke his hair."

"It won't do any good," said Belinda. "I shan't have the requisite touch."

Her husband inspected her fingers and then put them up to his lips.

"*Chacun à son goût*," he said.

The Pomeroys' concern was natural. Nobody likes to see a good friend go down. Yet they need not have been so dismayed. If Spenser had lost his heart, he had kept his head. The man was desperately in love, but he had counted the cost and was fully prepared to pay when the moment came. He knew that "the Longwood girl" was out of his reach. He knew that Piétat appealed to her, was sure she liked its master, hoped she would remember them both. But that was all. Æsop must stick to his fable and she to her film. If he had had money—not very much, but enough to let him wander through Vanity Fair—he might have lifted his eyes. As it was ——

And so he went off the deep end, determined to swim. He could hardly have done anything else. Had he detested Miss Longwood, in view of what she had done he could scarcely have been out when she came. Fate bowed him down the smooth path. He let himself go, well aware of the cliff to which he must come.

As for the lady, she shall speak for herself. "You must have an ox," said Miss Longwood. "I'm sure he'd be very useful."

The two were climbing the orchard which led to the well.

"He could fetch his own food," said Spenser, "but I can't think of anything else."

"I'm sure he'd be a good influence. The other animals would listen to what he said. And then you should have an ass, as a sort of foil. The ox could rebuke him "

"But not for indolence," said Spenser. "The trouble is I'm not in the picture myself. I should be a husbandman."

"You're near enough," said Miss Longwood. "Besides, Æsop wrote. But you will have some bees, won't you? Hullo, I believe they've found."

The Spanish youths at the well were speaking to their father below. As the two came up to the wall they pulled off their caps. "My father can smell water," said the elder. "He has found a great stone and he says it must be beneath that."

"Lift me over," said the girl. "I want to be in at the death."

As once before Spenser swung her over the wall. Then he stepped to the well and set his hands on the tripod which straddled the shaft.

"Very careful, my lady. Use my arm as a rail."

Miss Longwood did so, and the two peered into the depths. Presently they made out the Spaniard and the flash of his pick.

"Where's the stone?" breathed the girl. "I can't make it out."

"Directly below us," said Spenser. "He's clearing the soil from around it, to set it free. Then he'll drive the pick under and prize it out."

It was impossible not to be excited. The two boys were lying prone, with their chins on the edge of the well. Below, their father was striving with all his might. The fellow was stripped to the waist, and, despite the chill below, you could see the gleam of the sweat running over his back. The tackle on the tripod swung idle; the buckets must wait. For three weeks he had labored for this moment, blindly obeying his orders, and doing his best to smother his unbelief.

Three pairs of eyes watched him, hung on each movement he made. The fourth was steadily regarding William Red Spenser. The latter stood like a rock, but his heart was full. All along he had been mortally afraid that they would strike rock. The girl had said quite frankly that whether there was rock in the way she could not tell. And now the danger was past and Piétat was saved. In another moment they would have reached the spring. Then again, his darling was there, with her hands on his arm.

The Spaniard scraped back the earth and drove his pick under the stone. Then he put his whole weight on the helve. The watchers above saw it moving, saw the stone shift and turn. The Spaniard let the pick go and plucked out the stone with his hands. Then he cast it down and leaned back against the wall. In the form of the stone lay a winking puddle of light.

The Spaniard shook the sweat from his brow and called to his sons. "Send down the bucket. This time tomorrow I shall be working in water up to my waist."

"Has he found?" cried the girl.

"Oh, my dear, haven't you seen?"

"I—I wasn't looking," said Miss Longwood.

As the bucket went swinging, the elder boy showed his white teeth. "Madame may sleep soundly tonight. There is water in abundance. The pretty flowers of her garden will never want."

With her hands upon Spenser's arm, Miss Longwood smiled back.

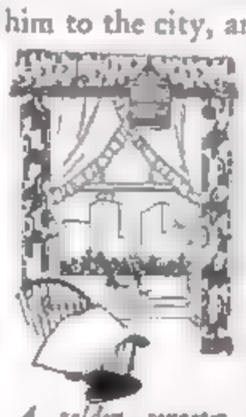
"That's a great thought," she said gently. She turned to her squire. "Æsop.

"My flowers are lovelier since they have a bird to sing their praises," she said.

The song of one little bird brought the mountains into a city apartment

SHE had always lived among the mountains with birds and flowers all around her.

When her husband's business called him to the city, and he established her in a tiny apartment twenty stories above the roar of the city's streets, everyone wondered if she could be happy.



A golden songster came to live in the hanging garden.

She soon had her favorite flowers nodding gaily from a "hanging garden" attached to her window sill. But what magic could change the traffic policeman's whistle into the thrush's song that used to greet her at dawn?

One day she said to her husband, "I think I miss the birds most of all. My hanging garden is lovely, but it needs a bird's song to make it complete. No flower can look its best without a bird to sing its praises."

He laughed at her fancy, but the very next day a little golden songster was established in a charming green and white nook overlooking the hanging garden. There, high above the roar of the city's streets, his song rose, as joyous and exultant as the song of any wild bird in her native mountains.

"I'm not homesick for the woods any more," she confessed one evening some time later. "This little bird has brought the mountains to me with his songs. And, see, even my flowers are lovelier since they have a bird to sing them to sleep and waken them up!"

Every Bird Guest Should Live in a Charming Hendryx Home

Everywhere people are learning that a pet canary is a maker of happy moods.

It is the ideal gift for any person, young or old, whether living in one room in the city or in a big house in the country. Just be sure to house the little feathered guest in a Hendryx bird-home, for The Andrew B. Hendryx Company has been the leading maker of bird homes for more than 58 years. At bird stores, hardware, department or house-furnishing stores, you will find charming new Hendryx designs, priced from $2.00 to $150.00; stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

"This little bird has brought the mountains to me," she said.

In the Bird Store

"Cheer up! Cheer! Cheer!" lustily sang the Littlest Bird. "Keep singing," said the Wise Old Bird. "The humans need it, they all look grouchy this morning." "But they smile when they hear me," exulted the Littlest Bird.

No. 280—In brass or various Duco finishes such as Chinese Red and Black, Bermuda and Gold, Forest Green and Gold, Pea Green and Black. Be sure the Hendryx name is on the cage you buy.

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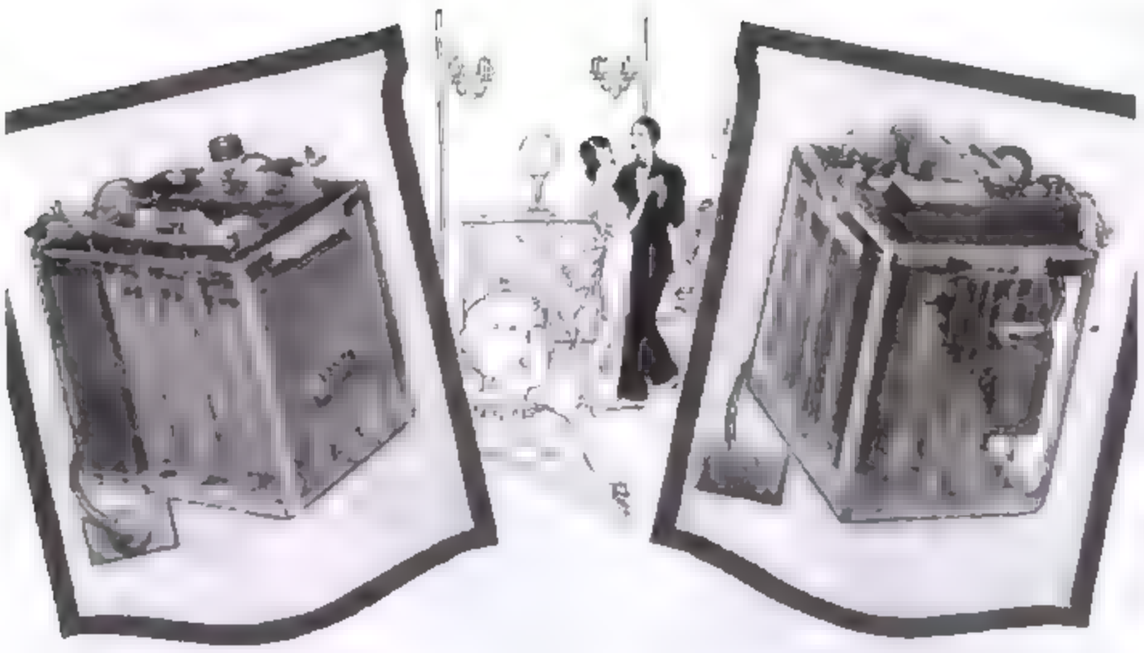
Since 1869

"The Feathered Philosopher" is one of the most interesting stories ever written about a bird. An illustrated copy will be sent you free. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.



VESTA RADIO "A" UNIT
BALKITE RECTIFIER

VESTA RADIO "A" UNIT
VERTREX RECTIFIER

# of Great Value to Every Radio Owner

You may now have Vesta BUILT-IN-GLASS, Radio "A" Socket Power Units with either wet or dry rectifiers.

As pictured above, the Dry Rectifier is of the Vertrex type, built in with either a 4 or 6 volt battery and hydrometer.

The wet Rectifier is Balkite, built in a glass case, with either a 4 or 6 volt battery and hydrometer.

These two combinations present the utmost in radio "A" Power—to please radio owners who prefer either the wet or dry rectifier type of chargers.

These units have a high and low charging switch which provides a rate of charge for sets of all sizes under variable operating conditions.

They are supplied with or without automatic relay (as desired) which automatically cuts off the current going to the battery when set is in operation and turns on the current when set is turned off.

Ask your radio dealer to show you this complete Socket Power "A" Unit—BUILT-IN-GLASS—with everything visible. A clean, compact, reliable source of "A" power that will insure greater enjoyment from your set.

Prices range from $28 without the relay to $37.50 with relay in either 6 volt or 4 volt, 50 ampere units

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VESTA DRY TRICKLE CHARGER
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NEW "B" UNIT
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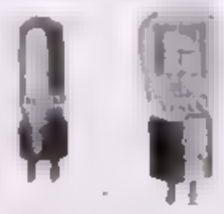

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you must have been right. He thinks I belong to the fable."

Spenser stiffened. Then he looked at the boy. "Mademoiselle is a great lady—a great princess. She honors me with her friendship, but she is not my wife."

The boy mumbled an apology. Then, with a scarlet face, he bent to the rope.

As they turned to the wall: "Poor child," said Miss Longwood softly. "He'd never have seen me again."

Spenser stopped dead. "Are you leaving Biarritz?"

"I must, Æsop. I ought to have gone last week, but I—I wanted so much to see the water come in."

"You've a very sweet nature," said Spenser. He swung himself on to the wall and handed her up. "I shall feel lost when you're gone."

"No one to lift over the wall?"

"That's right. May I lift you down?"

"Yes."

In silence they passed through the orchard and through the little courtyard. As they came to the lawn Tailpiece emerged from the house with a collar about his neck. For a moment he stood like an image, then he flung himself at his master with a whimper of joy. Spenser picked him up in his arms and made much of the scrap.

"I can't take him," said Miss Longwood. "He—he loves you. And he'll never be so happy again."

"He's a very lucky fellow. I envy him very much."

"Æsop! You're not tired of your fable?"

"You belong to it," said Spenser quietly. "And now you're going away. It won't be the same."

"For heaven's sake—why?"

"Because there's no one like you." He laughed shortly. "But I rather imagine you hear that once a week."

"They don't put it so simply," said Miss Longwood. "And then, again, you say it as though you thought it were true. But you mustn't believe it, Æsop. I'm only one of the stars in an ultra-film."

"I've seen you close up," said Spenser, "and—and off parade. The Longwood girl is a picture, but Lettice Longwood is a work of Nature herself."

Miss Longwood shaded her eyes and looked at the hills. "Talking of pictures," she said, "I've been drawn. Etched. Tilsit is staying at Biarritz, so I asked him to try his hand."

"Tilsit? It must be lovely. He's got a wonderful touch."

"If you'd like to see it," said Miss Longwood, "it's in the car."

The well-found coupé was standing in the shade of the oaks. A large rectangular package was lying within the boot. Spenser withdrew it with the greatest possible care. The etching was glazed. An article of such virtue must be uncovered indoors; the dining-room table offered the most convenient site.

Leaning against the dresser, Miss Longwood watched the brown fingers busy about the string. As he threw back the paper the man gave a cry of delight. Tilsit might have worked in his study, and have etched his mistress as she sat back in his chair. The beautiful pose was the same, as was the dress, and, though the master had drawn but her head and shoulders, the head of the chair was behind them, as it had been that first day.

"You like it?"

"It's perfect!" cried Spenser. "It's you! Whatever will everyone say? It's you as you are. It isn't 'the Longwood girl.'"

"No one will see it," said Miss Longwood. "That's the only copy, and I have the plate. I—I had it done for you, Æsop."

"Lettice!"

"You say things as if you mean them, and you said you'd like my picture to hang up in here. And I should be—very honored. And, when people come you can always say I'm a benefactress—that I found the water for Piétat, and that that's why you've got my picture upon the wall."

Spenser laid down the picture and took the slim hands in his.

"I think," he said shakily—"I think you have the sweetest nature in all the world."

He bent his head and put the hands to his lips. "Why do you say that, Æsop?"

"Because I think you know that I love you and you want to do what you can to break my fall." He let the slight fingers go and turned away. "I shall hang it up there," he said quietly, "directly—directly you've gone."

Lettice put a hand to her throat. "That—that isn't why I gave it you," she said. "I mean, why does one give presents? To people one likes? Because you want them to be happy. That's why I gave it you."

"You have made me happy, Lettice. Most awfully happy and proud."

"But, if it's true—what you said—I'm afraid you'll be unhappy when I have gone."

The man dared not look at the girl. Instead he stared at the picture with hungry eyes. "That's my funeral," he said slowly, as though he were speaking to himself, "and I shall come through."

"I don't want you to be unhappy. I love your fable, Æsop. It's the most perfect thing. How do you think I'll feel if I think that I've spoiled it all?"

"You've made it, my lady," said Spenser. "I was fond of it for itself, but now I shall love it because it has been your setting and because you liked it so well. I'll have to pay, of course. One always does. But I wouldn't go back. And now that I've got your picture ——"

The girl braced herself. "I've been very happy, Æsop. But then you know that."

Spenser put a hand to his head. "I—I hoped you had. Piétat's a change—something different. You've found it refreshing, after—the fun of the film."

"Quite right," said Lettice. "I have. But the fable is Æsop's fable. I've been very happy with him."

"I shall never forget that, Lettice."

The girl moistened her lips and the color came into her face. "And I shall be very unhappy when I have gone. Oh, my dear, I've given you the picture. Won't you give me something—to break my fall?"

She was close in the man's arms and looking up into his eyes. As he spoke his voice was trembling. "My darling, my hands are empty. My fable's all I've got. I've nothing—nothing that I can offer 'the Longwood girl.'"

"You have—you have, Æsop. Don't make me ask right out."

"Oh, Lettice, for what it's worth, will you take my name?"

With her eyes fast shut, the girl nodded her head. Then she put her arms round his neck. Five minutes later she seated herself on the table and demanded a cigarette. When the man had lit it she laid it down and took his face in her hands.

"'The bride's presents to the bridegroom included an ox.' I'm going to choose him tomorrow. And he'll advise his master until I come back. I expect he'll rebuke you, my darling, but you mustn't mind that. And you really do deserve it. I've been throwing myself at your head for over a week."

"But, Lettice, sweet, how could I? I mean the gulf I spoke of ——"

"Between you and 'the Longwood girl'? I know. It's immense—not to be bridged. But then, you see, Æsop dear, it's Lettice that's fallen for you—not 'the Longwood girl'; and Lettice has always been on the same side as you."

The two drove to Biarritz that evening and up to Les Iles d'Or.

As luck would have it, the Pomeroys were alone.

"Will you give us some dinner?" said Lettice. "Just as we are? I'm going to share Æsop's fable."

"Oh, you darling," said Belinda. "I did so hope you would. When I introduced him that evening ——"

"That's right," said Ivan. "The moment she saw you, she said - "

"You be quiet," said Belinda. "And go and see about the champagne."

New to the motor truck industry—the standard of *speed, stamina and beauty* set by this new 2-ton Model "A" Autocar

MODERN business demands truck speed for the open road, and here is speed to spare: instantly controlled by 4-wheel brakes.

Truck stamina to haul paying loads day in and day out, is built into every part of this new truck, from the powerful Autocar engine, to the rugged worm-drive rear axle.

Its beauty and grace of line; its refinement of detail and finish instantly stamp this Model "A" Autocar as a commercial vehicle far ahead of its day.

Some sales territory is open.
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Autocar Trucks

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa. Established 1897

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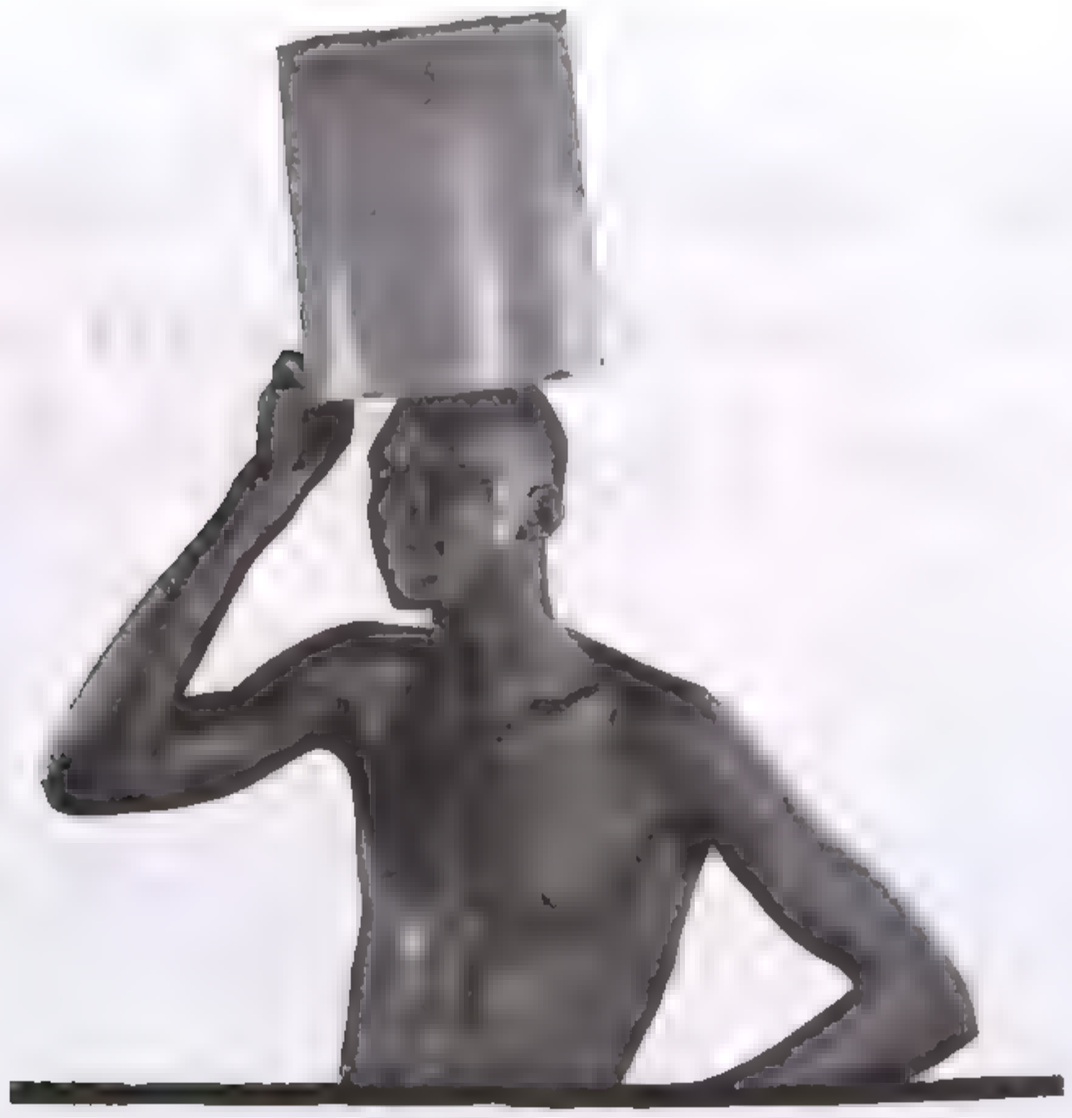


"When you take the lead in your particular industry in making prices just as low as possible, you win the support and good will of the great buying public, and that is what counts."

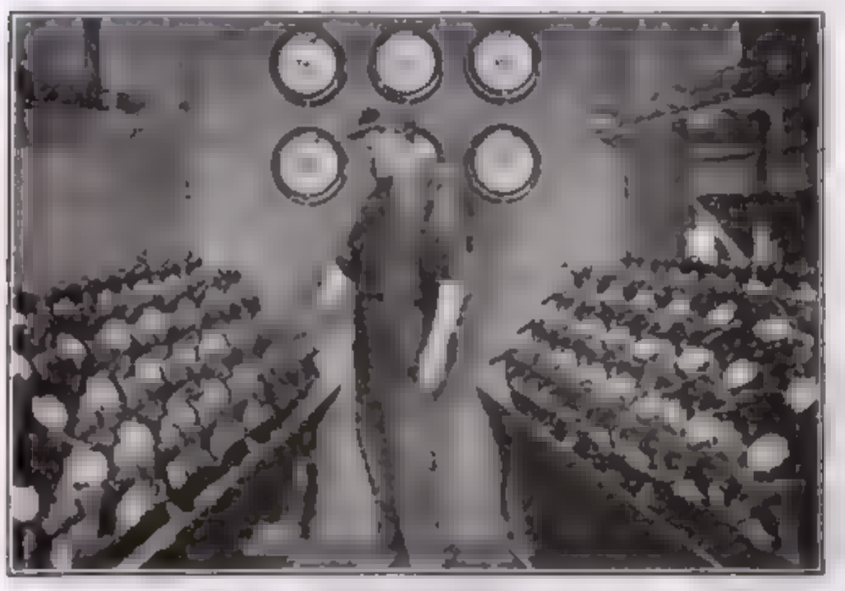
Harvey S. Firestone

A War on Waste that starts in Africa

FROM the plantations in Liberia, Africa, to the huge plants at Akron, Ohio, every department of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company wages continuous and systematic war on waste.

Foxboro Instruments eliminate waste. The *exact* information they furnish takes the guesswork out of processes where the least variation in temperature or pressure affects the quality of the tires.

Perfect control of physical conditions not only assures a uniform product, but lowers production costs. The photograph below shows one of many control booths for tire vulcanizing at Akron. All instruments are made by Foxboro. Foxboro helps this operator check costly wastes—waste of steam, waste of air, waste of hydraulic pressure and waste of material, and makes it possible to obtain that accurate control of temperature so essential in the production of uniform tires that assure users "Most Miles per Dollar."



One of six Firestone Control Booths for tire vulcanizing. Each booth controls 14 to 18 vulcanizers and is entirely equipped with Foxboro Instruments for Controlling Temperatures and Pressures. Hundreds of Foxboro Instruments are used by Firestone in Liberia, in plants 1 and 2, at Akron, Ohio, and at Hudson, Massachusetts.

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Experienced Foxboro engineers are located conveniently near your plant. Call on them freely.

Let them help you in your war on waste.

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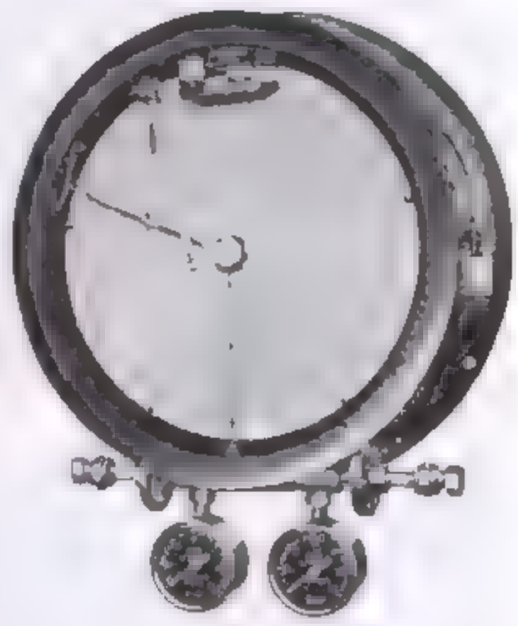

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The Foxboro Automatic Temperature Recorder-Controller illustrated above actually holds the temperature of a process to an exact degree—an accuracy impossible to obtain with manual control.

Each Foxboro Temperature Recorder-Controller is designed and built to meet your specific requirements. It is guaranteed to be permanent in calibration, and is accurate to within less than 1 per cent of total scale range. Every Foxboro Instrument is a *quality* instrument. Yet the cost is no more.

FOXBORO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

INSTRUMENTS *for* INDICATING, RECORDING *and* CONTROLLING TEMPERATURE, PRESSURE, HUMIDITY *and* FLOW

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER

(Continued from Page 37)

by Theodore Tilton that involved Mrs. Tilton as well, were discussed in every household. In Brooklyn everybody took sides on the question of the guilt or innocence of the pastor, argued and disputed and almost came to blows. The other papers, spurred by the Tribune's popularity—for the sheet was in public demand—broke away from the old rule and printed verbatim parts of the testimony on which Tilton founded his accusations. The people were shocked at the plainness of the language, but the editors thought that its printing was justified by the tremendous public interest.

Afterward it was easier to print details of divorce suits and crime. The Beecher trial had turned the tide, and gradually, with increasing laxity, we have reached present-day conditions of plain language and verbatim testimony and unblushing descriptions of the details of crime.

Suiting the Public Taste

Much serious criticism is directed against the newspapers for the way in which they handled the Gray-Snyder murder and trial. The tabloid press was of course in high feather, and went to its limit of sensationalism, but it is urged that the tabloids spurred the so-called respectable newspapers into an excess of competition, into printing pages on pages of testimony in the trial when a few columns would have sufficed to tell the tale. No mystery was involved, the critics say. It was a shockingly brutal murder, stupidly conceived and clumsily executed, and almost instantly afterward confessed by both participants. All the circumstances of the case were particularly revolting and not a fact was disclosed that might create sympathy for either defendant or suggest lenity in their punishment.

To those who, in justification, quote the great publicity of the Hall-Mills case in New Jersey, these critics reply that there is no ground for comparison between the two. The Hall tragedy remains to this day a complete mystery. It was planned with consummate cunning and carried out with exquisite skill, and not a clew remained that led to a definite conclusion. The trial testimony adduced suspicion only. The persons involved were well-known residents of New Brunswick, and were of social standing. If ever a tragedy deserved wide publicity, it was found here, for it aroused public interest to unexampled extent. The Gray-Snyder case found conditions just the reverse. Yet the newspapers made just as much fuss over it as they did over the Hall-Mills tragedy, and in that, say the present-day critics, we think they erred.

The editor of today is perhaps more tempted to sensationalism than other editors ever were. He sees the circulation of the sensational papers leaping forward in response to public greed for the details of underworld life, for the causes for divorce, for the things which were deemed unfit to print in other days. They have had high revel lately. We have had a succession of holdup robberies, some of them involving murder. We have had spectacular invasions of domestic peace, ranging from the California picture-play artists, to Peaches Browning, the New Jersey Hall-Mills case, the Gray-Snyder murder and trial, and many more. In presenting these cases, these sheets have outstripped previous standards of propriety and decency. It is to be regretted that such a large proportion of the newspaper-reading public choose to be informed of the events of the day in such livid, extravagant, exaggerated language of narration and such frequent perversion of fact. The honest editor recognizes the public liking for this sort of newspaper stuff and he is sorely tempted to enter the competition.

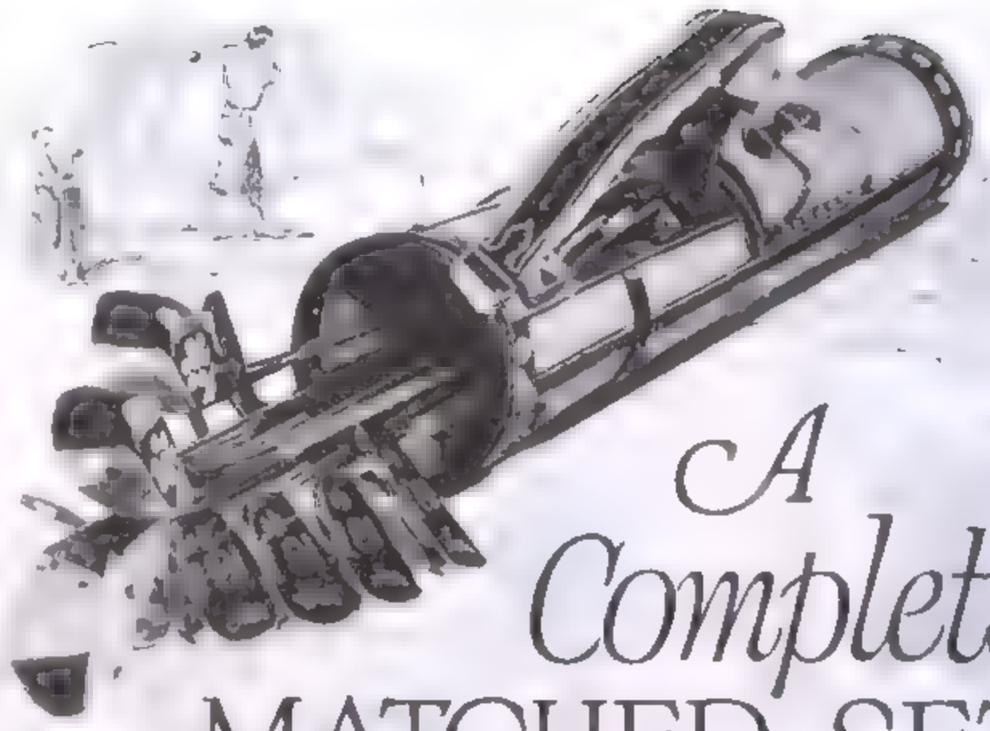
We used to have what we called sensational newspapers in the old days. The Hearst and the Pulitzer sheets were in jolly contest for supremacy, but their efforts were largely confined to typographical exaggeration, to smearing one-half of the front page with red ink and daubing the other half with black blotches of headlines half a foot high. The sensational newspaper of today is more artful; it bids for thrills on every page. It has developed the composite photograph to illustrate something that cannot be done otherwise. Photographers rig up a room, pose models in attitudes required, paste in heads from real photographs, retouch, and a fine picture results.

Under guise of physical-culture instruction some of our flash newspapers are printing suggestive pictures of show girls taking exercise. They are conducting most-beautiful-girl contests and studies in art, illustrated to the very limit of good taste. They delight in printing faked interviews with their heroes or heroines who may be defendants in the courts. In addition to the news reports of a celebrated case, they print alleged accounts signed by clergymen, actresses, or other public persons. A student of literary style might well marvel that the child bride seeking divorce and telling the story of her life and the actress reporting a murder trial and the flapper victim of a daring robbery all write with an amazing similarity of style and with a knowledge of construction that usually comes with practice. The schools of journalism require a three years' course to turn out a student to start at the bottom as a reporter. The sensational newspaper of today can turn out a finished writer in fifteen minutes who will stand for what she writes. When Rudolph Valentino fell ill one of the sensational sheets began to rhapsodize about him as the Film's Greatest Lover. The other papers followed suit, and at the end Valentino had received more publicity than usually is accorded to a dying Vice President of the United States.

A Cheapening Diet

As I have said, occasional reading of sensational newspapers may do little harm, but constant reading cannot but be bad. Almost all people read one newspaper only. Take the young person, the working girl, for instance. It becomes her only source of general information. She has no other mental nourishment than is grabbed from this sensational source. She comes to think and to talk in its inflamed and feverish language. She becomes a victim to cheap reading. Everybody is influenced by what he reads, young people especially, and habitual cheap reading must produce cheap thinking and cheap expression of thought and consequently cheap moral conduct. It is in this direction that the sensational press and the cheap so-called literature of the day have their cheap influence. Cheap literature produces cheap mentality and consequently a cheap people.

It is doubtless true that the press of the United States is presenting intelligence with more typographical ardor and headline exaggeration than it did before the Great War. In doing so it exhibits a tendency toward sensationalism. Captions three and four columns wide are common enough in our very best newspapers, and often a black line in big type entirely across the page introduces an extraordinary event. They do no harm as long as they stick to the truth. It behooves the headline architect to be honest, however, for many readers, of the large sheets especially, read the headlines only. The reader cannot of necessity peruse all the articles in a forty-eight-page newspaper, but he scans the headings to decide which article to read. You doubtless have seen the busy man enjoying the process—the paper widely open before him, held high at arm's length, one page grasped by the left hand, the other steadied by the



A Complete MATCHED SET

WHEN golf was young in America, a bag of clubs was accumulated in vastly different fashion than is the case today. Then, one bought a certain *number* of clubs—but not a set, as a set is understood today. Your driver may have had no relation to your brassie—nor your mashie to your midiron. The result was that you might play your driver well, but not your brassie; or your mashie well, but not your midiron.

All this has been changed. Now you have a *set* of clubs—and not just a "bag full." To start with the Wood Clubs, you select a MACGREGOR Uni-Set (Driver, Brassie and Spoon). These are built in perfect *harmony* one with the other—harmony in length, in weight, in balance, in resiliency of shaft, and even in their very "feel." That gives your game more uniformity—you play no "favorites" and perform with one club as well as another. It was not so always! Uni-Sets are furnished in six different models: Chieftain; Master; Klaymor; Sport; Peerless Yardsmore; and Go-Sum Yardsmore.

Your Irons, also, are built and balanced in the same intimate relation one with the other. MACGREGOR Straight-Eight sets of *Harmonized Irons* come eight clubs to the set and are furnished in three different grades: Duralites, Pars and Superiors. Through each step of construction—even down to the selection and balancing of shafts—these Irons are built to harmonize with each other—and, so, to *harmonize your game.*

They are built and graded, too, so that duplication is possible, a great advantage should a club be lost or broken. It also has another advantage—for those who may not feel they can afford a complete outfit all at once, may still start only with the fundamental clubs and yet gradually acquire a *matched set* by filling in the mates one at a time

Consult your Professional or Dealer and let him show you the MACGREGOR Uni-Sets in the Wood Clubs, and the "Straight-Eight" sets in *Harmonized Irons.* Write us for catalog, if you wish it to aid your selections.

THE CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY CO.
Established 1829 • • • Dayton, Ohio

MACGREGOR
COURSE-TESTED GOLF CLUBS

She actually smiles *at a sulky drain!*

THERE was a time when a sulky drain was more a matter for weeping—all the mess and bother and expense of it! But that was before Drāno found a permanent home on her pantry shelf.

Now, when a drain slows up, she merely shakes Drāno into the pipe—adds a little water and immediately Drāno begins to bubble and boil as it dissolves the grease, lint, vegetable matter or what not that has clogged the drain.

Then another rinse of water and the drain is as free running as ever—*scoured clean and sterilized on the inside.*

She *always* keeps a can of Drāno handy and uses it regularly in every drain in the house, for it *cannot harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing.*

And she finds other uses . . .

Many housewives find Drāno excellent for scouring caked grease from iron pans and oven glassware. They sterilize and deodorize garbage pails with Drāno—use it to clean the garage floor—to open leaf-choked downspouts—to purify the icebox outlet.

Put Drāno on *your* pantry shelf and *keep* it there.

Buy a can today at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized, convenient container.

To clean grease-encrusted pots and pans

Dissolve one tablespoonful of Drāno in enough water to cover utensil in dish pan. Stir with a spoon. Immerse article until clean. Rinse thoroughly.

THE DRACKETT CHEMICAL COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

Slightly higher in Rocky Mountain states.

35¢ *in Canada*

right, his eyes pausing before a headline, then dropping to the one below it, and so on down the page. Then a quick dart up to the next column, a pause and a flash to the next, and so on until all the columns have been scanned—nothing there. So he yanks the next page over into his vision and repeats the process until he finds announcement of something that interests him. He has looked at all the headings and at length found an article to read.

But suppose that one caption has said McAdoo Out of the Race. A correspondent has written of the presidential candidate that the senator from Podunk thinks that McAdoo is weak in his state, and not likely to win. The headliner, if he be sensational, writes the line putting McAdoo entirely out of the running. An hour afterward our reader, who has paused over the heading but has not read the article, says to a friend, "I see that McAdoo is out of the race."

"Is that so?" replies the other. "I didn't see it."

"Yes," says the first man, "the Bugle had it this morning—that's good for Smith," and the friend tells another friend, and by nightfall half a dozen men think they know that McAdoo is extinguished.

Headlines occupy one-half or two-thirds more newspaper space than they did. They are printed usually in large black type at ragged intervals all over the page, utterly at variance with all rules of neat typography. They are useful to the busy man who reads little beyond them; but headlines alone can make a sheet sensational, regardless of what may be printed under them, if the headline writer so wills.

Invention and discovery have permitted the enlargement of newspapers to their present great size, have helped to develop this new policy of printing lavishly something about everything occurring, and of making full and complete reports of big events. It is a policy that contemplates giving a reader full information about the thing that interests him most. The provision merchant, for instance, has complete reports of the provision market and all the news and gossip to be had about it. The real-estate broker reads a record of all sales and all happenings of interest in his business. The music lover or teacher or student finds every scrap of information to be had about music and musicians. Through this policy of expansion and enlargement, public documents are printed in full, and so are political speeches and the utterances of public men. We have also, under the heading Arrival of Buyers, a long list of persons who go to the city to purchase goods; likewise columns of names of policemen and firemen appointed or transferred from one station to another—no end of routine matter.

The Business Interests

The system has resulted in the giving of pages to topics that in the old days were put in a single column. The newspapers in 1880 printed all Wall Street market news and quotations in less than two columns; today they occupy with their financial advertisements, seven or eight pages, the quotations of prices filling twenty-six columns of tabulated space in a recent issue noticed. Long financial reports and observations and tables of quotations are cabled from the capitals of Europe. The markets of Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, New York and other cities are recorded, as are the price lists of corporations from all parts of the country: public-utility securities, industrial issues, insurance-company stocks, bank stocks, every kind of security for sale anywhere. A column is usually given to the market for foreign exchange. If the stock market gets panicky or even frisky, news reporters are sent to write special accounts. Everybody who owns stocks or bonds is interested in their current price, and he buys a newspaper in whose reports he has confidence. Financial advertising is very profitable to newspapers. It is printed in great volume.

Indeed, our newspapers have become of especial value to the people because of this greatly enlarged volume of matter devoted to business interests. Through this same quick collection of news and quick delivery of the sheet to rural districts as well as to city realms, it is telling the farmer what his products were selling for yesterday in the markets of the world, telling the merchant the wholesale prices of his wares, telling the investor the value of his securities. In a modern newspaper you may read the world-wide business history of the preceding day with startling accuracy. Wall Street is the heart throb of this nation's business activity, but its price quotations printed daily are but a small part of the business information the newspapers give. Nothing like it was done in the newspapers of a few years ago. The daily newspaper is of inestimable value to business men.

The modern editorial page does not differ overmuch from that of many years ago. There has been slight typographical change in its appearance. Some pages are showing articles printed in double-column measure, and in others diversity of look is sought by frequent paragraphing, triple leading, and eccentric indentation, but they are few. The editors stick to the same old arrangement of matter; the leader beginning at the left of the page, the lesser editorial articles trailing along in the order of their importance, with care that a heading come not too near the bottom of a column, an ambitious effort of about half a column in length to grace the last column, and the remainder of the page filled with editorial paragraphs, letters to editor, splashes of verse, extracts from other publications, and so on. It is the same make-up used by Greeley, Raymond and the others before the Civil War. The columnist has been permitted to crowd into some editorial pages, much to the delight of the reader.

The Old Editorial Spirit

Present-day editorial articles cover a much wider field of discussion, for the reason that invention and discovery have developed so many new things to write about. The radio, the telephone, the flying machine, the marvels of electricity and its uses have set many editorial brains whirling and pens scratching. But there is not much difference in the quality of composition. Language in general is a bit plainer, a trifle more robust and abrupt in contrast with the smoothly flowing sentence that graced writing in the Victorian era. In particular, however, we have no present-day approach to the venom and malignity with which the editors of 1860–1880 attacked public men who happened to be their political enemies. The editorial article of today is much more informative, argumentative and persuasive, and less assertive. Politics was the chief topic then. Editors were anxious to lead and to influence, to run the party organ, to be the mouthpiece of Presidents and governors and party chiefs, to be in consultation with them and help to form party policies.

Greeley's popularity and influence came to him largely through his support of the North during the Civil War. The Unionists hailed him as the champion of their cause. Inspired by the conviction that his cause was just, he did the best work of his life in upholding the prosecution of the war and the policies of the Union party. A dozen other editors made reputations for themselves by vigorous support of Lincoln or violent opposition to his war policies. The people were in wild agitation and excitement and anguish over the war. They thought and talked of nothing but the war. Present-day folks have little conception of the conflict of emotion caused by the slaughter of lives and the possible results of the war.

I was a twelve-year-old boy living in a village up near Lake Ontario when they began bringing home for burial the bodies of men and youths killed in battle—husbands, sons, brothers, the very flower of the

(Continued on Page 181)

Ideal "Gym" Shoes

Hood Canvas Shoes have the endorsement of well known Physical Directors and famous Athletic Coaches. They are designed to give perfect freedom to the foot while supporting the arches and cushioning the heels.

Hoods can be secured in a choice of colors:—White, Black or Brown in most styles—sold everywhere with "Smokrepe" or Corrugated soles. Get Hoods and you get satisfaction.

Made by: Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass.
Distributed by: Hood Rubber Products Co., Inc.
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For Economical "Gym" Service
The smokrepe sole gives longer wear. The STAR illustrated, is available in white or brown

For Basketball and like heavy athletic service—the GREYHOUND! Exclusive foot protecting, arch-supporting features—buffed smokrepe sole for surer footing and wear.

CO-LD—the lightweight athletic shoe for girls! All white—with corrugated white sole.

Look for the Hood Arrow

HOOD

RUBBER FOOTWEAR | CANVAS SHOES | PNEUMATIC TIRES | SOLID TIRES | HEELS - SOLES - TILING

HOOD THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS

THEY SAVE · THEY COLLECT · THEY EARN

Doctor, *what could you have stated?*

Leaping out of the forgotten past—an old case—a boy's broken arm, attacks the integrity of the doctor.

The law-suit is for alleged malpractice. The case is three years old. Ankylosis has developed. The lawyer is charging Dr. (*) of Minnesota with carelessness—neglect of duty—lack of prescriptions; $25,000 damages are asked. What can the doctor say? What can he *do* to prove his reputation?

How could YOU answer an attack on your work after three years? In this case Dr.—— easily produced his original McCaskey "ONE Writing" Records (P-55 Daily Call Forms) and proved he had predicted danger of ankylosis; proved he had written a prescription. *The fact that he had such good records refuted the charge of carelessness* and won his case, with a compliment from the judge.

Facts, Figures, Clinical History—Always Ready for Instant Reference

McCaskey Professional Systems provide complete financial and case records, all with a great saving of time—all in "ONE Writing" for physician or dentist. They help prevent errors—keep needed information ready for instant reference. Case history data, services rendered, what the patient owes, and what was paid on account, etc., all are told at a glance. Statements are sent promptly. Collections are kept up-to-date. Time is saved for the busy physician and dentist, thus yielding more money from his practice and more time for himself and family.

Full information about McCaskey Systems for physicians and dentists gladly sent upon request. In writing please mention your profession.

*This was actual experience of a Minnesota physician.

For Physicians and Surgeons

The quick, simple and easy way to keep needed information at your finger tips in "ONE Writing" recommends the McCaskey System to every practicing physician and surgeon.

Ask how detail is eliminated, how forgotten charges are stopped—we will send such information promptly on request.

For Dentists

Quickness, accuracy, *simplicity* and *completeness* are the great features of McCaskey "ONE Writing" Systems for your profession. With "ONE Writing" you cover your contact with each patient from the time of first examination to final payment of the account in full.

Will you let us send you full details?

THE McCASKEY REGISTER COMPANY, ALLIANCE, OHIO

Galt, Canada *Watford, England*

McCASKEY

PROFESSIONAL SYSTEMS

ONE WRITING

McCaskey "ONE Writing" Accounting Systems provide as well complete credit control and original, legally valid and permanent records of accounts, also other necessary up-to-the-minute business information for the retail store, wholesaler, other commercial businesses and industrial concerns

(Continued from Page 178)

community, who had responded to Lincoln's first calls for volunteers. The entire population went all but insane. They turned out to the soldier funerals, and the patriotic sermons of the clergymen increased the excitement. From the first there had been controversy over the conduct of the war. The people were divided into parties, the Unionists, or War Republicans, who insisted on the prosecution of the war to victory at any cost of life or money, and the Peace Democrats, who demanded the cessation of all fighting and settlement by compromise—not another life to be sacrificed or another dollar to be expended. So great was the agitation of these issues in my town that people had fist fights over them in the public streets and lifelong friends became enemies. The newspapers were full of it.

Pictures and Circulation

These wartime editors made deservingly great reputations for themselves—Greeley, Raymond, Marble, Curtis, Bowles, Brooks, Watterson, Dana and many others. The people looked to them for information and advice, trusted them and championed them, and their names have come down in newspaper history as great editors. If we examine their sheets, however, we discover that it was as great editorial writers for a cause they thought was just that they gained their fame. As newspapers of general information and reflection of current events, their papers, aside from the editorial articles, do not especially differ from others of those times. They do not disclose any news-gathering genius or especial excellence, and they are unworthy of comparison with the newspaper of today.

The modern editorial article seeks to please its readers by cheerful and persuasive explanation and comment. We are living in peaceful times, without great national issues to arouse tumults of patriotic passion or resentment, or to incite public agitation as did the Civil War. National politics are at low ebb, with the people comparatively indifferent to them. Inspiration to patriotic writing is lacking, but the editorial of today is as well considered and written, is as important and interesting as it ever was. We are mercifully free from the venomous attacks that editors of other days made on public men and directed toward one another.

The lavish use of pictures has added pleasurably to the interest of present-day newspapers. The first use of illustrated cuts that I recall was made by Amos Cummings, then managing editor of the Sun, in 1872 or thereabouts, and the subject was a ball by the Indians of the Tammany Society. The pictures were so poorly prepared and so ridiculously printed that everybody made fun of them. They were little more than scratched cuts of Tammany chiefs cutting pigeon wings and pirouetting in caricature. Respectable journalism of that day was shocked, as it always is at any innovation. But Cummings occasionally broke out with a new pictorial misdemeanor, and soon the other sheets came trailing along in gingerly fashion. It was not until the rotogravure processes were developed that pictures came into general newspaper use.

Indeed, it was Mr. Frank Munsey who really inspired the popular picture craze in our publications. He had not been in New York so very long, and he was getting a bit discouraged over the leisurely advance in the circulation of Munsey's Magazine. Dining at the Union League Club with a young newspaper man, he said, in tones almost of despair, "What can I do to make the magazine sell better?" and the young editor made reply in something like this fashion:

"Fill it full of pictures. Everybody is attracted by them. Put in pictures of people who are doing something, who are attracting attention—actresses who are filling theaters, Mike Dwyer and his brother who are winning all the horse races, Rube Wood who got the prize for casting the longest trout-rod line, Joe Cannon who raised that rumpus in the House the other day. Picture the singers Gerster and Pauline Lucca and Sylvia Gerrish; show the new race horses and the prize cats and dogs, the baseball champions and the tennis winners—everybody and everything that people are talking about—and do it quickly, while their reputations are fresh." Munsey was seemingly much interested and was still talking about it as they went their way. Whether he consulted anyone else we knew not, but very soon his magazine appeared with page after page of pictures. The circulation began to jump; the volume of illustration increased and so did the profits. The newspapers naturally took the hint, and gradually the number of pictures has increased until now they are a leading feature of Sunday editions and a big part of daily editions. The advertisers, especially the department stores, are using nearly as much space for illustrating their specialties as they occupy in printed words. The columns of an Albany evening paper disclosed, the other day, eighty-three pictures used by reporters and advertisers. A New York paper printed on a recent Sunday three hundred and thirty-four pictures of current events and two hundred and forty in its advertising pages.

Old Formulas Discarded

I have always thought that the old Sun lost much of its popularity and distinctly retarded its circulation because its owners discouraged the use of pictures. Illustrations were sparingly used in the Sunday Sun, but never to any extent in the daily. Pulitzer came along with the World and began to put cuts in the daily edition, and Hearst followed with even more in the Journal. But because the pictures were crude and without artistic beauty, Mr. Dana did not care to print them in the Sun, and Mr. Laffan, who succeeded to the Dana ownership, was equally impatient over their use. The New York Times did not use cuts in its daily edition when the World and the Journal began their profuse display, but it was a pioneer in using and perfecting the present rotogravure process, and to its very great advantage.

Writing for the newspapers has undergone great change. When I first went to New York in 1872, almost all news reports were written in prosy solemn fashion, the way the English press did, and constructed in the same way. A certain formula for accounts of public meetings, another for murder cases, another for trials in courts. Reports of conflagrations were all alike. Then Amos Cummings burst into full flower. He had been a compositor on the old Tribune under Greeley and a subeditor while Dana was there. Greeley recognized the young man's ability, but Amos was quick-tempered and decisive and gifted with an eloquence of profanity quite beyond ordinary description. Tradition has it that Greeley discharged him for "insolence and profanity."

Human Interest Stories

Dana immediately made him managing editor of the Sun, and Cummings began to develop some of the things that long had lingered in his active mind. Among the first was to change the quality of the Sun's news reports, and to make them interesting as well as important; to develop the sentimental, the pathetic, the heroic, the belligerent when they happened in real life, the same way as the novelist did in his stories of fiction. He taught the boys to call their productions "stories" instead of articles—"stories of human interest." Reading a newspaper paragraph that told in a stilted way how a stranger had seized a young girl mill worker in Paterson and had cut off and made away with her luxuriant hair, Amos would hand the slip to a reporter and add something like this:

"There is a bully good story in this. Go out there and find the girl. Let her tell how she had greater pride in her head of hair than in any other of her adornments; how she used to arrange it; whether it was blond or brunet; how long it was; how it reached way down to her waist, and so forth. What a fright she is now. Find out whether she has an admirer and what he says about it. Get hold of her mother and let her rattle on. Tell what the man said while he was cutting it off and how he made way with it, and what the neighbors say. It's worth a column if you only can tell it so that everybody will get interested and feel sorry for the girl." Thus would he inspire one of "the Sun's human-interest stories." There were many of them, for Amos had a real genius for digging them out of obscure paragraphs.

Cummings wrote many news articles for the Sun. When Greeley was nominated for the presidency by the Liberal Republicans, Cummings went over to Greeley's sanctum and had a talk with him that set the town talking. He took a reporter along and had him describe minutely the office and the scene and the surroundings of the Sage of Chappaqua, as the Sun used to call the celebrated editor. Cummings reported the Billings trial in Ballston Spa, which attracted wide attention because the husband was accused of shooting the wife with a shotgun through a window from outside the house. He also reported the celebrated murder case in Connecticut in which a clergyman was accused of killing Mary Stannard, a young woman of his congregation. Amos ceased to be managing editor of the Sun in 1872, but the seeds of good reporting that he had planted were watered and nourished by his successors, until the entire staff had caught the spirit of his genius. Newspaper men of long memories recall the human-interest stories of the old Sun.

A genuine FOX GUN for $36.50

The new price of $36.50 brings the Fox-Sterlingworth within the reach of every man who appreciates a fine gun. The Sterlingworth, embodying all the features that make the Fox "The Finest Gun in the World," has been for twenty years a favorite with gun-wise sportsmen.

And now a new plant, the finest of modern equipment, and manufacturing methods refined by years of experience make it possible to produce an even better gun at a lower price.

The Sterlingworth has fewer working parts than any other make of double-barrel hammerless gun—simplicity of design that results in positive action and long life.

It has a three-piece lock with nickel-steel hammer and firing-pin combined.

It has a rotary taper bolt that automatically compensates for wear and prevents the gun from "shooting loose."

Coil springs are used throughout, because of their proved superiority over flat or V springs. They are guaranteed for life against breakage.

In appearance, the Sterlingworth is comparable with many higher-priced guns. Its stock and fore-end are fine quality American walnut with weatherproof Duco finish and attractive checkering.

When you choose a Sterlingworth, you get the gun best fitted for your favorite shooting. It is made in 12, 16 or 20 gauge, with barrels 26-28-30 or 32 inches and any boring you desire.

Other Fox Guns range in price from $52.50 upward. These grades may be built to the purchaser's specifications—custom-built guns of world-famous quality.

Choose your Fox Gun at your dealer's. Write us today for the Fox catalog and the booklet, "How to Buy a Gun."

A. H. FOX GUN CO.
4850-60 N. 18th Street
Philadelphia

FOX PLAY GUN
For the youngsters there is a true-to-life reproduction of the Fox Gun—the only double-barrel, breech-loading play gun. Absolutely harmless, even indoors. Wonderful for games. At all sporting goods and toy departments. Send for folder.

FOX GUNS

No. 9000—Iridio-platinum or special 18K white gold
For the RING of RINGS
Genuine Orange Blossom
NO GIFT of jewelry will ever have quite the significance of the engagement ring. Select it, then, as carefully as you bestow it. Genuine Orange Blossom alone is worthy of this memorable occasion—not only because of the age-old sentiment connected with this lovely pattern, but because the trade-mark of Traub in every Orange Blossom ring is a pledge of beauty and vogue and workmanship and value that are not equalled elsewhere. Choose the "ring of rings" from the wide variety of exquisite Orange Blossom engagement mountings displayed by all the better jewelers. Then match it later with a genuine Orange Blossom wedding ring. They are priced as low as $12.
TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1934 McGraw Avenue : DETROIT, MICHIGAN
New York 676 Fifth Avenue
Walkerville Ontario
San Francisco 704 Market Street
TRAUB
German maidens of the 16th century were wed with rings adorned with precious stones [illegible] our delightful Wedding Ring Sentiment," a copy of which will be sent free on request
TRAUB Genuine
Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings

KEEPING UP WITH JONESVILLE

(Continued from Page 15)

I prefer the Baltimore plan because it offers aid to new and old industries alike, and in a less restricted form than capital for land and buildings only. The loss of an existing industry which might have been helped is a black eye to any city that the capture of three new plants will not hide. It is on hand, a going enterprise, with no money to be spent in moving. To capture one new industry a city must work on many prospects for a long time, and fewer than half of such transplanted plants succeed in the new soil.

Only the uninformed will ask why the financially needy industry does not go to its bank. The fields of banks and semipublic financing are separate. A bank lends to established concerns, even to new businesses, but these loans are made to meet more or less temporary conditions. The financing corporation supplies money for capital increases which are not intended to be paid back in ninety days or a year, if at all. The corporation may dispose of its stock as soon as a market is created, in order to keep its capital liquid, but the industry continues to have the use of the capital. The financing corporation is created to meet a need that would represent very poor, if not disastrous, banking. No class of men are as generally criticized as bankers for their caution, but it is well for all of us that they are cautious.

In my home city of Rochester we recently have made a study of the plans, successes and failures of more than forty cities, and as a result have organized the Rochester Industrial Development Corporation, patterned on the Baltimore plan. A business seeking its aid must first undergo a financial audit and an engineering study of its markets, raw materials, capital requirements and especially its management. If the business is sound in conception and practice we are prepared to put in a small amount of cash, taking stock for our money. That indorsement will attract as much further capital as is needed. If the business is sound in conception, but not in practice, we will do the same, but either put in a manager with full power or arrange for control through a voting trust or the directorate. Under any conditions the former management will not be allowed to continue its old methods.

A Paper Mill Branches Out

Every sizable city has industries that could be salvaged by such aid. I have in mind a manufacturer who does not make pipes, but will be assumed to for our present purposes. He is a first-rate pipe man, making a product capable of competing with the best imported and domestic, but unfortunately for himself and for us, he is a dub business man. In twenty years he never has made more than a living, and one deficit has followed another since the war. He employs a number of skilled workers and his business is a distinct asset to Rochester. He must be helped soon or fail, and the banks, being familiar with his incapacities, will not help him. Our engineers and auditors now know considerably more about his business than he ever did and are convinced that it is capable of excellent profits. He, on the other hand, is willing to confine himself to the manufacturing end, leaving the front office to anyone we may appoint. Soon his business will be saved to Rochester and brought to a prosperity it never has known. When that is done the development corporation can make way for private capital.

Muskegon, Michigan, talks of hiring a practical manufacturer and engineer to study local plants that are falling behind competition. It would be an interesting experiment if some city were to carry the idea a step further by setting up a municipal research laboratory to offer a consulting service to any local industry. There is visible waste even in successful plants. A paper mill in New Hampshire used to import its chlorine from Great Britain. The product contained only one-third useful chlorine and took a high shipping rate because of fire risk. Common salt contains much chlorine; the mill commanded abundant water power, so it set up its own chlorine plant. Caustic soda and hydrogen gas were by-products. The mill went in search of a market for caustic soda in New England and built up such a demand that it had to enlarge its chlorine plant. With more chlorine than needed in bleaching, they turned the surplus into chloroform and carbon tetrachloride, the latter useful as a solvent and in fire extinguishers. The hydrogen continued to go to waste until the mill's chemists experimented with vegetable lard, which is a hydrogenated oil. Out of this grew a further by-product business so successful that the mill is reclaiming 10,000 acres of Florida Everglades land on which to grow peanuts to supply the oil. What once was a paper mill is a diversified industry; if a depression comes in the paper trade, there are shock absorbers all about the plant.

The Making of City Surveys

There may be no apparent moral in such an example to Jones who makes window shades, or Smith who makes toothbrushes, but there are many overlooked tips about the Smith and the Jones plants of value to both the manufacturers and their cities. For the cities, purchasing agents are a likely source of such tips. Jones may be one of the largest window-shade makers in the country and he may be buying his fabric and filler and whatever else goes into window shades in another city because he can't get them at home. If this is satisfactory to Jones, it shouldn't be to his city. Perhaps those who supply these raw materials can be induced to move to Jones' city; if not, Jones' consumption may warrant organizing a local business to supply them.

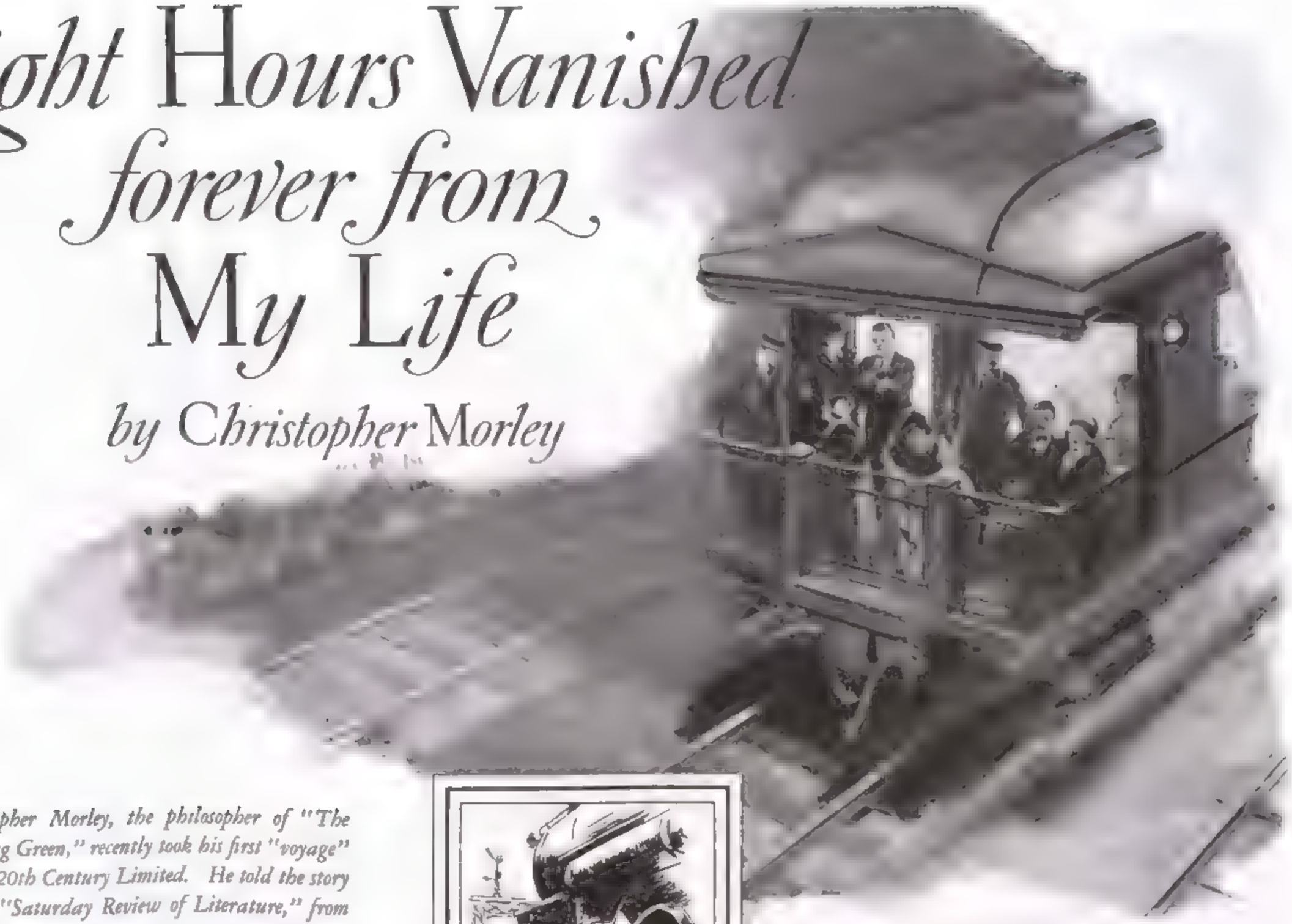
The industrial survey has so captured the imaginations of cities large and small that it threatens to become one of those labels that Americans use so glibly without bothering to comprehend. A survey, I repeat, is an inventory of the tangible and intangible assets and liabilities of a city, engineeringly accurate and complete. It may be made entirely by local volunteers, by an engineering firm or by citizens under the supervision of experts. Each plan has its disadvantages. Volunteers usually take too long, and for lack of perspective, tend to overemphasize here, understate there. More than one city has a survey buried in the chamber of commerce files because training and supervision were lacking in its preparation. Surveys prepared entirely by an alien engineering firm for a fee may be needlessly costly, sometimes fail to bring out that individuality which differentiates one city from another, and is one of the prime reasons for the undertaking, and often fail to enlist local enthusiasm. A better plan is the compromise where citizens do the work under expert guidance. The best survey I know of was made by this method, though it took several months to complete. It is well, of course, to be assured that the adviser is an authentic expert and not "a damn fool 100 miles from home" or "a person who knows more and more about less and less," as self-constituted experts have variously been described.

The survey should include, naturally, a thorough study of the market outlets of the city and adjacent territory. One of the most wasteful general practices in American industry is the frequency with which cities A and B ship the same commodities to each other. Such a study in a central city enabled a shoe manufacturer to reduce his average shipping distance from 350 miles to 200 miles, correspondingly bettering his service. In one city a corporation

(Continued on Page 184)

Eight Hours Vanished forever from My Life

by Christopher Morley



Christopher Morley, the philosopher of "The Bowling Green," recently took his first "voyage" on the 20th Century Limited. He told the story in the "Saturday Review of Literature," from which these extracts are reprinted by his permission:

IN NEW YORK we think of the Twentieth Century Limited as just a train, but in Chicago she is an institution.

The Century, as she is affectionately and familiarly called our there, makes her departure from the La Salle Street station with something of the circumstance of a crack liner leaving her pier.

* * * *

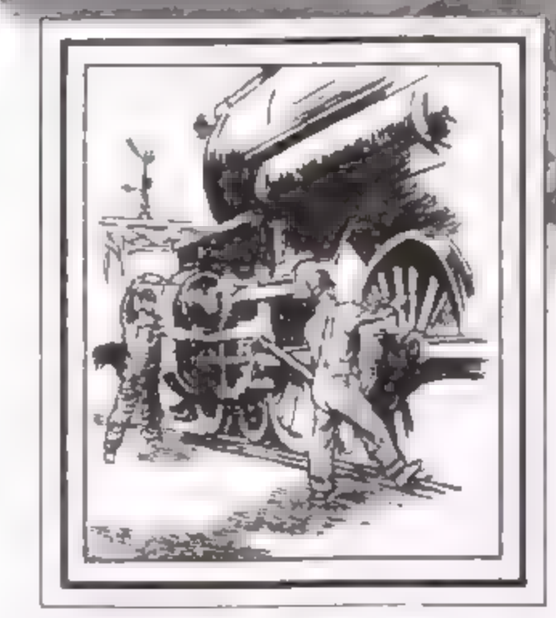
The morale of the whole scene is magnificent.

* * * *

She pulls out on the tick, and leaps at once into her long, smooth stride. Behind you see the second section following, the big locomotive fluttering two green flags.

We make our first stop at Elkhart. It's fine to see a squad of oilers and coal-passers leap at the engine almost before she has come to a stop and begin hostlering her.

Then we're off again. The second section pulls in just



as we leave. Do they keep it up like that, nip and tuck, all night?

* * * *

The sweet brown fields of Indiana recede behind us . . . . I guess there's truth in what the railroad claims about the water level route: certainly the running is amazingly smooth.

* * * *

By dusk the train has settled down to so tranquil and domestic a routine that you have all the settled feeling of an ocean voyage.

When you've had a light dinner, and read G. K. Chesterton in the Illustrated London News, and remembered to put your watch an hour ahead, you'll find your berth made up. You fall asleep just as you come into Erie.

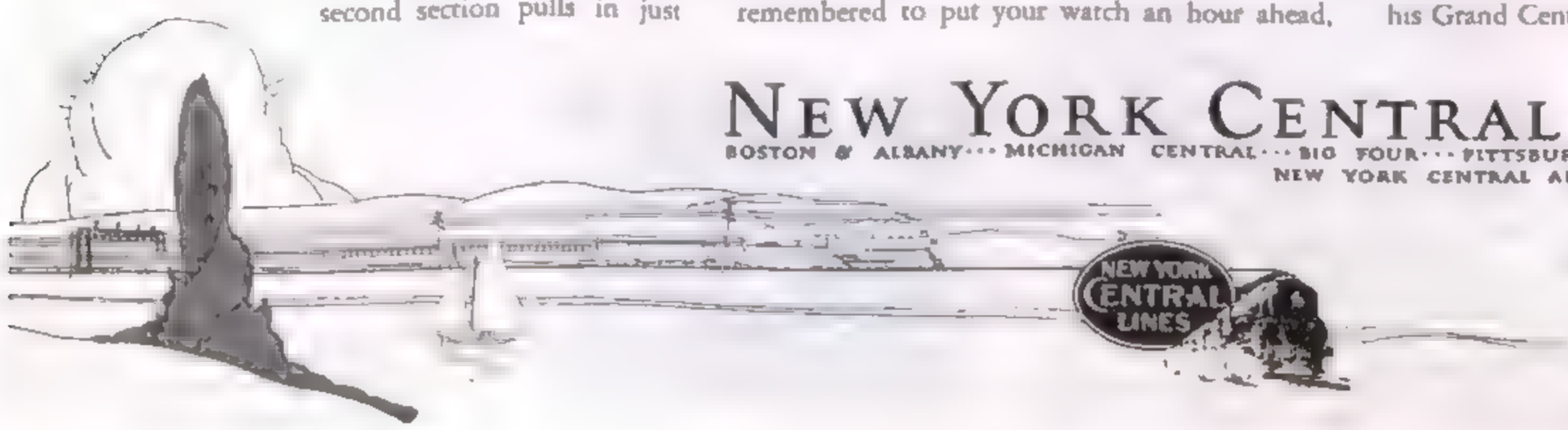
* * * *

What happens between Erie and Albany I have no notion. Usually I don't sleep much on trains, but I thank the Century for some eight hours vanished forever from my life —hours of complete nothing, a capsule of eternity.

* * * *

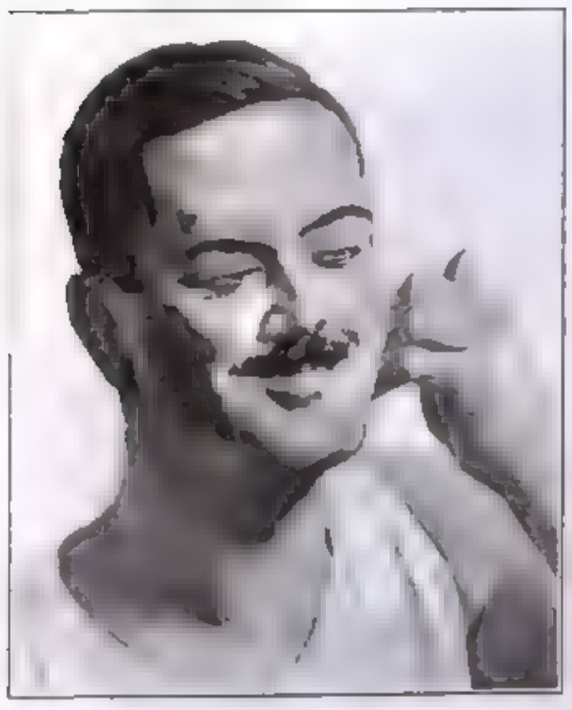
I was sorry to see the last of our relay of locomotives leave us at Harmon. It would have been nice for her, I thought, to have had the honor of roaring us proudly to the very end. And I wouldn't have been myself, I reflected ruefully, if I hadn't immediately gone on to find a symbol in the matter.

For it is just so with man throughout his life—he's frequently changing engines. For a while, Fun is his motive power; then Earning, or Ambition, or Love, or Family, all powerful moguls, keep him all steamed up. Perhaps it is the quiet electric engine, Peace, that brings him at last into his Grand Central Station.



NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY · · · MICHIGAN CENTRAL · · · BIG FOUR · · · PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE · · ·
NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES



He stropped a new blade and it changed his whole idea about shaving

LIKE many men he had always said "Why should I bother to strop my blades when new blades are so cheap?"

To him a new blade meant a good shave To be sure the second, third and fourth shaves were not so good, but he got by.

One day on a Pullman he got out a new blade, and was unwrapping it when his friend Putney showed him his Twinplex and offered to strop the new blade.

That first shave with a new blade, Twinplexed, was an eye opener to him. He admitted to Putney that never before had he had such a wonderful shave with a new blade.

Of course he bought a Twinplex when he got home, and now every shave is like that first one,—caressingly smooth.

To his surprise and delight he finds that a blade when stropped regularly on Twinplex holds its original keenness for weeks and weeks. He shaves in less time, has a cleaner shave and has more than saved the cost of his Twinplex.

You can now buy a Twinplex for as little as $2.50—less than a year's saving on blade purchases. Other models $3.50 and $5.00.

Stropped Blade FREE

Name your razor and we'll send you, free, a new blade Twinplexed. We would like to show you what real shaving is.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1623 Locust St., St. Louis

New York Montreal Chicago London

Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

(Continued from Page 182)

sought a certain kind of iron casting for use in the manufacture of an automobile starter. After long search the castings were found in Chicago, but the surprised Chicago foundryman asked, "Why don't you buy these of So and So in your own city? He makes as good castings as anyone and he is not more than a mile from your plant?" The foundryman never had developed his local territory, and the starter manufacturer had not thought to begin his search at home. The making of men's clothing is one of that city's greater industries, yet the nationally advertised product of two of its manufacturers is not locally sold, at least in the larger stores. Excellent furniture is made in quantities, but the largest store sells furniture made in another city. After doing business for years in Texas, an Eastern house discovered that it was spending $82,000 a year for $80,000 gross Texas business. The same examination disclosed six bare spots near at hand on their sales maps, each of which could yield at a small cost as much business as all Texas. Such instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely, are a chronic abuse of American trade.

The first accomplishment of a survey is the substitution of facts for fancies. The tendency of the old-fashioned chamber of commerce to color or misstate eventually brought discredit down upon the just and the unjust alike. A manufacturer of carbon paper went to the chamber of an important city for a list of local industries. He was given 810 names. The manufacturer returned the list, explaining to the secretary that he understood the optimism with which such lists customarily are compiled, and that he wished to save his salesmen needless calls. The list then was cut to 300, an undersecretary pared it further to 150, and the cashier of the manufacturer's bank finally reduced it to forty-eight. This sort of misinformation defeated one of the first objects for which chambers of commerce were organized.

Influenced by Intangibles

Transportation obviously is the foundation of an industrial city, and motor highways now are only a little less vital to trade than railroads and waterways, but there is little a city can tell an inquirer about its transport that he cannot learn at a glance from the map and published freight tariffs. The time will come when air transport will be equally essential to industry, but that time is not so near at hand that cities should become hysterical about aviation. I have heard it suggested that airways may settle the fate of cities as railroads and canals once did, but I doubt it. The country was new when the railroads and waterways were developed, and traffic followed in the paths they fixed; the country is stabilized now and air lanes must go where the traffic is. Direct air mail and express facilities already are a minor industrial asset and every city should look to its airports, at the same time saving a cold stare for the avalanche of aviation-stock promotions certain to be launched on the enthusiasms aroused by Lindbergh *et al.*, which may give a new significance to "fly-by-night."

According to our more earnest critics, American cities, with few exceptions, are as alike as so many Ford touring cars and as interchangeable as their parts, an observation as profound as many of the dictums of this school. Any business man knows its untruth. The similarities are on the surface; the divergences not so easily seen from taxicab and Pullman windows. Every community reflects the common denominator of the culture, intelligence, education, vigor and well-being of its people.

It would astonish the Babbitt school to discover the emphasis placed by management upon such commercial intangibles as schools, churches, parks, boulevards, libraries, public art collections, musical resources and like cultural and recreational attributes of a city. They spell better, more contented labor, with less turnover. Even the number of week-end trips possible to the family flivver, the public golf links and playgrounds are charted. I have known more than one instance where the conditions that make one city a better place than another in which to live and bring up a family have been the deciding factors in the building of a new plant. Many executives will not permit an industrial investigation of a city until first assured of civic conditions making for a high standard of living. They argue that it is easier to find suitable manufacturing sites and conditions than high social standards. True today, this emphasis will be truer tomorrow.

An adequate labor supply is a first necessity, but most manufacturers must concern themselves with kind as well as quantity of labor. A Trenton potter cannot very well establish a branch in a Pennsylvania coal-mining town, nor a Stamford maker of machine tools in a Maryland vegetable-canning center, for labor is not readily transportable.

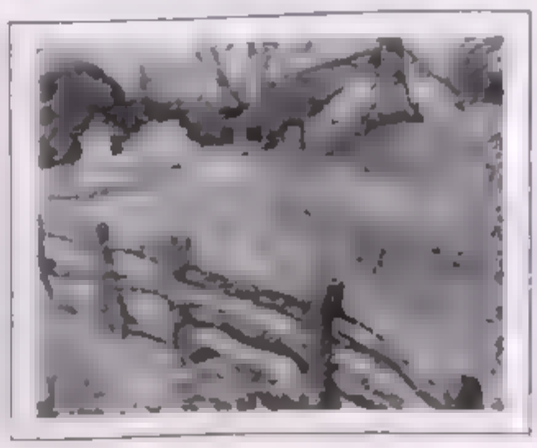
Small City Versus Big City

In this machine age power is a first interest. Industries that use power in great amounts are debarred from relatively high-priced power areas, but dependability is more important than price to the average manufacturer. Hydroelectric power has been so well advertised in recent years that laymen have come to think of it as synonymous with cheap power. It is true that the cheapest energy is produced by water, yet equally true, if not so well known, that in many cases power can be produced more cheaply in a steam plant at the foot of a waterfall than in a hydraulic plant using the falls.

These subjects are the more important, yet by no means all that should be incorporated in a complete, usable survey. It is well to note that such a survey should point out any disadvantages that could be remedied. Because conditions change constantly in any living community, it is very necessary that means be provided for keeping the survey absolutely up to date. Comparative tax statistics are wasted upon an inquiring industry. Some cities have a low tax rate based upon a high valuation, others reverse the order, and until something like standardization in assessment practice is attained in the United States, tax figures per se will continue to be meaningless.

A town wishing to grow large in competition with cities already large has more than the mere superior momentum of the cities to overcome. The bigger place is virtually certain to excel in transportation, labor market, leisure attractions, schools and other advantages, some or all of which touch upon every competitive business.

As an example, a manufacturer of power-plant equipment has succeeded in a small town in the East in which his is the only industry. Recently he began making powdered-fuel apparatus, a new line demanding skilled labor. He already is employing all that type of labor to be had in the town, and to keep it content in so small a place he has had, among other things, to set up a fund to aid employes in buying automobiles and to build extensive garages near the plant to house these cars during working hours. Even with such paternalism he cannot attract the necessary new labor and he had either to abandon the line, open a branch elsewhere or have most of the parts made in a city and assembled at home. He is trying the latter plan and it is costing too much. Sixty miles away is a city with a constant supply of the sort of labor he needs. With little additional overhead and without moving an executive, he could set up a branch plant there. Up to now he has tried to fit his town to his business—always an expensive method. In this case the motive is largely sentimental. The business began there, the executives themselves prefer small-town to city life, and the sensation of being the big frog in the puddle is not unpleasant.



In rebuttal the small town can claim that life is so much less expensive and competitive there, that wages are lower and labor less restless and demanding. Furthermore, the small town can point to the present industrial trend toward decentralization. Some industrialists may argue that the process is only expansion, not decentralization, but in as much as we undoubtedly are turning away from the single highly concentrated manufacturing plant, how it is defined is word quibbling.

It is true, also, that in one-industry cities the competition of numerous plants for the same labor group frequently upsets the balance of labor and more than offsets the advantages of supply. Such a condition has set up a trend out of New Jersey centers into Pennsylvania in the silk industry. Akron, Ohio, has the greatest concentration in the world of skilled tire makers and other rubber-products workers, yet one large company left Akron and built a great new plant, capable of employing 15,000 hands, in Cumberland, Maryland, where there was no existing rubber industry. In this case labor costs were only one item that suggested the move. The company's principal market lay east of the Alleghanies, and after a long study of the map, transportation, coal and water supplies and living conditions, they selected the relatively small Maryland city on the eastern slope of the mountains. The significant fact is that they ignored a specialized labor supply and have justified this to their own satisfaction.

Some businesses lend themselves to a compromise between the city and the village. There is a marked trend in the men's clothing trade toward a central office, cutting and finishing plant in a city, with the coarser work distributed among a number of branch plants scattered in small towns within a radius of fifty miles or so and connected with headquarters by fleets of trucks. The added overhead is not excessive and is more than offset by diminished labor troubles, it is said.

The Farsighted View

All this should demonstrate that the relocation of any going business or the location of a new business or branch always is an individual problem. The industry should make certain it is choosing a home suited to its peculiar needs, and the town or city that it is getting a plant that logically belongs there.

Something more than the usual board of trade is needed to make effective use of a survey, and more than one hundred cities now have industrial bureaus operating as a division of existing chambers. The personnel varies from one man giving part of his time to as many as ten employes, including scouts or salesmen who spend much of their time traveling. The manager of such a bureau ideally should be an engineer, or one trained in a suitable branch of economics, although there are successful managers who are neither. As usual in life, the man rather than the training is the more essential factor, but it is no job for a high-pressure salesman. I am not so young or so guileless as to suppose that every city will take the farsighted view and repulse a new industry merely because its chances would be better elsewhere, yet it has been done, and it always will be profitable in the

(Continued on Page 187)

Are you using ETHYL GASOLINE?

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
"Knocks out that knock"

Don't go another day without the benefits of this high compression fuel. ¶ The best proof of its superiority is the fact that its national distribution by leading oil companies has made possible the new high compression automobiles which have just been introduced. ¶ However, no matter what the compression of your car is, Ethyl Gasoline will give it *extra power* . . . quicker acceleration . . . reduced gearshifting . . . better hill climbing . . . in short, a superior car performance in every respect. ¶ Hundreds of thousands of car owners are now driving with Ethyl. It is sold at pumps which bear the "ETHYL" trademark shown above.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 Broadway, New York

You pay a lot of money for your car and its maintenance. But you probably use not more than 500 gallons of fuel a year. This means that you can have the advantages of Ethyl Gasoline at an extra cost of only about $1.25 a month.

ENJOY THE BENEFITS OF HIGH COMPRESSION

Much of the advancement in fine automobile body development and construction is credited to the makers of Briggs Bodies. America's outstanding motor cars come equipped with this superior product.

BRIGGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BRIGGS BODIES

(Continued from Page 184)

end. The chamber of commerce of a Pennsylvania anthracite center that has acquired a number of silk mills from New Jersey in recent years, advised a further prospect not to move to their city because the supply of women labor had been absorbed completely by the mills already there.

The more freedom of action given the industrial bureau manager, the better. There are cities which permit the manager to act without consulting anyone, if the circumstances warrant it. It may be desirable to bring in a competitor of a subscriber to the fund, and there should be no delicacy about doing so if the city can support both enterprises. The subscriber will discover soon enough that the place to have a competitor is across a luncheon table rather than across a state or continent, but he may not take that view if he hears about the negotiations before they are completed.

Your city also has competitors, and though secrecy is possible in public bodies, it is most improbable. Some of the members are sure to be inquisitive or sensitive of their rights of office. After long persuasion, a Northern knitting mill agreed to move to a Southern city. Members of the new-industries bureau were indiscreet in their joy. The story crept prematurely into the Southern city newspapers and a clipping bureau sped the item to the shores of Lake Superior. When it was published there the embattled citizens of the Northern city rallied around and induced the mill to remain.

One of the best-known industrial engineers in this field—call him Mr. Taylor—was manager of the new-industries bureau of a large Southern city. The president of the chamber, also the head of one of the country's largest corporations, noted that Taylor was spending much time with representatives of a great electrical house.

"You are wasting your time," he warned Taylor. "Everyone knows that it is a fixed policy of that crowd never to build below the Mason and Dixon's Line."

"I'm glad I didn't know about it earlier," said Taylor, "for they have just closed a deal for a site." This plant now employs 1900 persons. Give your manager the rein and judge him by results, but have patience; negotiations for a new industry sometimes extend over years.

A Habit-Forming Evil

In another city having a financing fund, two firms made the same line of goods. The junior company was as sound as the senior, but it needed capital. When the news of its application leaked, the competitor pulled strings and blocked the loan. That city now will lose the younger business.

A cook came out of the Army in 1919 and went back to work as a restaurant chef. In his spare time he experimented with non-alcoholic malt drinks to meet a demand that he believed would follow prohibition, and he hit upon a drink that had commercial possibilities. His total capital was thirty dollars which he spent five dollars at a time in classified ads in a local newspaper. The first five insertions brought no answers, but the last five dollars produced two orders. From that start he built up a business for which he was offered $2,500,000 in 1926. His gross business will be larger than that this year, though he is selling in only three states so far because of lack of capital. He should have had no trouble attracting all the money he wished locally, but failing to, he finally went to a bank in a rival city. The bank investigated, was much impressed and took its findings to the industrial corporation of its city.

Instead of handling the negotiations himself, the manager of the corporation turned the facts over to a committee, one of the members of which was a competitor of the bank which had made the investigation. The second banker thereby learned for nothing business information which the first banker had unearthed by his own money and initiative, and the second banker will expect a part of the beverage manufacturer's banking patronage if the move is carried through.

It happens that the move probably will not be made. In addition to new capital, the manufacturer asks that his moving expenses of about $20,000 be paid by the industrial corporation. This would be a bonus, and it has been a first principle of this city that it would not give bonuses. The manager and his advisers are convinced that the beverage plant would be worth several bonuses of $20,000 to the city, but they fear the precedent—they never would get another industry without a bonus.

Bonuses are held to be unethical. I am not so sure that they violate any principle of ethics or morals as that they are a dangerous, habit-forming drug, to be administered only under the direction of an industrial physician. There are plenty of cities that will give outright cash purses to a new plant, most of them will give free factory sites, and except in states where the law prohibits it, tax exemption for five, even ten years, is a commonplace. Free city water is a frequent minor form of tax exemption.

Some of the smaller cities of New York will build a plant for any new industry that shows the faintest promise. I understand the plant becomes the property of the manufacturer if he stays five years.

Real-Estate Hijacking

The city that gives cash purses may find itself in the position of running a de luxe camp ground for gypsy industries, and tax exemption in any form is questionable community morals, yet—well, I have in mind a manufacturer who decided to build a new branch plant in the East. He had a definite vicinity in mind. Within this area his engineers investigated ten towns and cities. He pared the list down to two, then began to trade with the two towns for the maximum bonus. The bidding was hot and a town of 4000 finally won the plant with an outright gift of $150,000, an enormous sum for such a community. Ninety thousand dollars of the sum was raised by selling lots in a subdivision opened near the factory site, so that many of the contributors got something tangible for their money. This is the ninth plant which this firm has established in this fashion. The industry has years of successful operation behind it and its output is contracted for ten years in advance. It will give the town an annual pay roll of from $600,000 to $700,000, will employ 550 men and women, will buy large quantities of supplies locally and will spend immediately three times the amount of the bonus in building.

This is a phenomenal gain for a town of 4000 and a great bargain even at $37.50 per capita. It is the manufacturer's good judgment which is in question in permitting $150,000 to decide the location of a branch of a $10,000,000 industry. He will defend himself on the ground that he has chosen a certain region for the new plant on sound industrial principles. A number of towns within that area would serve his purposes equally well, and the $150,000 is so much velvet.

The something-for-nothing grab bag, however, is usually loaded at both ends. A small manufacturer of automotive parts in a suburb of New York City sought a new site. An upstate town with the high-pressure type of chamber secretary went after the plant vigorously and won it with an offer of land and other concessions, including an agreement to sell its citizens a fixed amount of stock. Although the manufacturer is an engineer of twenty years' experience, he looked no further. The town is an old rural American center which has attracted several canning plants and an Italian quarter in recent years. Both the native and the Italian labor is unskilled. The manufacturer had a splendid foreman, who moved with him, and it was his hope that the foreman could train green labor. The foreman proves to be one of those fine craftsmen who cannot impart their knowledge.

In one year the plant has lost several times the amount of its bonus and there is no prospect of a change. If a manufacturer must have a bonus, he should be sure that it comes from a city that he would select on its merits. If the above-mentioned manufacturer fails, it will be difficult to launch a new industry in the town for some time. Where is the advantage to either? Near by is a city which is a skilled machine-labor center, ideal for this manufacturer.

The real-estate hijacker is an evil which few industrial bureaus escape. Some larger cities have industrial corporations that own land and build for an industry subject to very favorable terms, including an option to buy at a fixed price and time, but most cities must guard a new industry from inflated real-estate prices by secrecy or ingenuity. An Atlantic Seaboard city lost a branch of a great Chicago house to a rival North Atlantic seaport from failure to do so. The first city had been selected after careful investigation. The president came on from Chicago to sign up. When he arrived he found the price of the agreed site had been doubled. Rather than be gouged, he shifted to a city that had been their second choice. The plant employs 3000 persons; few industries in the first city employ more.

Twenty-five years ago five Rochester business men on their own initiative subscribed a fund of $25,000 and bought a tract of land. With the gift of this land they brought two industries, the General Railway Signal Company, and the T. H. Symington Company, manufacturers of railroad castings, to Rochester. Each employs from 2000 to 3000 hands and has magnificently justified the enterprise of the five private citizens.

At the time of their coming, flour milling and shoemaking were the city's overshadowing industries. Labor troubles and the remoteness of their raw material lost some of the shoe industry, chiefly to St. Louis, and though we still grow ample wheat near at hand, the concentration of the milling business into a few hands, centering in Minneapolis, and the growth of the chain bakeries, lost us all but three of the larger flour mills. They originally had been attracted by the falls of the Genesee River. The Gas and Electric Corporation has bought up all the surrendered water rights and the falls continue to work for the city.

Municipal Advertising

Municipal advertising on a national scale is the newest development in the battle of the cities. The axiom that good advertising pays while poor advertising is worse than none is as applicable to cities as to soap. A city must be as prepared as an electric refrigerator to back up its advertised claims, and it is even more in need of expert advice in the preparation of its copy. The writing of ad copy and the choice of mediums for a national campaign are no task for volunteer amateurs. Nationally circulated magazines, selected metropolitan newspapers, trade papers, local papers, illustrated pamphlets, billboards and electric signs all are used. Huntington, West Virginia, spent $7000 on a radio advertising campaign with apparently satisfactory results.

Almost overnight in 1925 a membership drive for the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce was turned into a campaign for $250,000 to advertise the city. Under the slogan of Put Atlanta on Your Pay Roll for Twelve Months, the fund was oversubscribed in three days. The theory of the slogan was that every employer was justified in thinking of the city as a new employe for one year, mailing his check monthly to the Forward Atlanta Commission. The money was spent almost entirely in periodical advertising and was so successful that when the fund was spent the shibboleth was changed to Keep Atlanta on Your Pay Roll, and $1,000,000 was subscribed by 1800 Atlantans, to be spent at the

Continued on Page 189

Paste it in a Weis Scrap book

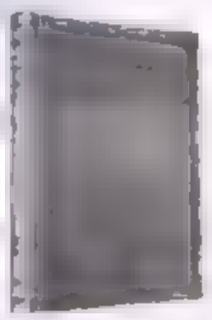
Don't relegate your snapshots, clippings, recipes, letters, receipts, and other valued papers to an old trunk or a dresser drawer. Keep them this safe, interesting way.

Weis Scrap Books safeguard papers indefinitely. The leaves cannot pull out. The sturdy backs and sides withstand roughest handling. They have wear-resisting features you'd never expect in books so moderately priced.

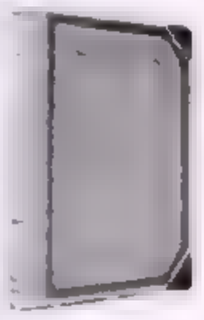
Write us, or ask your local stationer, for folder describing the various sizes and styles of Scrap Books for home, school and office purposes.

The Weis Manufacturing Company
505 Union Street MONROE, MICH

NEW YORK, A. H. Denny, Inc. 356 Broadway
CHICAGO: Horder's Ten Loop Stores



A popular home and school scrap book bound in green Vellum de Luxe and attractively stamped on back and side. Contains 144 pages of fine white paper. Leaves are glued and rivetted into grooves in the non-breakable back to prevent pulling out. No. 101, 10x8, $1.25. No. 103, 12½x10, $1.50. No. 105, 14½x10½, $1.75. Slightly higher in west and south.



A sturdy canvas-bound scrap book with red leatherette corners, answering innumerable office uses. Contains 144 pages of [illegible] manila paper. Construction similar to book described above. No. 151, 10x8, $1.50. No. 153, 12½x10, $1.75. No. 155, 14½x10½, $2.00. Slightly more in west and south.

Loose leaf scrap book for home and school purposes, with semi-flexible cover and "Keepshape" seamless tube binding posts which hold sheets in perfect alignment. Furnished with 50 sheets of fine white drawing paper. No. 109, 7x10, $1.25. No. 110, 9x11, $1.40. No. 111, 11x9, $1.40. No. 112, 12x16, $2.25. No. 113, 16x12, $2.25. Higher in west and south.

Sparton Radio is made by the organization that for 27 years has maintained Sparton automobile warning signals as leaders in the fine car field.

That Critical Moment!

CRISP . . . clear . . . the vivid word picture of a great and colorful spectacle. Those who know Sparton only for its brilliance as a musical instrument understand only half the reason for Sparton's spectacular rise to public favor. Its alertness to reach out and quickly concentrate . . . to hold the distant stations more steadily and more clearly . . . its ability to put you into the heart of the situation at that critical moment . . . these are other great qualities which have contributed so satisfyingly to Sparton leadership.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY, JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind. (133)

SPARTON RADIO

"The Pathfinder of the Air"

(Continued from Page 187)

rate of $333,000 a year. The copy was written by professionals on facts disclosed by an industrial survey, run in twenty-eight hand-picked mediums, and supported by an intelligent follow-up system. In 1926 the city added 169 new concerns employing a total of 4909 persons with an estimated annual pay roll of $7,723,000.

Fifteen hundred citizens of Jacksonville, Florida, organized as the Believers in Jacksonville, subscribe ten dollars a month each to a fund to which the city adds $75,000 a year, giving $255,000 which is spent on national advertising in the same expert fashion as Atlanta. The combined advertising expenditures of Florida cities probably exceed those of any other state, and the emphasis now is at least as much upon industrial opportunities as upon climate. Tampa raises an $80,000 annual advertising fund by a one-mill tax.

St. Louis was one of the pioneers in national advertising and spends $70,000 a year in magazines and newspapers and on a booklet, Why St. Louis Grows. Toledo is one of the most vigorous newcomers. The Pacific Coast cities are consistent national advertisers, and in California there are two state organizations that spend more in advertising than either of her great cities. Oklahoma also advertises the state as a whole, and New England has gone a step further in the New England Council, a rallying movement of six states. The list is much longer.

I doubt that any amount of advertising in itself ever located a new industry in any city. What good advertising does is to compel initial interest in a fashion impossible by any other method. It always should be backed up by a follow-up system that includes an industrial survey and an adequately staffed industrial bureau. The reader who answers one of California's ads does not receive form letter Number 12 in reply; he gets a dictated letter and literature inviting him to come out and see how California has understated the facts, together with all the attention that an alert business shows a possible new client.

A curious and unexpected by-product of city advertising is the effect it has at home. Nothing rallies local pride and *esprit de corps* more. A man always will be proud of his own if given the opportunity, and there is a peculiar gratification in the thought that all the nation is reading of the importance and vigor of the community of which you are a part. It is next best to seeing your own name in big print. I suspect that the internal good will it builds is more important even than the external.

Lifted by its Bootstraps

Florida, at the height of its boom, was draining population out of its nearest neighboring states at an alarming rate. The business men of Columbus, Georgia, quietly raised $5000, half of which was given by the city government, and carried on a thirteen weeks' advertising campaign directed at Columbus people through Columbus papers. The copy pulled so effectively that the county and city then raised a new fund of $60,000 which was spent largely in trade papers and directed at the textile, iron-working and clay industries, particularly in New England.

More American cities than suspect it could use such an internal stimulant. Can a town lift itself by its own bootstraps? It can. They have. They do. It was foreordained that a great city should rise at the mouth of the Hudson, inevitable that another metropolis should grow up at the foot of Lake Michigan, though stronger competition would have checked New York and Chicago somewhat. Conversely, no amount of energy could build and sustain a city on the summits of the Rockies or in Death Valley. Some cities are the fruit of fortuitous oil and other mineral discoveries, luck entering into the fate of both cities and men. But the normal town or city is the master of its own destiny. There are hundreds of static towns in the United States today that could have been twice to many times larger and better had they made the effort; they lacked nothing possessed by their immediate competitors save the will to do. Groups rarely fail for the same reasons that individuals fail, for groups strike a rough average; groups fail for lack of leadership. I can name three or four obscure towns that by all the logic of location and events should be cities of from 100,000 to 500,000 today; I can name cities of from 100,000 to 500,000 that would have been obscure towns today had they lacked leadership and had the competition been brisker, while there are hundreds of communities larger today than justified solely by their original physical endowments. Examine the map and the census reports since 1790 and see for yourself.

Two of the Winners

In 1888, Muskegon, Michigan, was a one-industry town with forty-seven sawmills. Not a sawmill remained in 1910 when the timber all had been cut. Had Muskegon accepted fate it would have been one with sweet Auburn of the plain today; instead it is a larger and a distinctly better city. The lumber mills have been more than replaced by a diversity of manufactures, with three minor exceptions all brought to Muskegon through the operation of an industrial fund. Outright bonuses were given at first. In 1913 this policy was changed to one of loans, and in 1925 an industrial fund lending either money for buildings or for working capital, after careful investigation, was inaugurated. Monthly financial statements, periodic audits and a city representative on the directorate are required of the obligated company. The value of the last protection depends entirely upon the individual named on the directorate.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, prior to 1920 was an average small city; a division point on the Pennsylvania's main line and a plant of the General Electric Company its mainstays. In 1920 the city went after the new plant of the International Harvester Company and won it fairly in warm competition with twenty other cities. The Greater Fort Wayne Corporation, with a capital of $1,000,000, of which $400,000 was paid in, was formed primarily to build homes for the harvester company's employes; but private enterprise took care of this, it was found, and the body turned its energies to attracting other industries. Fort Wayne began by making an industrial survey to determine just what the town had lacked and could support, questions for which no dependable answers existed. Sixty business men neglected their own for thirty days to make the audit. The resultant *esprit de corps* has changed the whole character of Fort Wayne; it is apparent even to the passer-by from the windows of the Broadway Limited.

There are many Muskegons and Fort Waynes. The winners are happy to be mentioned by name, the losers are sensitive; otherwise I might name some representative failures—not romantic spots that were carried down with a lost cause and wear their old clothes gracefully but town loafers with one suspender.

Dries so *hard* it feels like *glass!*

SAPOLIN ENAMEL

Prove you *are* clever

IF you try, you will find you are really clever with your hands. The tremendous vogue for enameled furniture for interior decoration is due to the fact that intelligent women have made a discovery. They find that (*if they use Sapolin*) they can actually *transform* the appearance of their kitchens, nurseries, and bedrooms, not to mention stools, hanging shelves and little stands for other rooms—*and that they can do it themselves at trifling cost.*

The success women have with Sapolin is not accidental. Every batch of Sapolin must endure the following "glass test" in our laboratories:

(1) *For smoothness*, because grit shows up on glass. (2) *For covering qualities and ease of application*, because streakiness shows up on glass. (3) *For correct color*, because slightest variation can be detected on glass. (4) *For drying, non-sticking, and hardening qualities*, because Sapolin must dry 4 times as fast as ordinary oil enamels; and must be hard and dry as glass in 24 hours.

Try it and you will find that Sapolin dries so hard and smooth it feels like glass; and that it cleans like glass. Notice its gorgeous perfection of color. Try it on a piece of glass. See and feel for yourself.

Can of enamel—FREE

Send ten cents for packing and mailing and we will send *free* a quarter-pint regular 25c size can of Sapolin Decorative Enamel. Choose the can you wish from black, white, cream, old ivory, silver gray, vermilion, cardinal red, mahogany, deep orange, sky blue, azure blue, ultramarine blue, light green, dark green, oak brown or walnut brown.

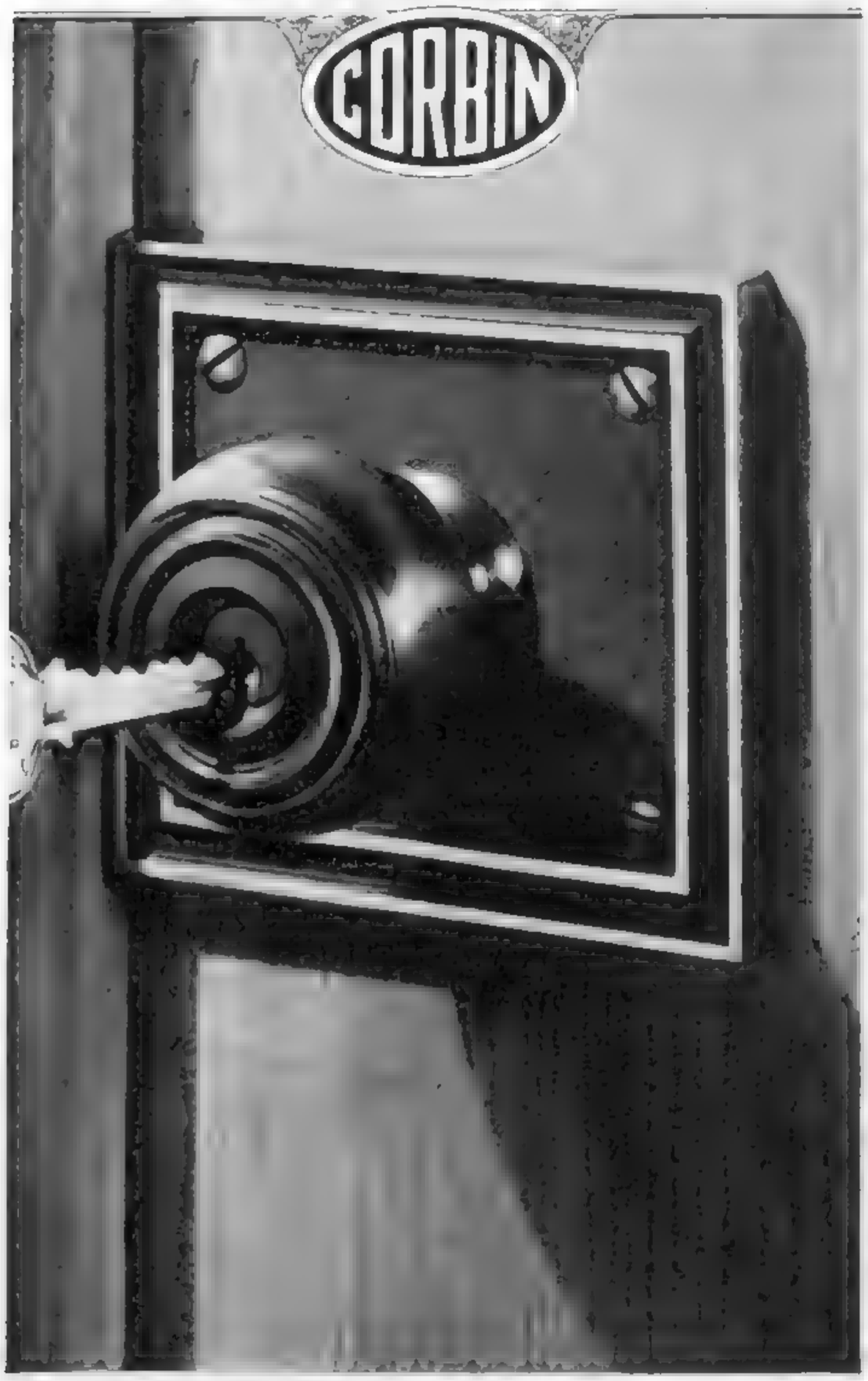
We will also send booklet "167 things you can do with Sapolin." Print your own (and your dealer's) name and address, together with color desired, on the white corner of this ad and mail it with ten cents

SAPOLIN CO. INC., Dept. K-6, 229 E. 42d St., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Manufacturers of ENAMELS—STAINS—GILDINGS
VARNISHES—WAXES—POLISHES—LACQUERS

© 1927 Sapolin Co.

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



Behind the simple beauty of this lock dwells security

Your hardware—what must it have? Good looks? Security? Good hardware should give you both . . . Corbin does.

Consider this Corbin Unit Lock. Nothing to take apart—nothing to put together—nothing to rattle or shake. You buy it all ready to go to work. Make a notch in your door. Slip in the lock. Turn home the screws—and the job is done. Solid. Rigid. Strong.

In Corbin Hardware there is security you can trust to keep intruders out—to work readily and steadily for years.

Before you choose your hardware let us send you our booklet (S-a) to help you

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

New York Chicago Philadelphia

YOUR FINAL PARTNER

(Continued from Page 33)

had made the company executor-trustee of his estate requested them to do so, although he empowered them also to exercise their judgment in the matter.

The man at the head of that company is proud of the fact that his organization is managing several estates that are in excess of $35,000,000 each, but he is even more proud because they have preserved their $10,000 trust funds just as faithfully. In this case someone in the organization noted after a check-up, inspired by a report showing that this company's earnings were low, that it was not advertising. This seemed to suggest faulty management. An intensive investigation was started. After a week the order was given to sell all the stocks and bonds of that company. The stock held by the trust company was at about forty. That was nearly two years ago, and for several months thereafter there was no falling off in the market price of the shares, but today they are being offered around twenty-seven. Trust-company wisdom is the fruit of a lot of teamwork.

When a man commits the care of his fortune to a trust company, usually he is—and he has a right to believe that he is—purchasing a scientific combination of facilities which will bring to his securities accurate data that will be applied by investment experts. But the mere words "Trust Company" lettered on the windows of a bank do not carry a guaranty that the institution has at its disposal the intricate financial machinery and the faithful human personnel that are vital to success in the preservation of fortunes. That is something for the customer to establish for himself; and having devoted a lifetime to the building of his fortune, he should be willing to spend a few days at least in selecting an institution to preserve what he has built.

The late George Gould was approached some time before his death by a representative of a trust company seeking some information about a certain class of railroad bonds concerning which they knew him to be exceptionally well informed.

"We have $25,000 of those bonds in trust for your kinswoman, Miss Blank," explained the trust officer.

"The bonds are an excellent buy. We are taking all we can get," replied Mr. Gould.

The trust company had acquired that bit of information for use in connection with the estate of the Gould relative, but it was equally sound advice to be applied to about $500,000 worth of those bonds which were being held by the institution in trust for a score of others. Not all the trust companies may be in a position to get first-hand information about all securities, but the oldest ones seem to have a policy of restricting their investments to those about which they are thoroughly informed.

When Estates Shrink

The well-organized company has certain advantages over the personal trustees who continue to be the most important factor in post-mortem administration. Corporate trustees, for example, do not die, do not take vacations and travel into foreign lands, nor do they ever become insane. They have vaults, they are under bonds, they are regularly and lawfully subjected to examination and inspection, and it is their business to be versed in investment values.

Even the most highly skilled executor, though, cannot avoid a shrinkage in an estate after the testator's death and before it passes to his heirs, unless there has been provided a special life-insurance fund for the payment of inheritance taxes and other emergency expenses.

Former President Roosevelt left an estate of about $900,000, which proved to be in excellent shape, and he had been excellently advised; nevertheless there was a depreciation of 11.7 per cent because of Federal estate and state inheritance taxes and administration costs. These last totaled $43,500. But there was a shrinkage of 40.2 per cent in the $41,381,000 gross estate of the late James Stillman, the banker. Besides a Federal estate tax of $10,822,245, there were twenty-one additional state inheritance taxes on this great fortune. Administration fees were nearly $3,000,000 and the total depreciation in money terms was in excess of $16,000,000.

It is not possible to say that a $1,000,000 estate will shrink approximately 11 per cent and that a $40,000,000 estate will shrink 40 per cent. It is enough to say that it is a costly proceeding at best. Theodore P. Shonts, the New York City transportation expert, left an estate of $293,250, but there were administration charges of $81,000 and taxes that totaled $116,807.

In the case of William L. Harkness, who left a net estate of $53,483,000, the Federal estate tax was $11,000,000; New York State inheritance tax, $2,000,000; administration, $1,500,000; and other costs, such as unpaid income taxes, amounted to $2,225,000. There was a total shrinkage of $17,000,000 and the final accounting in this case showed that $244,500 was paid as interest on loans negotiated to pay the inheritance and estate taxes.

Bending to the Breaking Point

There are innumerable factors to be considered, and the most profitable time to consider them, from the standpoint of the estate, is in advance of the death of the man who created the estate. In assessing its estate tax on securities it was the custom of the Federal Government until recently to take the highest sale of a given security on the day of a man's death and fix the value of his holdings of that security at that price.

One of the most vital elements of successful trust-fund administration seems to be the relationships between trustees and beneficiaries. For their own good, they ought to get on amicably.

The eldest of the five orphan daughters of a former inhabitant of the earth hereinafter to be described as Franklin Douglas was having a distressing interview with their chauffeur and his wife, who was their cook. They were in the library of the Douglas home, which was an old-fashioned box-like frame dwelling with wooden-lace ornamentation hung from its eaves and verandas. There were fourteen other rooms besides the library.

"Anything wrong with our work?" The chauffeur's tone was not so truculent as his manner. This was the first time he had ever failed to add to any remark addressed to his mistress, a respectful "Miss Douglas."

"You have been satisfactory and your wife is a competent cook. I shall be glad to give you recommendations." Etched faintly in the lips of Miss Douglas were many short lines running diagonally to the line of her mouth which was made thereby to suggest a closed purse. Miss Douglas was a middle-aged spinster.

"I said you was a tightwad when we come out here from New York," said the chauffeur rudely. "I said so to Annie, didn't I, Annie? I said ——"

The cook indorsed the accuracy of her husband's I-told-you-so with a short nod and then prodded him into silence with an accomplished elbow projecting from one broad hip. "The recommendations, please."

Miss Douglas wrote them indorsements rather more fulsome than these servants really deserved because of the guilty feeling that harassed her at the moment. She would have liked to explain to these two why it was necessary to dismiss them, but she compromised with her conscience as she finished the letters by telephoning for a taxi to take them to the station.

The things she had felt she could not explain to the servants she told that night

(Continued on Page 193)

They live in the country but they shop in town!

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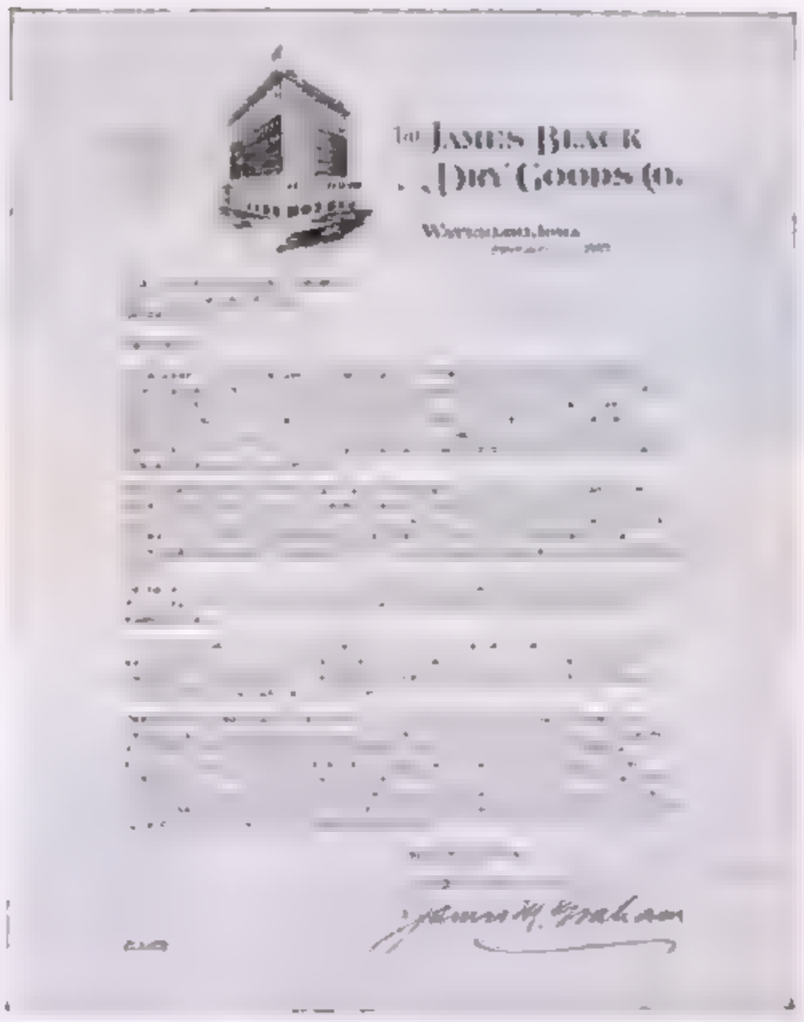

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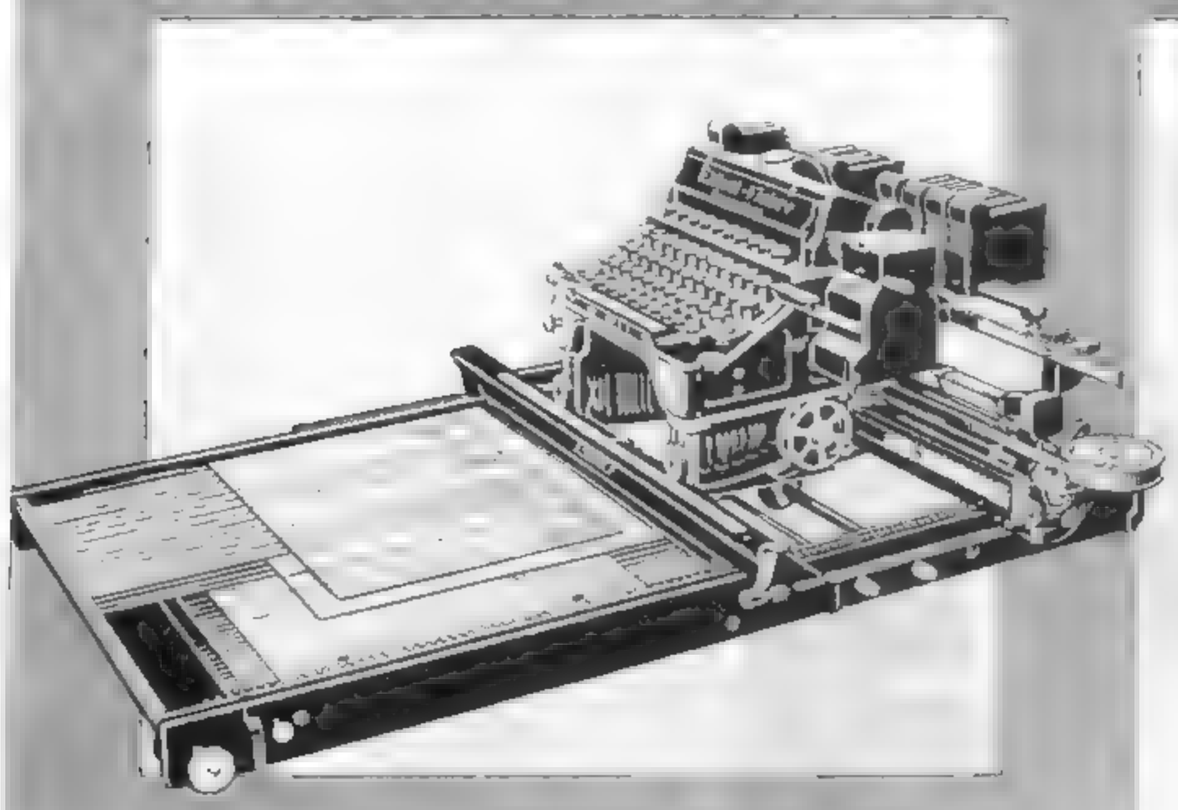

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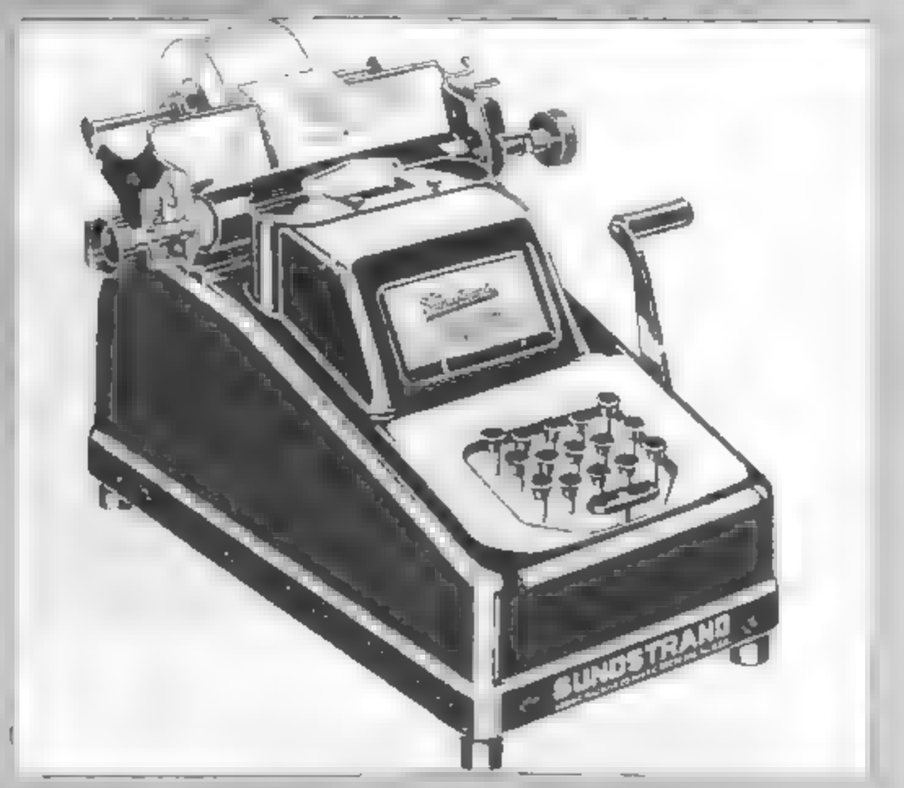

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General Office Equipment Corporation

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(Continued from Page 190)

after dinner—the dinner which she had cooked herself and which was served by the one remaining servant, the housemaid. Attending that dinner were her four sisters and the husband of the second oldest. All the others were unmarried. Two had some sort of marriage prospects and the other was studying medicine.

"Now then," began the brother-in-law in the bluff, hearty manner of brothers-in-law, "tell me all about it." He was the secretary of something or other—for the life of her the spinster sister could not have said what it was to which he devoted his time.

"We seem to be broke." There was a chorus of disbelief from the other sisters. "Well, not stony broke, but pretty near it. The year father died we received about $18,000 from his estate. That was six years ago. The next year the income was $17,500, the next $15,000, and there was $15,000 the next year. Last year the income was $4000 and this year we have had $3500. It is costing us more than $8000 just to keep this place going, and Aline hasn't had her share of the income for the last two years."

Aline was the married sister.

"I've said all along there was something I didn't like about old Caspar Emerson," declared the youngest sister in a positive tone. "I'll bet ——"

"Be quiet," commanded the eldest.

"The total of the estate," said the brother-in-law, "was about $300,000. Am I right?"

"A few thousand more than that, and this house," corrected the eldest.

"And Mr. Emerson was named trustee in accordance with your father's will?"

"That's right."

"You see," explained the brother-in-law, "I haven't felt like meddling. We haven't been in any way dependent on the estate. Aline has had her share to spend. I was glad of that, but I didn't want to seem to be curious about it for fear—well, for obvious reasons. But now, as I understand it, you want my advice."

"Of course."

"Fine! Now tell me what old Mr. Emerson has had to say."

Suspended Animation

"Each time I go to see him I find him perceptibly more feeble. He simply says times are hard and mumbles about his responsibility, and reiterates that it is the duty of a trustee to be conservative."

"Has he lost any of the estate, do you think?"

"He says he has not, but he's past eighty and sort of childish."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the brother-in-law.

The youngest sister and the third one engaged in a heated argument for an interval then, and the second youngest predicted dolefully that they had been ruined by a scoundrel.

"May I suggest an immediate step that seems to me to be sound and justifiable?" The brother-in-law was treading softly. He was not nearly so fond of his wife's sisters as he was of his wife. Above all things, he hated family rows and he knew these girls spent much time quarreling. They commanded him to take the leadership then and his wife signaled assent.

"You must consult a first-class law firm at once, place them in possession of all the facts and then be guided by them."

"But Mr. Emerson's a lawyer."

"Mr. Emerson is the trustee of your estate. You are dissatisfied with his administration. He is not your lawyer. Get other legal advice."

"Can you suggest any?" This was from the eldest sister. All the sisters were tearful by this time.

"I can recommend my own lawyers."

Those lawyers were retained the following day. They found that Caspar Emerson had become so helpless from partial paralysis that he could not sign a paper. Consequently he could not resign his trusteeship. They had him removed by a court order, and as the result of another family conference one of the oldest trust companies in the United States was appointed in his place.

A vice president of the trust company undertook the work of unraveling the tangle. About $225,000 of the girls' property was found to have been deposited in banks. Some of it was drawing a small rate of interest; some of it was earning nothing for its owners. The money was an accumulation of funds from satisfied mortgages and from bonds that had matured and been redeemed. The old man had lacked the courage, in his senile state, to reinvest the money.

The Old Home Disappears

Within ten days after the new management of that estate began every dollar of the capital left in trust by the father of the Douglas girls was safely at work. Farmers out in Missouri, and farther west, as they hauled their crops to the railroad for shipment, were bringing a tiny bit of the wealth in their carts and trucks for the Douglas girls; and the fingers of hundreds of thousands of mechanics and laborers in Detroit engaged in speeding all the factory processes of automobile plants were making a little money for the Douglas girls, because they were making freight for the railroads in whose bonds and preferred stocks their money was invested. Men and women, dropping their nickels into the coin boxes of street cars and telephones, or quarters into the slots of gas meters were setting in motion a flow of cash that reached the daughters of the late Franklin Douglas in the form of monthly checks adequate for all their needs.

But the work of the trust company did not stop at that point. The sisters were consulted about that old house in which four of them had lived all their lives. It was old-fashioned; the plumbing was worn out and constantly in need of repairs; and it occupied, with its grounds and totally useless stable, a full acre in the heart of a thickly built-up suburb. The first time the trust officer proposed that it might be wise to get rid of the old house and purchase in its stead a modern house, the eldest Douglas sister was shocked, but the others were delighted.

"How many servants did your mother have to run this place?" he asked.

"Well, there were two maids, a cook, a laundress and a waitress. Then there was a chore man who tended to the hot-air furnace and cut the grass in summer, and the stablemen helped take care of the grounds. There were from seven to nine."

"What did your mother pay her cook?"

"Twenty dollars a month."

"What do you pay yours?"

"I paid the last one $75 a month—that is, she and her husband, who was the chauffeur, received $175 a month."

"And their keep?"

"Certainly."

"And food prices have increased tremendously, haven't they, since your mother was running the household?"

"They've nearly tripled."

"How much coal do you burn?"

"Mountains of it, I should say. The coal bill last winter was $600."

By the time the sisters had completed this informal survey of their household expenditures they were clamoring to sell the old house, and when this was done the place brought about $50,000. None of this was for the house itself, however. A wrecker had to be paid by the purchaser to tear that down and cart it away. The $50,000 was for the land, and when cut into six suburban lots the real-estate dealer who bought it had what he regarded as a satisfactory chance to make a good profit. His profit would have been larger if he could have had the entire place, but the sisters reserved the equivalent of two lots, one of these embracing the choicest part of their old garden.

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Two servants, a man and his wife, do all the work in the eight-room house that has been built for them on those two lots. There is a modern household laundry and other labor-saving devices. The Douglas sisters not only have more money under their present arrangements but they are much more comfortable. Incidentally, the new house cost only $40,000. Aline, the married sister, received her share of the old homestead in cash, to be invested in her own home, which was a bit of common-sense justice of the sort that is one of the most noteworthy characteristics of present-day estate management under corporate trusteeship vested with adequate powers.

Trust officers are frequently burdened with the responsibility of arranging for the home life and supervision of young children; they are often called upon to arbitrate in family rows; they have to teach widows how to balance budgets and cajole idle sons into ways at least faintly resembling industry. They must endeavor to be as sympathetic and understanding as fathers, and yet stern enough to carry out the wishes of the one, no longer able to speak, who made the trust. Theirs is a kind of bridge building whereby the desires of someone who is dead are carried over into the future to become facts.

Recently an officer of one of the oldest and richest trust companies, which is the custodian of several multimillionaires' estates, told me that for his company there was no profit in handling an estate of $100,000, so the incident which he then related may not be accepted as typical in any uniform sense.

Adopted Parents

The mother had supported herself in the last few years before her death as a scrub woman, working in a Western city. The boy's father still lived in New York. The home he maintained was better than an orphan asylum, but not much, because he was shiftless and lacked a sense of responsibility.

In the Western city the mother had done her scrubbing on the marble floors of a bank. Just before her death she explained her problem and her wishes to one of the officers. Her boy was about twelve years old, selling newspapers on the streets of New York and was getting ready to leave school. She wanted him to have more education. She had saved $200, every dime of which represented an area of scrubbed floor.

If the boy's father got his hands on the money it would not last a week, and it would not buy any educational advantages either. The boy, of course, was no better fitted to be custodian of the money than his father.

The $200 was sent East to a building that does much to make New York's sky line the thing of impressive beauty it is. With it came a letter, written by one banker to another. Bankers exchange favors as well as funds. A few days afterward Eddie presented himself at the bank and was guided through a milling throng of brokers' clerks and millionaires to the right desk. It would be exaggerating the situation grossly to say that Eddie there found a new parent, but certainly he established a relationship that still is warm with friendship.

There was an eagerness in his manner, something of the alert quality possessed by terriers, that won him the attention of a number of the officers of that financial institution. In some fashion that $200 trust fund of his was augmented in a way that never swells truly conservative investments. In a home occasionally visited by a nurse sent by the bank, Eddie continued to live on with his father. That gentleman somehow seemed to have more luck with his jobs. If he lost one, he was promptly put in the way of another. By the time Eddie was fifteen he had become such an energetic boy that he received a really excellent offer of a position, but his friends in the bank urged him to stay in high school until he had finished. After his graduation Eddie received encouragement when he announced that he wanted to go to work, but he received money to pay for his tuition in the extension teaching department of one of New York's universities. He was given the principal of his mother's estate when he was twenty-one, and he was fit to receive it too. He knew by that time that it was, if used by him with understanding, a part of his mother.

The relationships between beneficiaries and trust officers who have control of estates are necessarily of a more intimate character than is ordinarily maintained between a bank teller who pays out money and the customers who present checks at his window. The bank teller, for example, never is called upon to settle kinsfolk rows outside of his own family. Trust officers have to do so often in the course of their careers.

"Dear daddy" is the form of address used by the orphans of one New York family when they write to the trust officer of the company which is the custodian of the estate left by their father. They have finished college now, and the trust company is soon to discharge its obligation by paying over the funds it has held for them, but they continue to write to that trust officer or to greet him in person as "dear daddy." A full understanding of all that he has done for them would dispose of any suspicion that this was a bit of mawkish jesting.

There was until recently a family living in a fourteen-room apartment in Park Avenue on an income of $50,000 a year. There were a wife, two children and a grandmother. Three or four servants kept the apartment in order, and five minutes after calling the garage the chauffeur would be at the door with the car. The $50,000 income was being earned by the father. In his safe-deposit box were sound securities worth about $350,000, the income from which was being used by him to increase the size of this Park Avenue nest egg. Then he died after an attack of pneumonia.

There was a will which placed the $350,000 in trust for the two women and the children. This gave them an income of about $17,500, instead of the $50,000 with which they had been maintaining themselves in their fourteen-room apartment. There had been enough insurance to pay Federal and state taxes and other expenses in connection with probating the will. The trust officer who had the handling of their affairs endeavored to show the two women that they could live quite as comfortably out of New York on $17,500 as they could in their former establishment on $50,000. But the wife refused point-blank to leave New York. Nevertheless retrenchment was essential.

The trust officer persuaded them to give up the costly apartment, dismiss the servants and sell the car. He did not get them to take these steps in a week or a month, but in the end he did succeed. The women compromised by taking a suite of rooms in an apartment hotel

The Same Income After Death

When they spent more than their income, the trust officer resorted to a subterfuge that is familiar to some husbands. He pretended that there was less income than there was actually.

"They could have lived in Westchester, Long Island or New Jersey in a house as large and as comfortable as their original apartment, but I didn't have the selling power to persuade them," this trust-company official said recently. "Still," he concluded, "I succeeded in getting them readjusted on a basis that suited their needs and I was rigid in setting aside a portion of the income with which to create a reserve for the college expenses of the two children. Otherwise there would have had to be another readjustment."

That same trust officer was invited recently to say what advice he would have given the father of that family if the man had come to him before making his will.

"I should have told him to use the income of his $350,000 to buy insurance. At his age that would have paid for $500,000 worth of insurance and created an estate worth $850,000. At 5 per cent, that would have given the family an income approximating that which they had been spending. He might have done this by creating a life-insurance trust—revocable, of course."

The really important advice which all professional managers of estates would give the gentlemen of this world who really care what becomes of their fortunes, whether large or small, is to make a will. One of the former surrogates of New York County expressed himself on that subject recently.

"My idea of hell for some citizens," he said, "would be to bring back to earth all those men who die intestate and force them to administer the property they have thus neglected and to listen to every word uttered on the subject by their heirs. Any man who understood that he was going to confront such a task would be careful, I think, to make a will and exercise some judgment in his selection of the one who will become custodian of his fortune when he dies—his final partner."

Looking Across the Pereau Valley to Cape Blomidon, Nova Scotia

THERE is also the game of "*Steal-the-Bathroom.*" Many families play it every morning. Not enough bathrooms to go round . . . *Most* houses need more bathrooms. Health and pleasant living plead for them. And practical business judgment urges adequate bathroom facilities as an investment which adds permanent, tangible value to property . . . Ask your plumber what that longed-for extra bathroom would cost. And have him show you Kohler Plumbing Fixtures—superlatively fine and beautiful, but not high priced; signed with the name "Kohler" fused in immaculate enamel. May we send a booklet about them?

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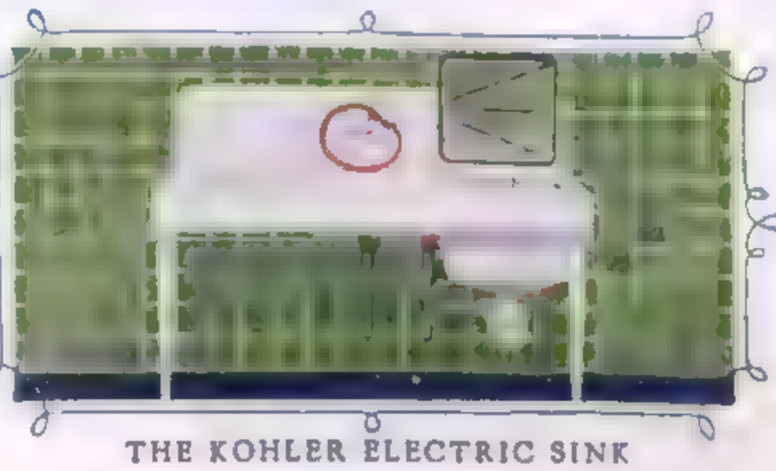

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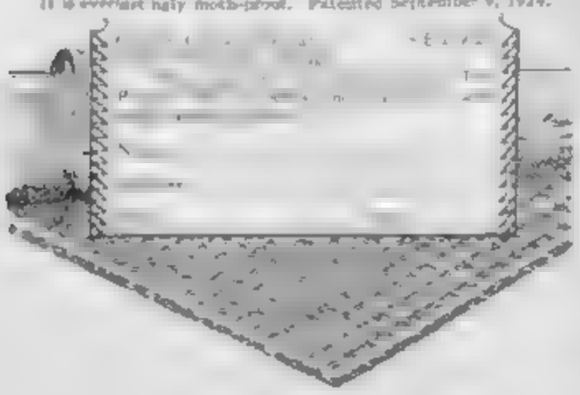

HAND-OF-WRITE

(Continued from Page 19)

"No," he said slowly. His face was puzzled. "Why did you ask me that, MacNaughten? Do I look like a dying man?" Anger came into his voice again, "Or are you afraid I'll find me another heir for my land?" His laugh jarred on my ear, but there was in it still a ring that hurt me, tugged at my unwilling sympathy. It came home to me that making a will must be a dreary task for a man without blood kindred to inherit. "Find me one, MacNaughten, since you're so deep in my private business—find me one!" Again he laughed. "Maybe, if I'm suited, I'll make a will, though it's bad luck when a man's in health, they say."

My grandfather's face sobered as it always did when he heard talk of luck, for he held strong beliefs that this was little less than heathen error.

I was baffled and a little shocked by the word he had in answer.

"I will say this much to that, Boyer: It would be worse than what you call ill luck if you should make a will that robbed your daughter. And you should know me by now for a man not given to idle talk."

"You talk riddles, at all events," said Boyer, staring. "I have no time to waste at guessing them, but if it will buy me peace from your meddling I will pass you my word as to this. I will set my name to no will except with—with Milly's knowledge and consent."

He laughed slyly, as if at some secret jest, but it seemed to me that the promise was sufficient, and I knew that Boyer had an earned repute for holding to his passed word better than most men to their sealed and witnessed bond.

My grandfather gazed after him, however, as he rode away, with a frowning question in his look, and for a little he stood silent, as if meditating, while I thought regretfully of the wild carrot and the dragging hours that were between me and my dinner. So Milly found us when she came to the corner of the house, her sleeves rolled back from her round arms and her apron wet from her washtub.

"Your father has been here," said my grandfather, as she stood smiling at us, twisting the apron in her wet hands. She nodded, and something of John Boyer's stubborn look showed through the round softness of her face.

"He had business with me," she said, and the tone made me think, somehow, of the signs we posted in our woodlands to warn trespassers away.

"He said that it was private," my grandfather told her slowly. "It is no habit of mine to pry into such concerns, but I will ask you to tell me this: Had it to do—this private errand that brought him here—with his trip, yesterday, to the city?"

She shook her head and I saw her eyes widen in puzzlement.

"He said no word of that," she answered. "It was no great matter, Mr. MacNaughten, but nothing, either, that I would talk about."

"And the quarrel stands as before?"

She smiled vaguely. "There is no quarrel between me and my father, Mr. MacNaughten."

"You don't call it that, when his doors are shut against you?"

My grandfather spoke almost with impatience. Any quibbling over words always angered him. The woman shook her head, still smiling in the queer way that made me think, absurdly, that she was sorry for him.

"Not against me," she said gently. "Just against Jud." Her voice warmed a little. "My father has done no more than I would do if he had brought another woman to his house. I would not share with a stranger. No more will he."

Her chin lifted and more than ever she reminded me of John Boyer. My grandfather left the last word with her, and, although he shook his head over his thoughts as we recrossed the pasture, I fancied that he smiled faintly at them too.

III

AT LEAST twice, in the three years that moved so slowly over the hills, John Boyer came back to the tenant house where Milly and Jud Bannard continued to abide, but these visits, like the first one, bore no fruit in any change in their relation.

Miss Lessing still kept house for him, withdrawing more and more, I think, from the passive rebuffs of the neighbor women. She came less and less regularly to the church and presently ceased altogether. I saw her only once or twice a year, when we passed her in the village or on the road, primly erect beside John Boyer in his muddy buckboard. Always on these occasions I was dimly conscious of a constraint in my grandfather's greeting, a stiffening of his look and voice which I interpreted as implying disfavor. Once I asked him bluntly about it.

"You don't like Miss Lessing, do you, grandfather?"

He hesitated. I might have saved my breath, I knew, for it was a fixed rule with him to keep his opinions of his neighbors, unless they were favorable, between his shut lips. But for once he surprised me by what amounted to admission.

"I took a kind of scunner against her, Luke, the first time I saw her, and it seems to last. No reason for it, either, except that she looks like a woman I'd sooner not remember."

"Why?" I lost interest at once in John Boyer's housekeeper; there was that in my grandfather's look and voice that pricked my curiosity about the other woman, of whom, against his wish, she had reminded him. He shook his head.

"Sooner forget such things," he said. "Just a notion, anyway, that she looks like that Lizzie Gannett ——" he stopped as I started at the name. "Didn't mean to tell you, Luke. Don't think about it, or talk. Not to anybody."

I knew all about Lizzie Gannett from forbidden gossip with our hired hands; the topic was forbidden in the household, but sometimes the men talked about that trial, glancing over their shoulders to be sure that grandfather wasn't about. He had been foreman of the jury that had found her guilty of the crime for which, in that unmodern age, a bigoted society that still clung to a narrow intolerance of murder had hanged her by the neck till she was dead.

"Does she really look like ——"

"Just my notion, Luke. I didn't mean to tell you, and looks don't mean much when it comes to judging people, either way. Better forget I told you."

My mind leaped blithely to the building of a plot. Grandfather's queer advice to John Boyer against the making of his will flashed back into my memory.

"That's what you were getting at when you told Boyer not to make a will!" I said. "You were afraid he'd give her a reason for getting rid of him!"

"Sooner you didn't say such things, Luke." His face went very grave. "The woman's lived here in the Glen for five-six years and there's nothing against her. I had no business to think ill of her in the first place. It was worse to do my thinking out loud, where you could hear me."

He would not let me say more about it, then or later, but after that I studied Miss Lessing's thin, sharp-featured face with a vastly quickened interest that was always disappointed. If Lizzie Gannett had looked much like this prim and vinegary old maid I was very sure that I should have hung that jury in her favor. Gradually I lost the edge of my curiosity and gave up inventing bloodstained romances in which she played an altogether unconvincing Lady Macbeth, but if Boyer had died of knife or bullet or of sickness that could wear the look of poison, I should have found it hard to hold my tongue.

He was killed by a wild-cat engine, sliding almost soundlessly down the grade. Four people saw the accident and there was no room for any doubt about it, even in my imagination. His team had taken fright at the scream of the whistle and bolted straight across the tracks; Boyer was dead when the nearest witness reached him.

I was with my grandfather when he brought the word to Milly Bannard. She took it quietly enough—as quietly, I thought, as John Boyer would have heard such news of her, and yet her silence and her calm gave me, somehow, a sense of deeper anguish than if she had wept noisily or fainted, like Ann Gilber when her man was killed. The mean little kitchen of the tenant house seemed to find a kind of dignity.

"I'll be going home to him," she said. Jud Bannard moved as if to go with her and she stopped him with a queer, sharp movement of her reddened, work-bitten hand. "Not you, Jud. I'll be going as he'd have me, this once."

We drove her over the wicked hill road to the square white house in its windbreak of tall pines. She spoke but the once on the way. Grandfather broke his silence to ask her abruptly whether Boyer had spoken to her about his will.

"He never made any will," she said, her voice flat and listless, as if the matter were of little consequence. I remembered the queer promise Boyer had given grandfather, but this, somehow, seemed an insufficient reason for the complete assurance of her tone. The answer, however, evidently contented him. He said no more. We drove on in silence to the dooryard, crowded with rigs and saddle horses of the men who stood about the shaggy grass plot, talking in lowered voices, drawn by the fascination which death held for all of us in the hills in those isolated times.

We passed them without words and went into the darkened hall. Boyer's housekeeper met us, and in the shadow I saw, or thought I saw, something in her sharp face that for the first time threw light on my grandfather's fancy that there was some resemblance here to Lizzie Gannett. No one could have quarreled, though, with her word or manner; she was quiet, dignified, respectful to my grandfather and affectionately sympathetic toward Milly.

"Would you rather go in alone to see him?" she asked. Milly inclined her head. She stayed only a few moments in the darkened parlor; when she came out her head was up and I liked her better for the bright dryness of her eyes. Miss Lessing, rather ceremonially, offered her hand. Milly did not take it, her glance rising from the lean fingers to the pinched-in face with, I thought, a suggestion of suspicion.

"He'd never let me come to see you," said the thin voice. "I wanted to be friends with you, but he ——"

"I'm obliged." Milly's voice was stiff. Miss Lessing's look and manner sweetened under the rebuff however.

"I hope we can be friendly now, at all events," she cooed. "It's natural that you should think of me as an intruder, but"—she glanced about her—"you must remember that this is my home too. I'm sure we needn't quarrel, you and I."

"I'm thinking that we"—Milly spoke with a perceptible effort—"that we need not give ourselves the chance. You will be looking for another place, no doubt, and ——"

Miss Lessing shook her head with a kind of sorrowful denial.

"Then he didn't tell you, after all? He promised that he would; he swore that he had done it—the day after ——" it may have been my fancy, or perhaps the shadow in which we stood, but I thought a trace of

Continued on Page 198

Seven cubic foot Servel (Model S-7) suitable for families up to six persons. Smaller and larger sizes also available in this all-steel series.

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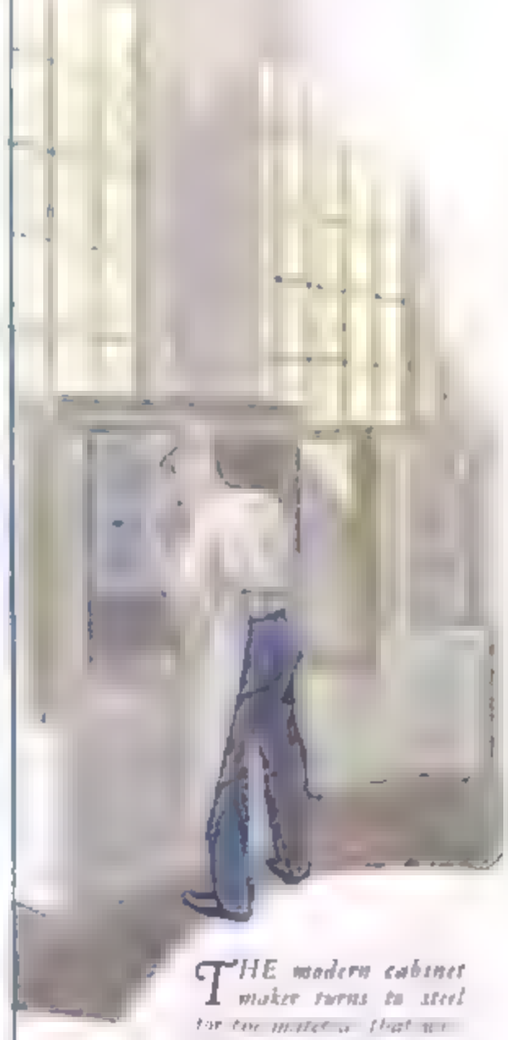

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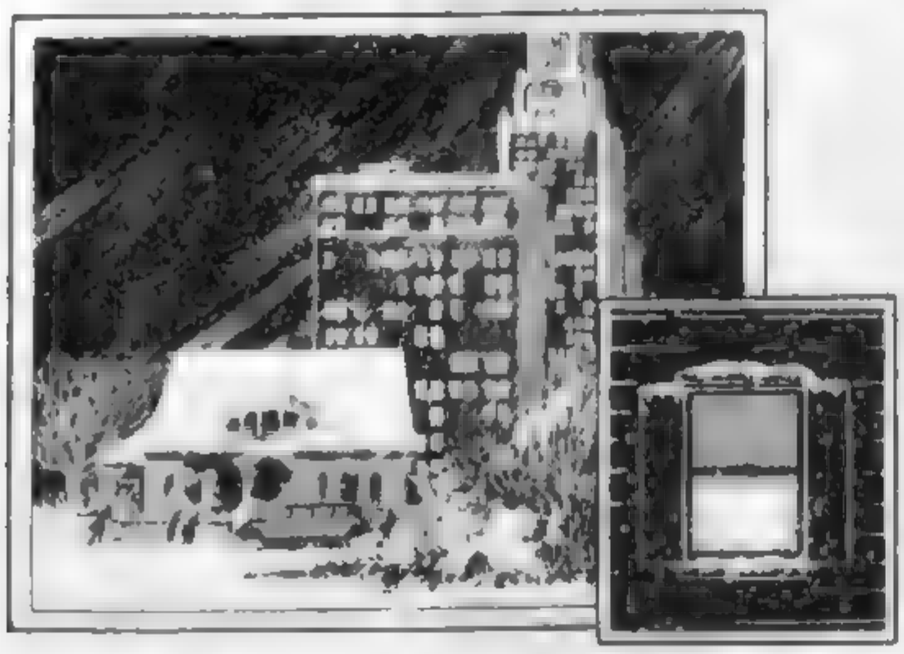

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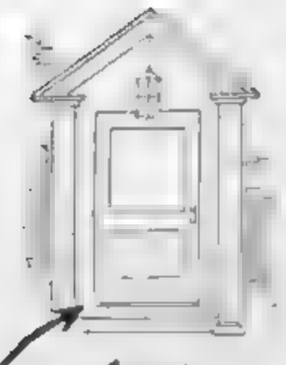

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(Continued from Page 196)

color came into the sallow cheeks—"the day after we were married," she finished.

There was a little silence. I saw Milly's eyes flick wide and narrow again, the lines about her mouth set stubbornly.

"When was this?" she demanded. John Boyer would have spoken in that very voice, but Miss Lessing's patience was proof against its challenge. She named a date some three years earlier; her hand moved and I saw that she wore the plain gold band about her finger

"Where?" Milly's tone was harder than before; the word cracked like a whiplash.

"In Binchester. We went there on purpose. He"—she shook her head as if to ask indulgence for masculine whimsey—"he was set on keeping it secret from all but you. There would be talk, he said, and he was a shy man under all his bluster, as you must know, my dear."

"You have the proofs, I take it?" My grandfather spoke soberly. "In such a case, you will understand, it will be better if there is no doubt."

The woman eyed him with her first sign of resentment, a decent dignity of rebuke in her pale eyes.

"Of course I have my marriage lines, Mr. MacNaughten. If you will excuse me I will bring them."

Her black silk rustled. She was gone but a moment and came back with a rolled paper in her hand, which she flattened carefully on the little table beside the door. I had seen such marriage certificates before; they were framed sometimes and hung against the walls of tenant houses—high-colored lithographs of cupids and cornucopias with much gilt scroll and arabesque. My grandfather bent over it, but Milly paid no heed. She stood still, her head up, her eyes fixed on the other woman, her mouth a thin, flat line.

"This," said my grandfather slowly, "is all in order, seemingly." He straightened, turned to Milly. "You may take the marriage, I think, as proved."

Slowly she removed the shawl she had thrown about her shoulders.

"There will be a will, too, no doubt?" Her voice was hard and colder than ever and there was a queer glitter in her eyes. The other woman shook her head.

"He would never make one, though I asked him to, often and often."

"That," said Milly, "I fully believe." The other paid no heed to the implication of the tone.

"I wanted him to leave no room for doubt about his wish that you should have the place," she said. "Now it will be done by the law and there will be people who will always say he didn't mean that you should have it."

Milly's glance consulted my grandfather.

"If he died intestate," he said, "the law will give his widow one-third of his real property; the rest would come to you."

"A third only?" Milly seemed puzzled. "And of the stock and tools and money in the bank ——" My grandfather shook his head.

"All that is yours if he left no will," he told her.

She came, apparently, to an abrupt decision.

"Then I'm thinking there will be a will, after all," she said. "I will stay here and help her look for it. And I would take it kindly, Mr. MacNaughten, if you would carry word to my husband that I want him here with me."

We went out, leaving her with her stepmother. I yearned to stop and share our news with the neighbors on the lawn, but my grandfather moved past them quickly and in silence. At our wagon he waited, however, while he wrote in the pocketbook he carried. All the way back to the farm he was silent, his white brows gathered. Once, though, he turned abruptly to me with a question.

"Luke," he said, "do you mind the day when we saw John Boyer and that woman at the station, and I stopped to talk to him of the petition I wished him to sign?"

I remembered well enough and said so.

"Think, now, and tell me if you remember what excuse he gave me. Much may hang by it."

I had no need to think. "He said he couldn't read without his glasses and that he wouldn't sign anything unless he read it first."

I could see that he was pleased. "You've a good memory, Luke. It's a useful possession."

And though I pressed him past forbearance he would say no further word of what was in his mind. Next day, however, he astounded and delighted me by bidding me make ready to go with him to the city.

"You've earned it," he told me, "by that memory of yours."

IV

THERE was time in the train for much talk, but my grandfather said little, and I, for all my curiosity, was too intent on the adventure of the journey to trouble him with questions. We stopped at a drug store near the station and he fumbled through a fat book the clerk supplied, writing again in the pocket memorandum. A formidable policeman gave us directions and we rode some little distance in a cable car, a magical contrivance that further distracted my attention from our errand.

This brought us to a graystone church with a little parsonage beside it. We found the minister at home and it seemed to me that my grandfather was disturbed by the sight of him, a tall, bent man, older than grandfather and with a look that made me think of saints and martyrs. He made us gently welcome and listened patiently to my grandfather's slow speech, his thin fingers pressed together above the gold cross that hung against his black waistcoat.

"Three years ago?" He had a pleasant voice, thin and sweet with years. "I'm sorry, but it isn't likely I'd remember. You see we're on the main street here and so many strangers come here to be married that I shouldn't know any of them again, I'm afraid."

"You keep a record though?"

"Oh, yes. We haven't any marriage-license law in this state, but our local board of health provides us with forms for registering each ceremony."

He fumbled in the drawer of his desk and brought out a sheaf of paper-covered books.

"Here we are. Yes. I seem to have married them on the date you mention."

He slid the open book across the desk, and past grandfather's elbow I could read the written answers to its printed questions. At the foot were names in different script, the signatures of witnesses and of the bride and groom. I saw John Boyer's name there. My grandfather frowned at it.

"You couldn't remember anything about it?"

The minister shook his head apologetically. "Perhaps if I saw the people I might recall them, but it's doubtful. I see so many, and they're here only a few minutes."

"These witnesses, maybe ——"

"My wife and daughter—almost as used to it as I am. No, I'm afraid they'd not remember either."

My grandfather pondered. "This man whose name is signed here," he said slowly, "could not read without his glasses and it happens that I know he did not bring them with him on the day he came here."

"He could sign without them, evidently." The minister smiled.

For some reason the words seemed to please my grandfather. He stood up, his face suddenly clear of the perplexity that had troubled it, even the dim smile showing in his beard.

"Evidently," he repeated, and his voice was hearty and round again. "We are obliged to you, sir, for your patience. . . . Come, Luke."

He would not talk, as we were jerked back to the station on the cable car, and all through the long, slow ride back to the Glen he kept his thoughts obstinately to

(Continued on Page 201)

Thirteen *Unseen* Workers for Every Man on Industry's Payroll

How well you use this "man power" of motors depends on your choice of motor control

The facts about electric power in industry are startling, when stated in figures easily understood. 29,000,000 horsepower, the working capacity of industry's motors! To realize it would take 13 times all the men employed in industry today, working steadily at top capacity, to provide this effort, gives a true picture of the importance of Motor Control!

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Ask *now* for a survey of all your motor drives. The efficiency of the major part of your plant's man power will be revealed. In the purchase of new machinery in which motor and control are furnished by the machine builder, insist on C-H Control. The C-H trade-mark on ALL your Motor Control is your best assurance of efficient, dependable production.

Cutler-Hammer engineers are ready to co-operate with your plant men or consulting engineers in making a survey of your plant to see that Motor Control is correctly chosen for every drive. More than 30 years' experience supports their recommendations, and this service entails no obligation or expense on your part.

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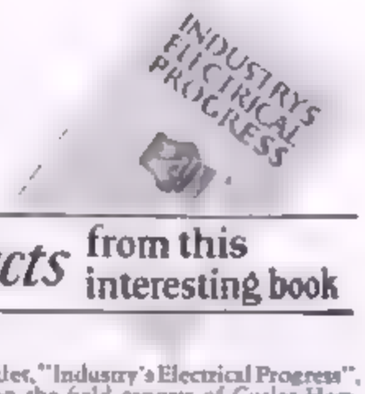

Facts from this interesting book

This booklet, "Industry's Electrical Progress", is based on the field reports of Cutler-Hammer engineers. Stories of savings every man in industry can enjoy reading! Write for your copy. Sent without charge or obligation.

Report 2431—In this plant several pumping units, at widely separated points, were maintained ready for operation day and night, and cut in and out as the demand varied. At the recommendation of Cutler-Hammer engineers, C-H Automatic Pump Control was installed. Only one pump now operates as long as it can handle the load—others being automatically put into service as the demand rises, and taken out as it falls off. Thus, unfailing service is maintained without unnecessary pump maintenance or power expense, and three shifts of attendants are no longer necessary. The savings made, soon wrote off the cost of installation.

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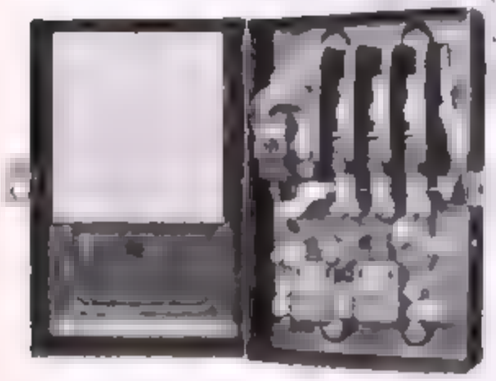
The speed of the blower, thereby, is now automatically adjusted to the number of conveying tubes in use. The motor is stopped entirely when all tubes are closed and restarts automatically as soon as one or more are opened. The average power consumption was thus reduced from 90 h. p. to 16 h. p.—a saving of 80%.



For the more common motor applications, Cutler-Hammer engineers offer a standardized line of Motor Control apparatus. What each type does, and how it can be used, is fully described in the C-H Catalog, which plant men use for ready reference. Thus the C-H trade-mark, wherever it appears, means the control has been properly chosen to fit the job in hand.

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13
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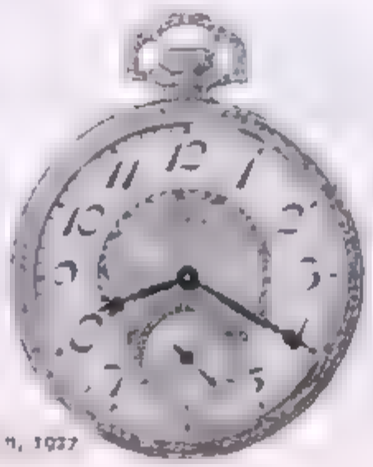

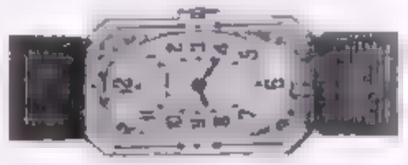

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(Continued from Page 198)

himself, for all my persistent questioning, but I could see easily enough that he was pleased with them and with himself. Instead of going home when we reached the Glen, he drove straight on up the hill to the Boyer farmhouse.

Milly and Jud and the housekeeper were in the sitting room, where a glass lamp had been lighted against the early dusk. It seemed to me that all three were honestly glad of our coming; Milly and the housekeeper were alike, at least, in the cordiality of their welcome, and big, awkward Jud grinned at me sheepishly, but with something like relief.

My grandfather sat down beside the lamp, and I could see that there was now no hint of any smile in his look. He turned deliberately to the widow.

"I will be plain-spoken, ma'am. John Boyer was my friend and you have been my neighbor for some six years, while Milly and Jud have lived on my own farm. This warrants me, to my way of thinking, in thrusting somewhat forwardly into your affairs."

The widow nodded and simpered, but something about her eyes, alert and opaque in the lamplight, disquieted me a little. Milly and Jud said nothing.

"Here," said my grandfather, "we have a marriage that has been kept secret for three years and is made known only when one of the contracting parties can have nothing to say about it. Without offense to you, ma'am, I will say bluntly that I doubted it."

"I don't wonder at that," she said. "I never wanted it concealed, for my part. But he was a queer man and desperately set on his own ways. I ——"

My grandfather, with a gesture of apology, broke in upon her gabbling talk.

"I took it on myself to make sure," he said gravely. "Luke and I have been to Binchester today. We have talked with the minister whose name is signed to your certificate, and we have seen, in due order, the written record of the marriage." He turned to Milly. "If you have any doubts upon the score, be done with them. The record is clear and the minister's honesty past any possibility of question. Moreover, as it happens, both Luke and I can give confirming evidence on our own account."

He moved his grave eyes again to the widow, and I saw, I thought, a gleam of triumph in her narrow face.

"We saw you and John Boyer at the station on the date of this marriage," he went on. "We know, at least, that you and he both went to the city on that day."

The pale eyes lightened. "I remember. You wanted him to sign some paper—he spoke of it on the way to Binchester—I read it aloud to him because he hadn't brought his glasses and couldn't see without them."

"Yes. So he told us. Luke remembers too. He would not sign because it was a rule with him, always, to sign nothing that he had not read. A wise rule too."

He glanced at Milly and, following the slight movement of his head, I was held by the strange look of her.

There was fear in it, and defiance—the look, I thought, of some courageous beast caught in a trap.

"And yet," said my grandfather very slowly, "there are three witnesses to swear that he broke his rule that very day—three witnesses, that is, beside the woman who declares the marriage in her favor."

"He never broke it," said Milly. She spoke with utter certainty, not as one voicing belief but as one who speaks of sure and proved knowledge.

"Luke and I both saw his name signed in the minister's book," grandfather insisted gently. He turned to the widow. "Did he read that paper before he set his name to it?"

She lifted her thin shoulders

"I suppose he did not, but it was no matter. What could be there except the questions and the answers that the minister had written down?"

My grandfather was silent for a little. I saw his toe lift and descend slowly, as it did sometimes when he was under trial of his patience.

"I am no great judge of hand-of-write," he said. "It seemed to me, at first, that the name written in the minister's book was done by the same hand that had signed this paper." He fumbled in his pocket. "I have kept that petition ever since it was returned to me from our assemblyman." He flattened it on the table under the lamp. "John Boyer brought it to me, signed, the day after this marriage is said to have taken place. I met him, I remember, as he came out of your house, Milly. He had been there, he said, on private business, and later, when I asked you what had brought him, you had the selfsame word for it." He paused a moment. "Milly," he resumed, "will you tell me now why he was there?"

She shook her head. Her eyes flicked out at him with a gleam that was like a wink of sun upon a knife blade.

"Now less than ever," she said passionately. "It lies between the two of us and none else."

Again he waited for a moment. "Milly," he said, "your father came here as a hired hand, with little more than what he carried on his back. Penny by penny he earned these farm lands; you watched him do it. You helped. Now the law will give a full third of all his lands and buildings to his widow. It may be that the place must be sold at auction to satisfy her claim in cash."

"No." The widow put in quickly. "Milly and I have settled all that. There is money in hand and due for crops—enough to pay a good half of the price we've agreed on for my interest. I'm willing to wait for the rest."

He swung about to face her. His face was very grave.

"Yes," he said, "you are good at waiting. All this has needed patience—patience as much as cunning. You have waited three years since that marriage certificate was signed, and if John Boyer's horse had not taken fright yesterday, I make no doubt you would have waited even longer. But it will need a deal of patience, I am thinking, to wait until you touch a penny of John Boyer's money"

"Why?" She seemed wholly undisturbed. "The law is clear enough: you say yourself that you have seen the proof that we were married. And yet you are pleased to hint, I think, that something is irregular. Speak out. I am alone here; it is quite safe to insult me."

My grandfather shook his head. "I do not insult you," he said. "I suggest only that you resign formally all claim of dower right in John Boyer's estate. You forfeit nothing, for if this case comes before a court you will not only lose your claim but stand in some danger of losing more than that."

She laughed, a sound as thin and ugly as a snake's hiss. "You beat about the bush. Speak out. Because John Boyer could not see to read without his glasses, you charge, do you, that I conspired with a minister and witnesses to get him, by some trick or other, to sign that book, thinking that it was some other paper. Is that the way of it?"

"I say only that John Boyer did not sign that book." My grandfather still spoke gently, but his foot tapped on the carpet and I could see that his big hands had closed.

"And the minister and the witnesses, who saw him sign it and will swear they saw him?" She seemed to gain assurance. "Will you claim, too, that they were in a plot with me against his daughter?"

"They saw a man sign," said my grandfather. "A man they did not know. He gave the name of Boyer, and he wrote the name, too, much as Boyer's name was written elsewhere. You have waited, wisely, till time enough has passed for them to lose all sure memory of faces. But it will be easy enough to prove that whoever was the man who was your partner in that fraud, it was not John Boyer."

"Why?" She leaned a little forward, and it seemed to me that his sober earnestness had at last disturbed her.

"Because those witnesses will swear they saw the man who married you sign his name," said my grandfather. "And when the signatures are compared in court it will be easy to determine that the one in the book is forged, that John Boyer's hand did not write it. There is law to punish fraud, even when it fails of its end. I give you good counsel when I tell you to carry this attempt no farther."

It seemed to me that I could see the woman think. Her small, pale eyes moved sidewise and her lip was caught up between her teeth.

My grandfather drew another paper from his pocket and flattened it upon the table; he uncorked the ink bottle that stood beside the lamp.

"Here," he said, "is a quitclaim, in due legal form, and here"—he took a silver dollar from his pocket—"is the consideration for which you sign it."

He held the pen toward her. She hung back for a little; then suddenly she took the pen and signed. Without a word she went from the room and I heard, overhead, the scraping sound of a trunk dragged across the floor. My grandfather blotted the release and folded it.

"Let her go in peace," he said. "She will give you no more trouble." He let his hand rest a moment on Milly's shoulder. "Your days"—he told her, in the deeper voice in which he quoted from his Bible—"your days should be long in the land the Lord God has given you."

The words seemed to have some secret meaning for her, for suddenly she clung against her man and wept. We left them so and went out to our wagon. When we were safely out of earshot I pressed grandfather for the key to what was still a riddle to my puzzled wits.

"How could you tell that it was forged—that name in the minister's book?" I demanded. "It looked just like ——"

"It was well done," he said. "It would have deceived me, if I had been judging by that hand-of-write and nothing else. And yet I knew that it was forged because ——" he hesitated. "You should know it, too, Luke," he told me. "You knew all that I knew. You were with me when Boyer told me he could not sign without his glasses; it was you who brought me word, next day, that he had ridden over to see Milly, and you saw him give me that petition when he left her house. Does all this mean nothing to you?"

I shook my head. "I make nothing of it to prove that it was someone else who signed that book, grandfather."

"No proof, to be sure, but a hint, now? A suspicion, maybe, on which to risk a guess?"

"I see that it was queer that he should have signed without his glasses," I said. "But after all a man can write his name with his eyes shut."

"Some men, maybe, Luke, but not John Boyer, blindfolded or open-eyed, with glasses or without. Glasses, indeed! And who ever saw him wear them? Why, the man had eyes like a hen hawk! You've seen him shoot that squirrel gun of his. And yet it hoodwinked me, too, till this afternoon."

He shook his head. "A good daughter, Milly. Even when he drove her from his house she kept a still tongue in her cheeks and signed his papers for him as she alone could. She must have done it ever since before he brought her to the Glen. Did you mark her face, just now, when she feared that I would tell that woman thief the reason why I knew that it was not John Boyer she had married? Did you hear her say she would not tell what was the private business that could fetch John Boyer to our farm to see her? A good daughter, Luke. She would have forfeited a round third of her lands sooner than go into court and shame John Boyer's memory by swearing that the man could neither read nor write!"

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THE motor oil now known as HYVIS was christened under the spray of machine guns during the Great War.

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A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 27)

terrible sudden angers. To have met this mischance when he was taking his new ally to admire the ordered discipline of his camp was sufficient justification for it.

"Clap these men in irons!" he ordered, in that voice which could send a shiver through one's blood.

To Axel Bjelke it was as though the universe collapsed around him. The power for thought vanished in the devastating shock of that command, in a wild confusion of all his senses. He was only overwhelmingly conscious of that disgrace incredibly befalling him who had ever been so meticulously conscientious a soldier. He fell on his knees.

"Your Majesty!" he cried.

The blue eyes blazed at him. "What, sirrah! Dost dare to dispute with me?" None was there who could withstand that annihilating thunder of the king's voice when he was wroth.

"Nay, Your Majesty." He was suddenly desperately bold—it seemed, indeed, as though another self in him spoke irresistibly with his lips, startling him with its audacity. "I pray Your Majesty only—only ——" What could he say? Useless was it to make excuses, to protest against the king's inexorable fiat where matters of discipline were concerned. "—— only that my punishment may be delayed so that I may fight in the battle!" A flash of lucidity in him authenticated those words which had leaped spontaneously from his confusion. The battle! That was it! He would get himself heroically slain in the battle—so escape that unthinkable degradation!

The king's brow relaxed. He exchanged a quick glance with his royal ally. The weak-faced Elector of Saxony smiled under his plumed helmet. Gustavus Adolphus resumed his frown as he turned again to the lad kneeling before him, but that frown was no longer so fierce, nor was his voice so terrible.

"What battle, sirrah? How dost thou know there is to be a battle?"

Axel Bjelke looked desperately at Carl Lyngstram, standing with Ulrika in the little throng.

"My comrade ——" he stammered, and then was silent. Perhaps he might do Lyngstram harm.

The king swung round to the musketeer, his tone sharply interrogative, edged with suspicion. Still held secret was the decision of that council of war he had just quitted.

"What dost thou know of this, fellow?"

Lyngstram stepped forward, stolidly serious as ever, and saluted like a veteran, his hand briskly to the brim of his morion.

"May it please Your Majesty, I told him that now, since the Saxon Army was joined with ours, surely would Your Majesty pay General Tilly the score of Magdeburg." The king's expression changed in a momentary compression of his mouth, a furrow between his eyes. Never without pain did he hear a reference to that city he had failed to save and which Tilly had destroyed with such appalling atrocity. "This is a good lad, but newly joined, may it please Your Majesty," added Lyngstram with the indefinable freedom of the old soldier. "He did but come to my defense."

The king frowned at him. "Who art thou, fellow? Methinks I know thy face."

"Carl Lyngstram, file leader in Count Oxenstierna's regiment of foot, may it please Your Majesty," answered the file leader. "Your Majesty gave me a purse of a hundred rix-dollars at Frankfort-on-the-Oder."

The king's face cleared. "Ah! I remember. Thou wast the man who climbed the wall and put the petard to the gate." He turned to the Elector of Saxony. "One of my brave simple children, brother," he said with a smile. "It was a hot place that day."

Ulrika ran forward, threw herself on her knees before the king.

"May it please Your Majesty!" she said, looking up at him with her honest eyes. "Your Majesty is ever just. Do not punish this young lad. He but saved my husband from the sword of this *Reiter* here," she pointed to the cuirassier, held also by men of the provost's guard, "he being drunk—though I would that no harm came to him from my words—and making free with me, so that my husband shook him off. A good lad and a good soldier is Axel Bjelke, Your Majesty, as I can vouch, for I mend and wash for him and he eats with us. Your Majesty knows me also—during the fight at Werben Your Majesty asked me for a drink of water and a crust of bread."

The king smiled again to his companion. "You see, brother, whether I will or no they treat me like a father among his children." He turned to Ulrika. "Get up, my good woman. Only to God shouldst thou kneel. And I bethink me that I never paid for that sorely needed refreshment." He took a gold piece from his purse, gave it to her as in confusion she rose to her feet, smiled benignly while she curtsied, speechless in a suddenly overwhelming timidity. "As for this lad"—he swung round to him, his face severe again—"he has broken the laws of the camp by using his weapon in a brawl. Is his captain here?" He glanced round at the respectfully aloof throng of soldiers.

A smartly alert young man, steel helmeted, a red sash across his buff jerkin, the partisan borne by officers on duty in his hand, stepped forward and saluted. The corporal of the squad had hurriedly run for him when the king had appeared.

"May it please Your Majesty!" he said.

"Captain," the king's voice was curt, "we march at dawn to meet the enemy. You will get your orders in half an hour. This musketeer's punishment is suspended until after the battle. You will note his conduct therein and make report to me. He is to be brought to me after the action." He turned to the provost's men still holding the tipsy *Reiter*. "Throw that drunken brute into the lockup, and when he is sober give him three hours on the wooden horse!"

He resumed his way along the street between the hutments, amid the wildly enthusiastic shouts of his men. Never in the history of war was leader more loved. He smiled at a remark of the Elector of Saxony.

"I have at least one musketeer who will fight doughtily in the battle," he said, grimly amused. "And with God's help we will pay old Tilly a full score for Magdeburg."

Axel Bjelke stood dazed, miraculously released, staring after the plumed and corseleted suite of the royal personages. Desperately resolved was he not to survive that fight.

It was the second day thereafter. Since the first gray of dawn Axel Bjelke had been marching behind Lyngstram and Olaf Björnson in the ordered mass of helmeted, buff-jerkined musketeers following behind the mass of corseleted pikemen which with them made up their battalia, or half regiment.

In each man's morion was affixed a sprig of green bough, and, before the start, the battle word for the day *-Gott mit uns*—had been passed from mouth to mouth; such sign and word were the only means of distinguishing friends from foes who would wear an identical equipment.

Far to right and left across the immense undulating plain, scorched yellow with the summer heats, foot, horse and guns marched steadily forward in an incessant thrilling rolling of drums and shrillness of fifes, in a multitudinous display of large variously colored ensigns—infantry in rectangular clumps of vertically held sixteen-foot pikes, and musketeers with their cumbrous weapons sloped on the left shoulder; squadrons of cuirass-armored cavalry with square standards fluttering in the foremost rank; batteries of heavy cannon drawn each by sixteen horses, followed by lumbering coffin-like ammunition wagons, their gunners proceeding on foot beside them; and that more numerous light regimental artillery, iron four-pounders drawn each by a couple of horses, attached to the infantry and firing case shot, which the military genius of the Swedish king had introduced in a primitive anticipation of the machine gun.

The two armies, Swedes on the right and Saxons on the left, both under the supreme command of Gustavus Adolphus, profiting by the absence of obstacles in that hedgeless country, had deployed into approximate battle array for their long advance toward Tilly's army somewhere between them and Leipsic, now some three and a half German miles distant. The battalia wherein marched Axel Bjelke was in the van of the Swedish center, moving a little to the right of the rutted road from their last camp, at Wolkau, toward that city. In an old-fashioned custom that retained yet a hint of medieval chivalry, the King of Sweden had sent a formal challenge of battle to his seventy-two-year-old opponent and had received a formal acceptance. Now the word had just been passed that some of Tilly's dragoons, supported by cuirassiers, had been seen between a couple of small villages on a small streamlet some way ahead and directly across their line of advance.

The next moment, on the stiff west wind that blew straight into their faces, came a quick succession of popping reports. Despite his still somberly resolved determination to get himself killed in the battle, Axel Bjelke heard them with a peculiar little shock. They were the first hostile shots he had heard. Olaf Björnson twisted his head round to him with a broad grin.

"The music commences," he said. "Get ready for the dance."

That popping continued, was multiplied, ahead of them. His view barred by the bristling mass of pikemen in front, the lad could see nothing of its cause. He saw, however, a regiment of green-sprigged dragoons go cantering past, steel-helmeted but with no cuirasses, each man with a long light musket slung muzzle-downward behind his back and a sword at his left side. They cheered vociferously as they swept along to reënforce the dragoons clearing the enemy dragoons from the village houses and the banks of the streamlet.

A moment or two later there was a spontaneous burst of cheers from his own battalia. Mounted on his familiar gray horse, his rather bulky figure having no body armor over the leather coat, a green plume waving in his gray felt hat, King Gustavus Adolphus came galloping toward them, followed by a suite of young nobly born officers whose cuirasses flashed through the sunlit dust raised by the marching troops, and by a small bodyguard of cavalry holding aloft the flag embroidered with the royal arms. He reined his horse back on its haunches, stopped so close to them that the young man could clearly see his features as he raised his spyglass and peered ahead.

There was a visible fierce joy on that handsome face with the great aquiline nose, the fair, slightly curled mustaches and the pointed beard. Axel Bjelke perceived it with a curious bitter sense of incongruity. What to him would surely be annihilation—his flesh shrank in the memory of his desperate resolve, in the menace of those popping muskets in front—to that awesome demigod on the horse was strangely, callously, an occasion of exultant happiness. He wondered if His Majesty would remember to inquire for him after the battle and would be interested to hear that he was dead. The king ceased to peer at that dragoon skirmish in front, sent a young officer galloping toward it, and turned his horse and cantered away toward the right, his bodyguard following him.

(Continued on Page 205)

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WEAF	WEEI	WCAE	WRC
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8 a. m.	8 a. m.	8 a. m.	7:15 a. m.
DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME			EASTERN STANDARD TIME

(Continued from Page 203)

The popping in front ceased. They continued to march forward, obliquing slightly to the left, and then the pikemen in front halted for a moment, and went on again in a contracted column of route. They followed, themselves contracted to two corporalships—four six-deep files each—of musketeers abreast. Immediately, he perceived the reason. Their battalia was passing through the village street. No inhabitants were visible. Pushed out of the road, against the doorway of a mean hovel, a man lay curiously twisted, a pool of blood under him. Axel Bjelke glanced at him, turned away his head abruptly, feeling suddenly almost ill. They went on, in a resounding rhythmic tramp over a parapetless wooden bridge across the streamlet.

Away to his right, between them and the next village whose spire emerged from a clump of trees, other infantry battalias were splashing through the water. Absurdly, he was glad his own had a bridge to cross by—it would be horrible to get wet like that at the beginning of a battle. Submerged in the clear water, he saw another man lying huddled, and beyond, on the farther bank, two more, on their backs. He looked at these curiously, in the beginning of familiarity, as he passed. What had they felt when death had come to them on that bright windy morning? A little farther on still, a dragoon with a white identification cloth round his helmet and blood pouring from his shoulder sat by a dead horse and jeered at them derisively. One of the enemy! An excited recruit in the next corporalship wanted to run out and thrust him through with his sword, but was sternly ordered to keep the ranks.

In that deafening far-spreading thudding of drums and shrilling of fifes, sharp commands were suddenly shouted by the partisan-armed officers marching by the side of the battalia. The rear platoon wheeled outward as it massed itself on a wider front. They were deploying again into the formation for battle. There was a single dull doubly reverberating heavy report far ahead of them. A moment or two later he heard a sudden ugly hissing rush in the air, rapidly rising in pitch as it approached. It passed overhead in a scream that dropped abruptly to a lower note—in an imminent heart-stopping menace that gave him a spasm in the chest as instinctively he ducked his head.

Again Olaf Björnson turned to him with a grin on his snubnosed, humorous face. "Ninepins!" he said. "A bad shot!"

That distant dull report was repeated, was multiplied. Again and again came that menacing rushing hiss and scream, again and again he ducked paroxysmally as it passed only just overhead. The veterans around him laughed, mocked his respect for those gifts from General Tilly. From somewhere behind him, immediately after one had passed so startlingly close that he could feel its wind, came an outburst of awful shrieks and screams, came angrily shouted orders from the officers. Still they marched on.

Engrossed in exactly obeying the successively vociferated commands, he had no leisure to notice what was happening beyond his immediate vicinity. His own battalia had joined with three others—all were at half strength—and, combined, they were now ranging themselves in that original and most effective brigade formation devised by the Swedish king. It was a formation in the shape of a short-legged T, with the leg toward the enemy. The extremity of that leg was a serried mass of corsleted pikemen six deep on a front of thirty-six. Behind them, at a little interval, four corporalships of musketeers stood in somewhat more open order. In rear of these came the line which was the long head of the T. In the center was another block of musketeers six men deep by sixteen on each side of them, a mass of pikemen thirty-six by six. Beyond these, on each flank, musketeers again in eight corporalships abreast, a front of thirty-two and a depth of six.

The spearhead of the advanced clump of pikes would effectively break up a hostile charge; the advanced musketeers sheltered behind them could deliver a flank fire upon an enemy pushing forward to the attack of the main body of pikemen, behind which, again, the flank bodies of musketeers could seek protection if too closely pressed. Articulated in these comparatively small mutually supporting bodies—and in addition, each brigade lent and shared a mutual support with its neighbor in line—it was a formation at once infinitely more mobile and more formidable than the immense unwieldy masses characterizing every other army. Nearly three hundred years later, at the close of the greatest war in history, its principle would be revived in infantry tactics when, for the old straight-ahead linear formation deriving from Frederick the Great, was substituted clumps of men able to act in any direction and whose diverse weapons similarly united fire power and protection.

When the evolution was completed, Axel Bjelke found himself in the body of musketeers at the right flank of his own brigade. To his right, three other brigades were similarly arrayed, and beyond them he could see, a trifle advanced, a great mass of cuirass-gleaming horsemen, while to the left was the drifting cloud of dust sent up by the Swedish cavalry of the left wing and the Saxon Army beyond them. In rear, the rolling of drums, the shrilling of fifes, the blaring of trumpets, told of other brigades of foot and horse taking up position. In front and slightly to the right, the clumsy cannon of the heavy artillery were being painfully dragged into a long line, each gun with a barrel of powder and a pile of cannon balls just behind it—not yet had limbers been invented. Immediately in front, also, the light regimental four-pounders had been put into battery, and from similar barrels their busy gunners were loading them with the new short canvas-covered cartridges which were yet another novel device of Gustavus Adolphus. So interested was the musketeer in these preparations that almost he ceased to notice the whistling passage of the hostile cannon balls and the now much more rapid detonations.

He peered between the heads in front of him to see what he could of the enemy. A long low ridge, with the square church tower of Breitenfeld to the right, a wood immediately in front and a gallows prominent to the left, was dotted with slowly rising white smoke puffs from the imperialist artillery ranged along its crest. On the near slope of that ridge, with the guns firing over their heads, the enemy infantry was drawn up in the old fashion of great close-ordered, deeply ranked squares of pikes and a bastion of musketeers at each corner. Away to the right, beyond the infantry, stood regiment after regiment of cavalry, some with accouterments that flashed in the sun, others whose armor seemed black—he heard a staff officer from the king tell General Dyvel, commanding these four brigades in the center of the Swedish host, that they were Pappenheim's famous German cuirassiers. Away to the left, the imperialist infantry masses extended beyond his vision and he could not see the cavalry of their right wing, but that same cheerful young staff officer said they were Italians commanded by Count Fürstenberg. An immense vociferation came from those deep squares as an officer, conspicuous on a white horse, trotted along their front, a small bodyguard behind him. Carl Lyngstram turned and pointed to him.

"Old Tilly!" he said. Too far off was he for the lad to discern the features of that tough old general; "Father Tilly" to the fierce war-hardened veterans whom his presence inspired with an enthusiastic certainty of victory.

A near and violent detonation shook the air, and was followed by others in quick succession. Whelmed in yellowish-white smoke of their own making, the line of Swedish heavy guns had opened fire. Vaguely through that smoke, Axel Bjelke could see

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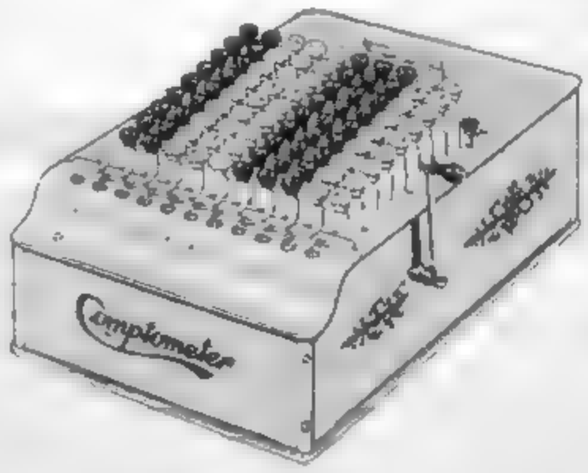

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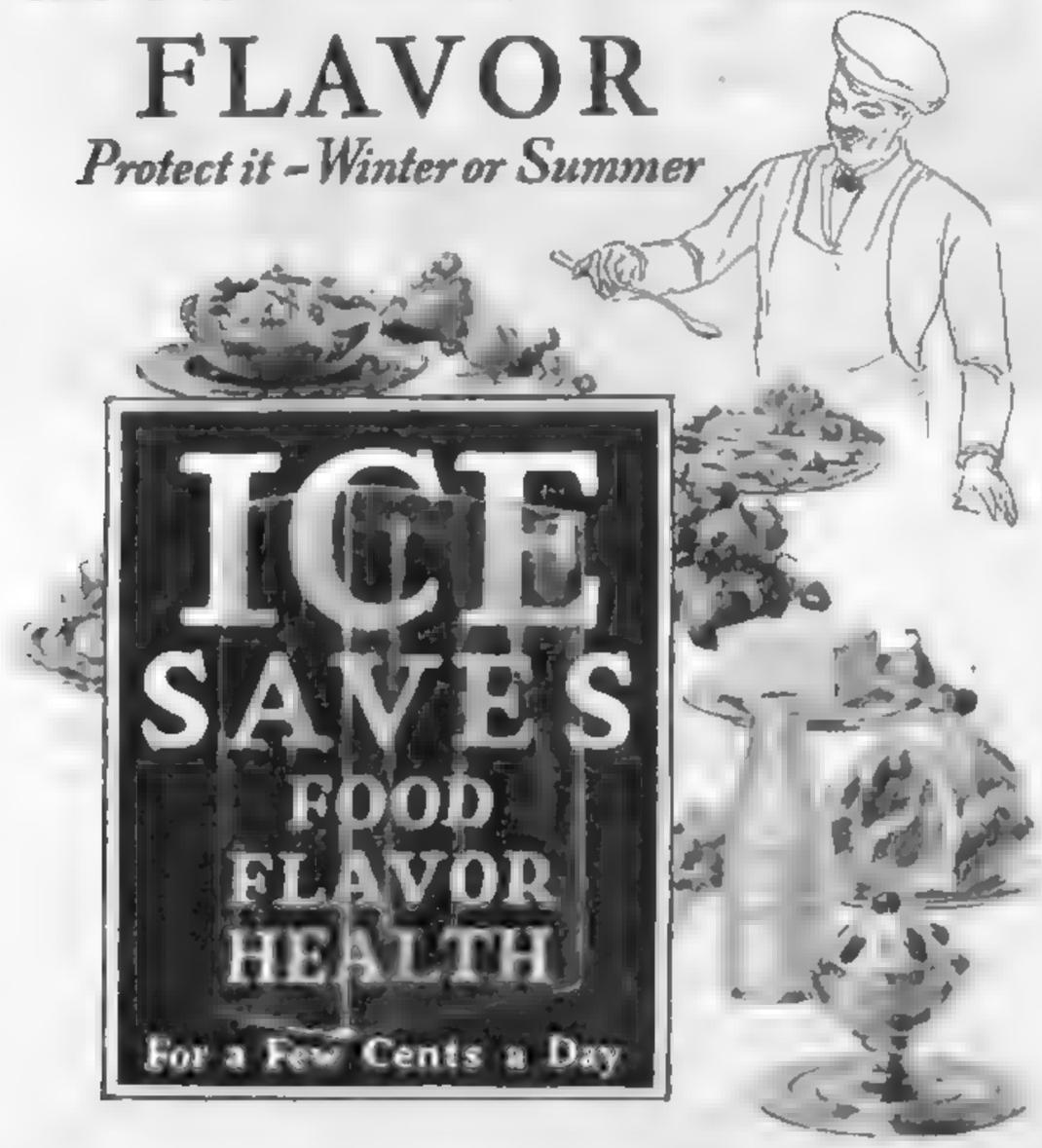

PEOPLE take ice in hot weather to keep food from quickly spoiling. In cold weather spoilage is much slower, but it goes on just the same. Whenever the temperature rises above a certain point perishable food begins to suffer. It may be still quite fit to eat, but it loses SOME of its quality, the delicate flavor which comes from being kept fresh.

In fall and winter, there are many days when the temperature rises above 50° F., sometimes for hours, sometimes for days at a time. It may freeze at night and thaw by day. Such changes are hard on food. By getting a monthly weather chart from your local bureau you can see for yourself how changeable is the weather, especially in fall and spring.

That is why fine clubs and good hotels and better homes take ice the year 'round. It may not be needed to save food, exactly; but it does save flavor. It is also used on the table, in drinking water, on butter, around fruit, olives and celery. That makes them crisp, brings out their full flavor.

Why not improve your own menu by the simple help of ice? Make a liberal use of cracked ice on your table. It costs almost nothing and it adds so much to the appetizing quality of many things you serve.

Keep your refrigerator well filled; that will insure an even cold regardless of changes in the weather; it will also provide the needed circulation of cold in your refrigerator, to prevent mold and stagnant air.

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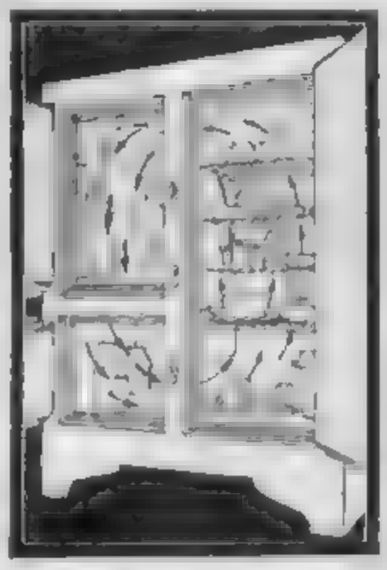

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the cannoneers working furiously at their pieces, hauling them forward again after the recoil, sponging them out, dashing back to the powder barrel and the heap of cannon balls for a new charge, ramming it home with fierce vigor, pausing while an officer or sergeant rectified the aim, applying the flare which produced again a sharp spurt of red flame in the heart of the outward-bellying smoke almost simultaneous with the deafening report.

The still stiffly blowing wind made a rent in the drifting fumes and he saw a narrow crevasse suddenly open in the great square of serried pikes immediately opposite to them, saw the crevasse close up and open again in a different place. With no definite tactical purpose—still rudimentary was the art of using artillery in the field—the Swedish heavy guns were cannonading the infantry in front of them, and incidentally demonstrating their superiority over the imperialist artillery, compared with which they fired three shots to one. To Axel Bjelke, fascinatedly watching them as he stood immobile in his file, it all seemed like a dream, devoid of effective reality.

Suddenly, however, there was a wild cry, a shriek and scream, from the advanced clump of pikemen on his left. In a long lane through its heart he saw the spears go down like ears of corn when a dog dashes through a field. Again there was a cry, again the pikes fell in confusion. There was a sudden fiercely swishing rush in the air and, startlingly close to him, the next file but one of musketeers went down in a bloodcurdling shriek. Tilly's guns had found the range! Abruptly dissipated was that unreality. Again and again the cannon balls swished into them. His knees trembled so that it seemed they must give way, his breath was choked in the all but panic fear that seized him, in that appalling sense of utterly exposed impotence. "Close up! Close up!" came the harsh shouts of the officers. He glanced at Carl Lyngstram, stolid at the head of the file, stepping to the left as though upon parade, and was slightly reassured. Olaf Björnson turned and grinned at him. He could not hear what he said. To his horror, he found that he was standing in a pool of blood.

A few more shots tore through the brigade, and then the enemy guns changed their target. On their right front the great battery of heavy pieces still vomited forth upon the great massed squares of the enemy, upon his closely ranked cavalry regiments also, and now the light regimental guns had been advanced to effective range, their horses close beside them for instant withdrawal if need be, and were adding their violent, rapid detonations to the infernal roar that swelled and thundered from one end of the field to the other. Constantly, beyond the open space between the armies, he could see the pikes tumbling, the hostile squares closing up. His nervous tension diminished, his knees ceased to tremble. He became habituated to this environment of imminent danger. Almost he did not shrink when again, for a space, the imperialist cannon balls hissed and hurtled among them. If it had to be, it had to be.

Interminably this reciprocal cannonade continued, with no offensive movement from either side. For more than two hours the hostile armies stood motionless in their mutually menacing array, while the mercilessly thundering guns took toll of them. Bjelke and some of the other recruits began to get irritably impatient, were humiliatingly snubbed by the old soldiers in the files. Tough old Tilly, they explained, was waiting for Gustavus to charge his still impregnably solid squares. But they might be sure that the king would make no move until the last man was in position; and it would take some time—very poor was the maneuverability of even the best infantry in those days—before his second and third lines, delayed by the crossing of the stream, were arrayed precisely as he wished them.

Suddenly, away to their right front—on the left wing of the enemy line—there was a stir among the hostile cavalry, a wild cheering that came faintly to them through the roar of the guns. Squadron by squadron, the horsemen of Pappenheim moved forward at a walk, at a trot, heading for the Swedish right wing. They could not know that that impetuous cavalry leader, galled beyond endurance by the cannonade which for hours had transversely ravaged his ranks, was attacking without orders, and that old Tilly, seeing them depart, was throwing up his arms and exclaiming: "They have robbed me of my honor and my glory!"

Those Swedish musketeers saw only that vast body of cavalry—reputed to be the finest in the world—advancing with parade steadiness upon their own right, and they held their breath in excitement and apprehension as they watched. Still at that ordered trot—so misunderstood had become the function of cavalry since it had been equipped with firearms that only Gustavus Adolphus insisted on his horsemen charging at a gallop with drawn swords, the front rank alone firing their pistols. In every other army they attacked at a trot, each rank discharging its long wheel-lock pistols at point-blank range and wheeling away to permit the fire of the next, their swords used only to slash up an infantry square into which such tactics sometimes blew a gap—the glittering squadrons of cuirassiers moved across the plain toward the cavalry on the Swedish right, shouting in their confidence of victory over a notoriously poorly mounted enemy. The Swedish heavy guns ceased fire at their advance, the cannoneers, fearing to be charged by a detachment from that cavalry, running for refuge to the infantry brigades behind them. With a thudding heart, Axel Bjelke watched that overwhelming torrent of horsemen. The leading squadrons passed out of sight beyond the spearhead pikemen of the adjoining brigades, and were obviously wheeling to take the entire line in flank.

A minute later, above the wild shouts, came a rapid and incessant fusillade—it was from the commanded musketeers posted in bodies of two hundred each between the squadrons of Swedish horse. Yet another original and effective device of the Swedish master of war—almost instantly merged into a wild confused noise of furious conflict that continued, it seemed endlessly, its origins blotted out by the renewed fire of the artillery no longer menaced. Suddenly a great shout broke from the entire right wing of the Swedish Army. Pappenheim's cuirassiers, charged at a headlong gallop by the Swedish cavalry as they had wheeled around the flank, and after being seven times rallied in desperate hand-to-hand combat, were now themselves galloping back in disorder, hotly followed by the Swedish horsemen in a pursuit that was not to cease until the Imperialists were completely driven off the field. Axel Bjelke cheered as the musketeers around him cheered—cheered as though they would never stop.

There was a sharp shout from the officers: "Musketeers! Stand to your front! Make ready!"

Startled, he looked ahead as he wound the spring of his already loaded wheel lock. The huge squares of enemy pikemen were slowly marching across the field, obliquely to his left, where suddenly he was aware of a fearful clamor. They threw out clouds of musketeers as they advanced, men who ran forward with heavy musket and forked rest, a twist of spark-emitting match around their white-badged morions. What had happened? A staff officer galloped furiously to where their general sat his horse between the advanced pikemen of the brigades, pointed to the left and spoke rapidly. The general came cantering back toward the brigades marshaled in rear of them. They heard again from them a sudden blaring of trumpets and rolling of drums. A moment or two later the explanation of all this passed from mouth to mouth through the ranks. Fürstenberg's cavalry had charged the Saxon Army and

(Continued on Page 209)

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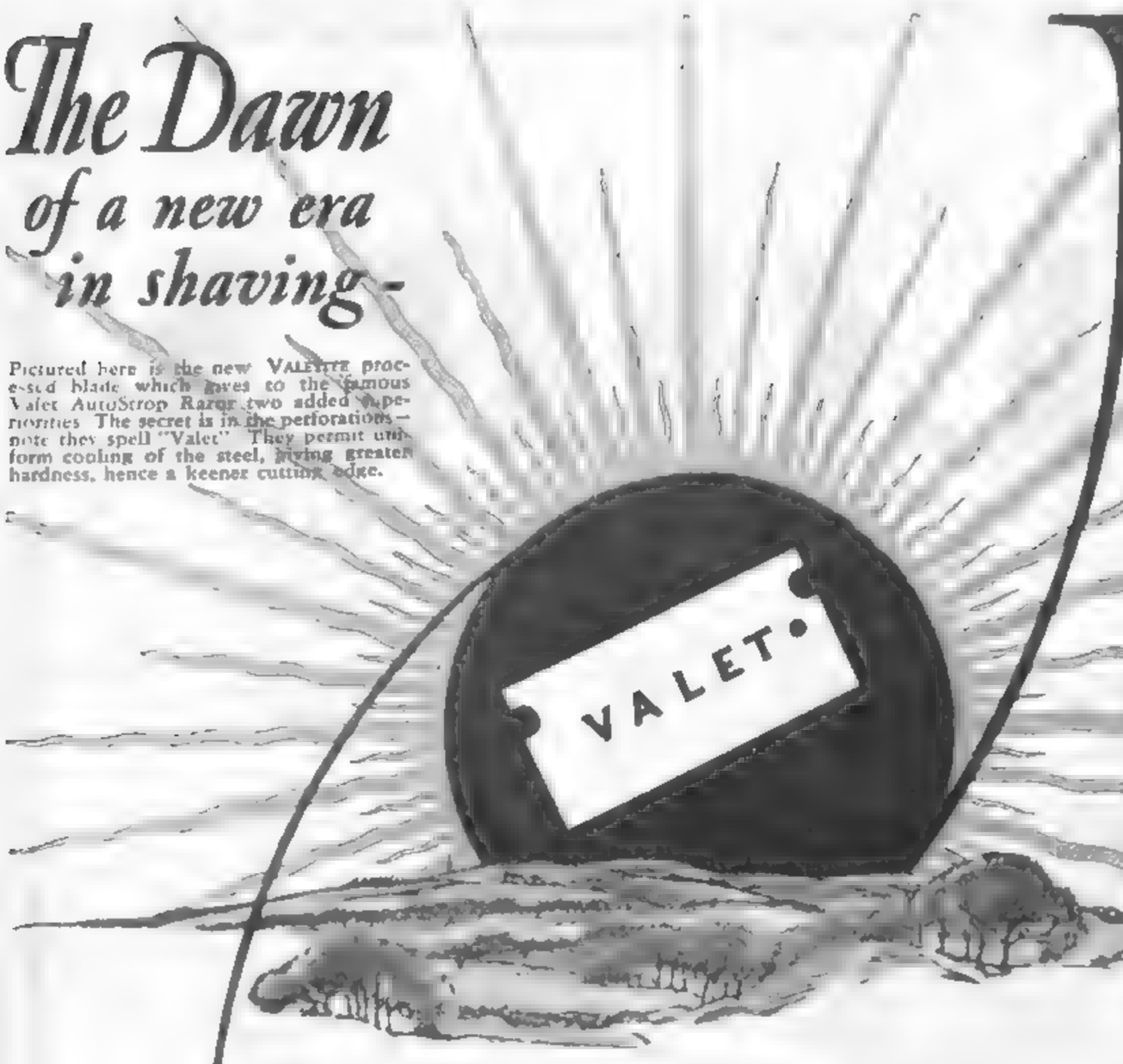

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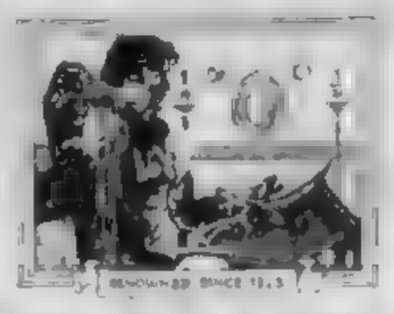

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(Continued from Page 206)

had utterly overwhelmed it, and was now pursuing it as it fled in panic. Half of Gustavus' combined host had vanished in a few instants. The Swedish left flank stood overlapped and exposed, and the cavalry and commanded musketeers of the wing were now forming on a new thrown-back line to ward off the danger. Two brigades from the reserve of the center had been sent to support them. Their own brigade was left at the angle of this new front.

Axel Bjelke heard all this vaguely, scarcely comprehending its import. He was watching those ponderous enemy masses marching obliquely across the field, was watching the white-badged musketeers who were ever closer as they ran toward the left.

Two such squares of pikemen passed on that diagonal march, preserving their formation despite the furious fire from the four-pounder guns, now discharged as quickly as they could be reloaded. A thick wall of white smoke rolled across the front, obliterating the enemy. The noise was terrifying, deafening, bewildering. Suddenly he saw the cannoneers rush back from their guns, saw a vague line of figures in the smoke.

A stentorian order came from behind him: "Musketeers! Double your files!" The three rear men of his own file ran up on his right. They were now only three deep, their front of fire doubled.

Again came the stentorian command: "Musketeers! Front rank—present!"

Intently watching his file leader, he saw Lyngstram swing up his musket to his shoulder, saw the line of enemy musketeers emerge from the smoke—a line that was six deep—saw them plant their forked supports, saw them rapidly affix the spark-sputtering matches to the hammers of the weapons, saw the muskets come level on the rests, the men squinting behind them

"Front rank—give fire!"

There was an instant crash from the front rank, a wall of smoke, an instant, raggedly ripping detonation from the enemy, a sharp multiplied whistling in the air, and shouts and shrieks as men lurched and tumbled. Lyngstram came running back to take post behind him, biting off the end of a new cartridge as he did so. Olaf Björnson was now in the front rank. After Olaf, it would be his turn! Through the thinning smoke he had a glimpse of the enemy musketeers also doubling back to give a free field of fire to their second rank.

"Second rank—present! Give fire!"

Again the crash, the wall of smoke. Again the answering crash from the enemy. Whelmed in that smoke, he perceived that he was still unhit, but that Olaf Björnson was gone from in front of him. His throat was suddenly parched. Desperately he tried not to tremble, as vaguely in the fumes he saw the next rank of enemy musketeers leveling their pieces.

"Third rank—present!" He jerked his heavy musket up to his right shoulder, his finger on the trigger, forcing himself to keep the long barrel steady, to aim at the figure aiming straight at him. "Give fire!" The crash, the renewed smoke, again came before the discharge of the enemy ripped redly through the smother. So many shouts and shrieks there were, he could not distinguish between those of their own men and the foe. He stood stupidly for a moment, trying to see if the man he had aimed at was down—was startled by Lyngstram's voice shouting at him:

"Get back—and reload!"

Even as he ran to take his place again in the third rank, there was another vehement order from the officer behind them:

"Musketeers! Nine paces forward! Double!"

The triple rank ran forward to its original position. With a desperate haste he snatched a cartridge from his bandoleer, bit off the end, poured it down the barrel, pushed down the bullet—"Front rank—present! Give fire!"—whipped out his scouring rod and rammed home, wound up the spring, filled the priming pan from his flask—"Second rank—present! Give fire!" The smoke from those succeeding crashes drifted past him. He was again in the front rank. "Third rank—present! Give fire!" Thank God, his musket had discharged with the others—he had forgotten nothing. He ran to resume his place in the third rank—tripped over Olaf Björnson, clutching at his breast. "Musketeers! Nine paces forward! Double!"—"Front rank—present! Give fire!"

So it went—it seemed endlessly—in a choking powder smoke, in a furnacelike heat, amid a confusion of crashes and shrieks and cries that was bewildering, maddening. He lusted for the death of all those enemy musketeers—surely they must have been reënforced—as feverishly he reloaded, presented, fired and reloaded again. For the first six discharges those smoke-whelmed men had fired almost as quickly as the Swedes. Then the slower more complicated reloading of the cumbrous matchlock had set them progressively back, and—overlapped by the thinner and more rapidly shooting triple rank of the Swedes; caught also under the flanking discharges from the musketeers advanced behind the pikemen—their volume of fire had diminished and become more and more irregular. Suddenly there was no answering crash from them.

"Musketeers! Reform! Make ready!"

The smoke drifted away. He found himself just behind Carl Lyngstram as the files jostled into a new six-deep formation over the bodies of those dead and wounded. With a trembling hand he reloaded his musket; found, as he did so, that he had fired all the ten cartridges that had dangled from his bandoleer. Still tremblingly, he tied on ten more from the box at his belt. Fearful—he suddenly realized—was still the clamor from the left, and the roar of cannon was incessant. The little guns in front of them had been remanned and were firing furiously.

"Musketeers! At the cavalry! Front rank—present!"

He saw suddenly—come he knew not whence—a swarm of white-bearing cuirassiers ride at a sharp trot toward the advanced clump of pikes whose outside ranks were already at the order; the pikemen holding them slantingly against their right feet with their left hands, and grasping their drawn swords with the right. The cuirassiers came quite close, leveled their long pistols, fired in a smother of smoke, wheeled caracoling away for the second rank to fire likewise, even as the musketeers behind the pikemen fired.

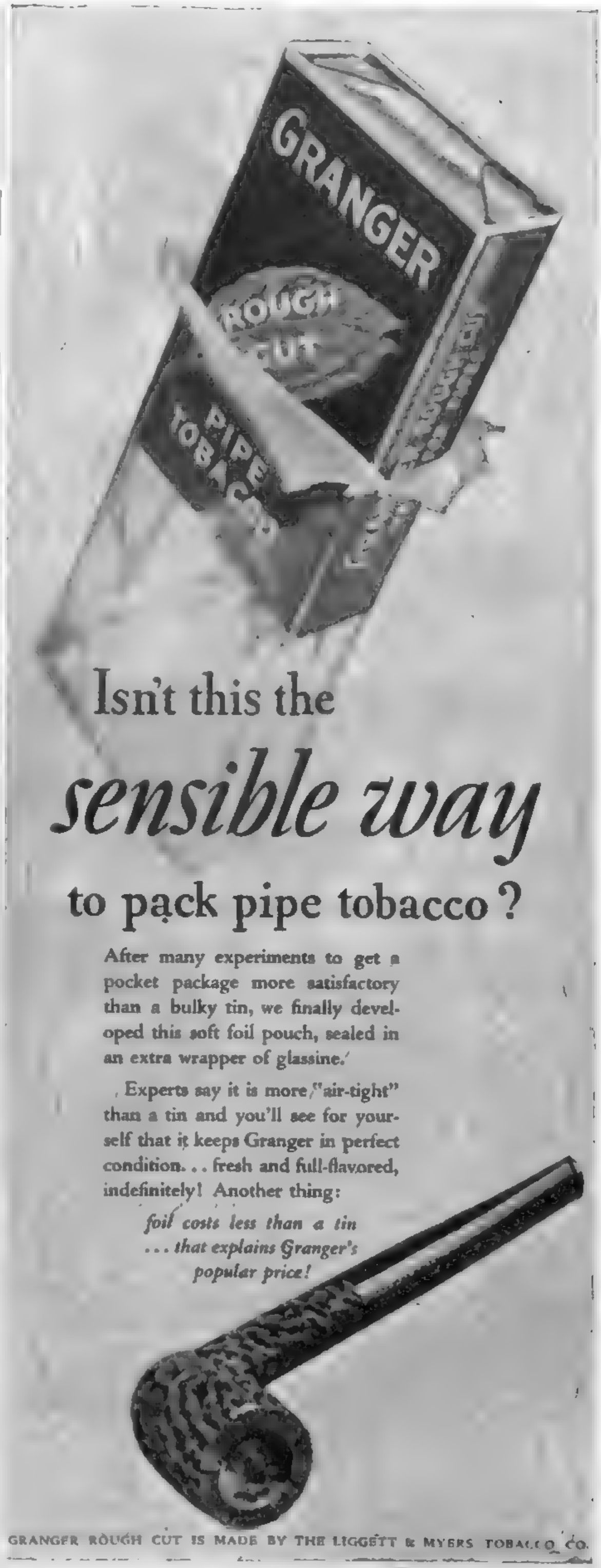
"Musketeers! Front rank—give fire!"

There was again the crash and the wall of smoke. Lyngstram ran back behind him, left him in the front rank.

"Second rank—present!" There were yet more of those cuirassiers—another troop riding straight at them. "Give fire!" He fired and ran back.

The next moment there was a thunder of galloping hoofs coming from their right, and with a wild shout, waving their long swords, a squadron of green-sprigged Swedish cuirassiers crashed upon the enemy horsemen, passed with them into the smoke, and vanished in a play of whirling blades. Again their front was clear.

Incidents like these repeated themselves endlessly in that intoxicatingly intense activity which henceforth had no respite. He lost count of them, lost count of time, lost the sense of everything save an intent obedience to the orders constantly shouted. Once, he knew, they moved all together, marched—under a fearful enemy cannonade—to take up a new front toward their left, where still vast masses of hostile pikemen and musketeers could be seen through the smoke. He did not realize that they were now at right angles to their former position, that—maneuvering his comparatively small bodies of men, which were so much more mobile than the phalanxes of the enemy—Gustavus Adolphus had readjusted his front completely level with



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Tilly's cumbrous movement to outflank him.

The cannonade still continued, more thunderous than ever, but from a moment he could not now identify—no longer did the cannon balls come tearing through their ranks. Tilly's movement had left his artillery in battery along the ridge—the guns were too unwieldy to be readily moved; only the Swedish artillery could with any promptitude change position in battle—and the Swedish king had swept along it with all his right-wing cavalry, had sabered the gunners, and was now turning the imperialist cannon against the flank of their own infantry. Away to the left, Fürstenberg's cavalry had been routed by the horsemen of Count Horn, the Saxon guns had been recaptured, and every Swedish gun had been brought into action and was thundering upon an easy target. Tilly's infantry—all its cavalry defeated and its artillery lost—stood in a long, unwieldy mass, melting under a merciless fire from two sides, its musketeers falling in swaths under the formidably more rapid discharges of the Swedes.

To Axel Bjelke this last phase of the battle was merely a murderous interchange of fire with the musketeers ranged near a great pike-bristling phalanx of the enemy. It began to grow dusk. The flashes of the guns and muskets came more vividly—with a red luridness—through the smoke. Still that great phalanx of the enemy stood firm, leveling its pikes at every charge upon it. There was a wild moment or two when they themselves charged—their pikemen shouting as, with long leveled spears, in close order, they went at a trot toward the enemy, were locked with them in a swaying mass, in that push of pike which was the orthodox climax of battle. The musketeers had also charged on the flank of that attack, and had fired rapidly, rank by rank; each one now going forward in succession after the last had fired. There had been a wild, mad confusion—somewhere in that confusion he had abandoned a musket suddenly broken, had drawn the sword hanging at his left side, had seen a white-badged man with a flag, several others around him with blood-smeared blades, and had—he knew not how—killed the man and taken the banner. And then all that confusion had dissolved. Once more—how, again, he did not know. . . . What had happened to that banner?—he found himself in the front rank of a four-filed squad of musketeers—when and where had he snatched up the musket he loaded and fired? He could not remember. Where was Lyngstram? When had he disappeared? His mind was a blank, when he found himself suddenly engaged in violent action with another body of enemy matchlock men. And then they also had disappeared.

Suddenly he realized, with the cessation of their own firing, that all the other firing had ceased. There was, comparatively, a strange quiet—a quiet filled with groans and pleading cries and calls for water, with rolling drums and trumpet blasts and shouted commands, as the units were once more brought into disciplined shape. He seemed still in a dream—this quietness itself dreamlike. Someone shook him by the shoulder. It was the young captain who had appeared at his arrest in the camp at Düben—the one charged to report on his conduct in the battle. The face of that erstwhile spruce young man was blackened grotesquely with powder, his clothing was dirty and torn, his left arm was in an improvised sling. Surprisingly, the officer grinned at him, bade him follow.

As they walked, he asked what had happened to Lyngstram. The file leader had had his right arm disabled by a musket ball, the captain informed him, and had long ago gone to the rear. The lad could imagine Ulrika tending that wound with a fond but cool efficiency, smiling that her man had come back to her. Very glad he was for her. He could hardly forgive himself for having forgotten Lyngstram in the heat of the fight.

They went a few steps farther through the still wreathing smother of smoke, and stopped abruptly. There, dismounted from his gray horse, hatless and smoke-begrimed, the King of Sweden knelt upon the ground, gave solemnly sincere thanks to God. The remnant of his staff, with bared heads, stood near him. At last he rose, went toward his horse. The young captain advanced and saluted. Axel Bjelke remembered, with a sudden fright, a sudden astonishment at himself, that he had sworn to be dead.

"May it please Your Majesty! Your Majesty's orders. The musketeer, Your Majesty!"

The king stared at him, uncomprehending. Had the officer gone mad?

"The musketeer of the day before yesterday, Your Majesty. Your Majesty ordered me to report upon his conduct after the action. He is here."

The king laughed in a sudden remembrance of that trifling incident, nodded his head. Meticulous fidelity to orders always pleased him. This was a good example for his staff to spread through the army.

"Bring him forward," he said.

The captain turned, used his parade-ground voice: "Musketeer! Forward—march! Halt! Present the ensign to His Majesty!"

Automatically, the young man obeyed, marched forward, halted in utter bewilderment. The ensign? What ensign? He stared. The captain pointed to his jerkin. He glanced down, saw blood splashes, saw the end of a gold-embroidered scarlet flag protruding from between the buttons. Vaguely he half remembered—but when had he torn it from the pole, stuffed it there? He dragged it out, knelt and presented it, his head in a whirl.

The king took it with a happy laugh. "The first ensign to be brought to me, captain! Did this man behave well?"

Axel Bjelke could scarcely believe his ears at the reply. "The bravest man in the company, Your Majesty." The officer's voice was still as curtly precise as on parade. "He fought like a madman. This ensign he took in single-handed fight with three Imperialists. Also he saved my life when I was all but overcome by four cuirassiers. One he shot and the others he struck down with his musket." Had he? He had not the faintest memory of it!

The king smiled. "A true Swede! Henceforth he is promoted file leader," he said. "Captain, take note of it!" He swung himself into his saddle and rode away.

From that victorious army came suddenly, in fervent enthusiasm from thousands of throats in the gathering darkness, the grand Lutheran hymn which was the especial favorite of its leader—*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*

So, to the humble soldier in the ranks, appeared that great battle of Breitenfeld, or Leipsic, fought only a few miles from where, a little more than a year later, Gustavus Adolphus would fall at the crisis of the desperate battle against Wallenstein—then doomed to inevitable defeat in that overwhelming onrush of the Swedish soldiers weeping for their king, as furiously they avenged his death. That earlier decisive victory of Breitenfeld at a stroke converted the jeered-at Snow King into the formidably invincible Lion of the North. Moreover, it inaugurated a new epoch—the era of modern warfare.

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THE COMEBACK OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 7)

era. Out of tranquillity alone can emerge commercial order. That France should have taken the initiative for the Economic Conference is an indication that her passionate nationalism has seen the light of intensive coöperation even with the people she suspects and fears the most. In a speech not long ago Premier Poincaré announced that France is willing to forget the talk of war guilt if the Germans will stop denying guilt. Another is a Germany functioning at full power in the League of Nations, at whose door she battered so long for admission.

Not that the league itself has an occasion to adorn itself with medals. The council has, in the main, followed a policy of postponement, thereby leaving many problems unsolved. The June session passed the buck on such issues as the Rhineland occupation, the Hungarian-Rumanian dispute over Transylvania and the soviet problem.

In face of the failure of the league to grapple with the nagging essentials of the European situation, independent efforts in many directions have been significant. I have already referred to the truce in the Balkans and the new Anglo-French *entente*. The latter shows that Britain has abandoned Italy for French support. Italy therefore is building up her own fences, notably in Africa, where her colonial aspirations have crystallized in movements to dominate the Red Sea area, especially Yemen, and also Abyssinia. This is part of her effort to solve the problem of her excess population, which, by the way, is also an issue in Germany and England because of the heavy unemployment.

Elsewhere the spirit of accord is strong. The American claims against the British Government growing out of acts committed against our shipping prior to our entry into the war have been satisfactorily adjusted. Pilsudski, the iron man of Poland, has completed the first year of his authority with favorable financial and political balances. Primo de Rivera, like Mussolini, has almost become an institution in Spain, where economic advance is the order of the day. The return to Spanish constitutional government, however, remains a promise. Belgium thrives.

Both Italy and France had officially declared themselves practically independent of American loans for the time being. In the domain of the Duce, the American dollar, as a lending proposition, has almost become a liability, because the deluge of Yankee money was the principal factor in shoving the lira to a height incompatible with sound business expansion.

After Nine Years

The Swiss and the Bolsheviks have ended the long dispute which followed the murder of Vorovsky, the soviet delegate to the Lausanne Conference, and the boycott by Moscow of everything Swiss is off. The result of this maneuver is that henceforth Bolo representatives may participate in international gatherings at Geneva. Moreover, the Bolsheviks have suggested a plan to pay the prewar Russian debt to France over a sixty-two-year period. This movement, however, may be merely a gesture to stave off a diplomatic break by the French, following the British lead.

The conflict in Africa is finished, thus affording welcome relief both in man and money power to Spain and France, while the proposed pact between France and the United States to outlaw war is at least a step in the direction of universal concord, even if that millennium can never be actually achieved. Except in Italy, where imperialism of a sort is still rampant, belligerency in Europe is almost confuted.

Not only is the World War finally over after nearly nine years of unrest, miscalled peace, but the rancors have subsided. In the Allied countries you can see a film showing the romance of a German prisoner of war and a French girl; you find French travel bureaus on Unter den Linden in Berlin and *Man Spricht Deutsch*—German is Spoken—signs in endless shops in Paris. I saw a French *revue*, in French, at a Berlin theater, while Teutonic tourists flock to the French battlefields where their dead still sleep. Economic necessity, plus curiosity, remains the supreme leveler.

All this is well and good so far as it goes. But the imp of the perverse still infects Europe. When chancelleries believe they have closed the window on him, he crawls in under the door.

As I have already intimated, there lurks always some menace to the laboriously established order. Three major agencies for future trouble persist. They are the debts, reparations and Bolshevik intrigue. A nebulous fourth is Italy's new dream of world power.

The Battle of the Franc

No one need be told at this late day that the debt question has largely determined the economic and political evolution of Europe since 1918. It has upset ministries and it provoked much of the anti-Americanism which reached high tide last year. The propaganda against payment, instigated by countries and groups of international bankers, muddled the issue and created false impressions of the American attitude toward the debts.

There is neither space nor inclination to rehash the oft-told debt tale here. The only reason for the intrusion of the subject is that any study of the comeback of Europe is incomplete without a reference to it. The settlement of the debt question contributed mightily to reorganization and recovery, and, as Mr. Mellon said in his reply to the Princeton professors, "reopening the settlements would be a step backward and not forward, calculated to produce discord and confusion."

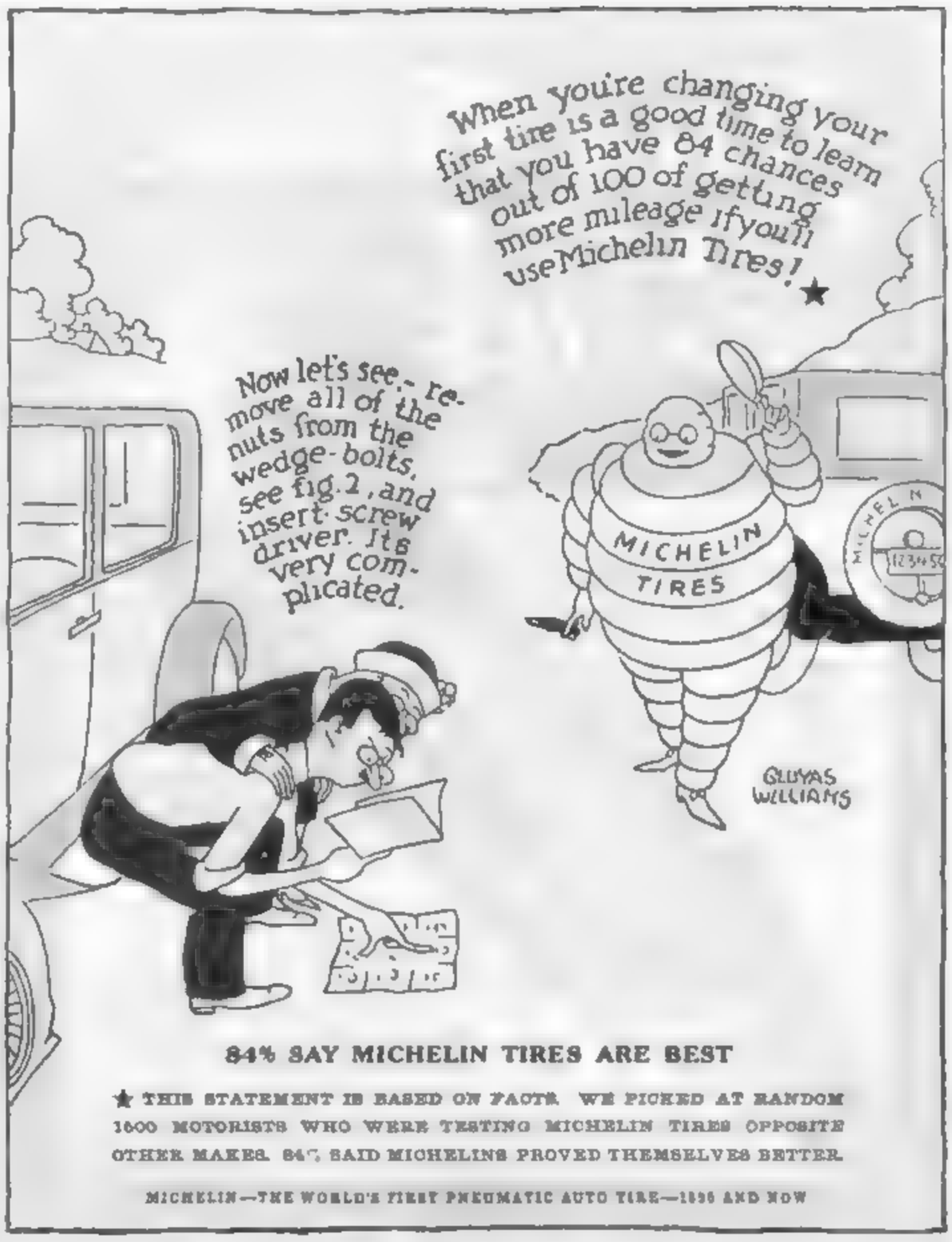
Hence the only justification for debt reference is to expose the altered state of mind of France as it bears on her financial convalescence. It is also necessary to point out a fact which has escaped most historians of the problem—namely, that when England maintains that we have been harsh creditor taskmasters the shoe is really on the other foot. We will deal with the French aspect first.

Though the Mellon-Berenger agreement has not been confirmed, there is a gradual disposition in France to meet the issue on a basis that I believe will ultimately be satisfactory to us. I gained this impression from talks with a wide range of persons, from Poincaré, who is both Premier and Minister of Finance, down.

A year ago such an attitude was out of the question. France then had a bad attack of nerves—not due to debt pressure from America, as was widely heralded, but to the collapse of the franc. In bringing about this debacle some of the French bankers and politicians placed selfish and material motives above patriotism. They sold the franc short on the one hand and evaded tax payments on the other. But they made the United States the goat and blamed us for their troubles.

A swift succession of finance ministers only added to the fiscal turmoil. It was not until Poincaré became field marshal of the battle of the franc late in July, 1926, that confidence was reborn. He put the franc at twenty-five to the dollar and there it has remained anchored. Remember that it was not the depreciation of European currencies that plunged the Continent into economic confusion, but the constant fluctuation of those currencies.

With the clearing of the financial skies, the French money that had been sent abroad to be converted into dollars, pounds, Swiss francs, Dutch gulden or British and American securities returned home. Reason now supplants frenzy, as is shown by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the unofficial payments on the American debt to which I have alluded. These two installments, by the way, were added to the annual service of $20,000,000 which France is making on her purchase of American war stocks.

Of course there is the eternal hazard embodied in French politics which may upset all these good intentions. The next general election is in May, 1928. So far as it is humanly possible to forecast it, there will doubtless be a stronger representation of the Left in the Chamber of Deputies. It is altogether likely that the Poincaré government will fall before the end of this year, because the Left wants to be in power when the voting begins. This wing has been more favorably disposed toward the debt settlement than the Right. Thus if Poincaré goes out and Briand, the sure-fire stop-gap in all national crises, comes in, the existing amiable dispositions may not be disturbed. The whole point to be emphasized in this preliminary summary is that France, generally speaking, seems to have had a change of heart toward every American point of view, the debt included.

Nor is the United States the only objective of this new solicitude. It applies to the Caillaux-Churchill debt agreement which settled the Anglo-French obligation and which also remains unratified. France has paid Britain £6,000,000 on her debt in the same unofficial way that she paid the $20,000,000 to us.

Though these payments to the United States and Britain do not commit the French Government to acceptance of the proposed settlements, the fact that they have been made constitutes a factor for goodwill, and, what is more important, shows the increasing ability of the country to meet its obligations.

France has done more than this. She has practically repaid the war advances made by the Bank of England to the Bank of France, which aggregated a total of £71,000,000. In connection with these advances John Bull was not altogether an altruist. The French paid interest at a rate equal to the Bank of England rate plus one per cent, with a maximum of 6 per cent. The service has been much heavier, as no interest was credited to the French Treasury on the gold which France was compelled to deposit with the Bank of England as security. Meanwhile the British had the advantage of the use of this gold. The deposit has now returned to France to swell her already immense store of the yellow treasure.

The Transfer Problem

These two events are illuminating for several reasons. One emphasizes the financial resiliency of France; the other shows that while the British generally have condemned us for driving a hard bargain with them for obligations incurred in a "common cause," they were not averse to making their ally France pay.

Linked with the debts are the reparations. Here you have another manifestation of the uncertainty of the postwar European temperament. When the Dawes Plan went into operation in 1924, the world began to breathe more freely, because it appeared that the most troublesome symptom in the whole category of complications had been allayed. But business men propose and politicians dispose. The period of recuperation allowed under the preliminary payments provided by the experts' plan is drawing to a close and a new showdown is at hand.

Up to the present time Germany has faithfully paid all her reparation obligations. This means that, beginning with 1,000,000,000 marks, the annuity for 1924–25, she has met a sliding scale each year up to 1,750,000,000 marks, the figure for 1927–28. The fiscal year 1928–29, the so-called standard year, starts a fixed annual payment of 2,500,000,000 marks. This high-water mark will probably mean the beginning of the rift. Already the clouds are gathering, because Germany maintains that the standard annuity is excessive and that it will further complicate the transfer problem.

The transfers have been an irritant from the day the Dawes Plan began to function. The word "transfer" in this connection literally means the transfer of German payments to the creditor countries. It is done in two ways. One is through actual cash; the other is in kind, which means goods, products or materials. These transfers deprive Germany of a legitimate outlet for the merchandise or materials employed, and at the same time cut into the industrial production of the nations that receive them. The Germans further regard the periodical shipment of gold marks to the Allies as a drain on their resources and a menace to their credit system.

It follows that a concerted movement has begun in Germany for revision of the Dawes payments. Every banker or industrialist with whom I talked—and they covered a wide range—had the same story to tell. It was just as if they had gone to school in a body and learned an identical lesson.

Victors, Vanquished, and Russia

This is characteristically Teutonic. I had the same experience in 1919, when I heard on all sides the home-formulated plan of peace and reparations based on Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points. On every desk, whether in bank or business house, lay the Wilson pronunciamiento. All Germans had a kindred tale to unfold. So it is now with the proposed revamping of the Dawes Plan. As a matter of fact, the experts' plan set up the first milepost in the reconstruction of Europe. To tinker with it would be precisely like reopening the debt settlements. In each case renewed confusion would be the outcome.

Coincident with the loosing of all the talk about a change in the Dawes Plan came a highly ill-advised agitation for the return of Alsace-Lorraine. The Germans always select the wrong hour for seeking to convert the world and in this move they were running true to form.

France had begun to lose her fear complex with regard to Germany when the Dawes Plan protest, linked with the agitation about Alsace-Lorraine, started. The inevitable flare-up broke. At a war memorial dedication at Lunéville in his native Lorraine, Poincaré unfurled the bloody shirt again and hurled a new defiance at Germany. He ridiculed reduction in reparations and the Alsace movement. Soon after, Doctor Stresemann, the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, made reply in a speech before the German Reichstag in which he asked if France wanted the Locarno or the Ruhr policies. The old hatred flared.

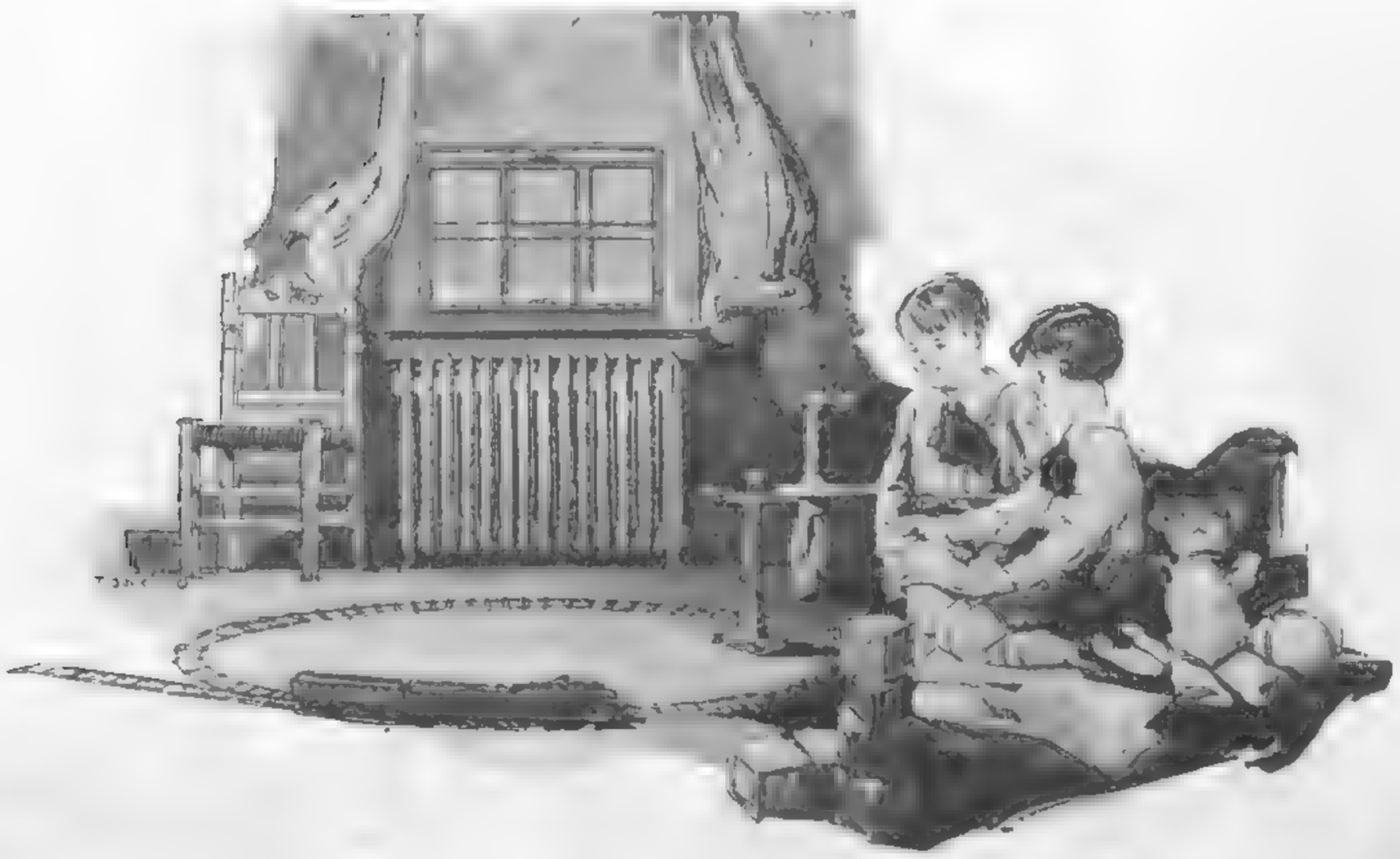
Once more you have an illustration of the perversity of the European situation. This tumult—it happened last June—came when the Franco-German economic rapprochement seemed nearer than at any time since the war. Among other things, a new commercial treaty between the two countries was in course of construction. The agitation naturally rasped feelings on both sides. As a result, the treaty is still unformulated.

There remains the little red forcing house at Moscow. Crimson sniping goes on in the face of all rebuff. Soviet intrigue, like those proverbial poor, is with Europe always.

In 1925 a well-known British diplomat, in appraising the unrest of Europe, said: "Europe is divided into three main elements—namely, the victors, the vanquished and Russia. The Russian problem—that incessant though shapeless menace—can be stated only as a problem. It is impossible to foresee what effect a development of the Russian situation will have on the stability of Europe."

What he said is still true with regard to the three main divisions of Europe, although German procedure during the last two years has inclined more to the point of

(Continued on Page 217)



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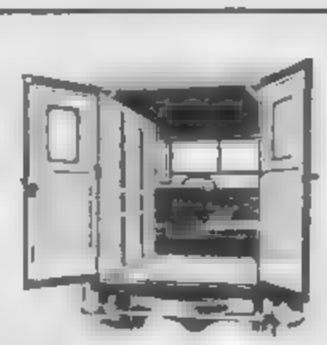

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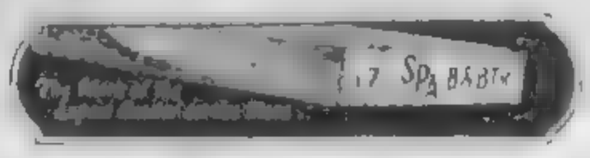
136 Interstate Building  New Orleans, Louisiana

SOUTHERN PINE ~ THE SUPREME STRUCTURAL WOOD OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 214)

view of the victor than the vanquished. But the menace is minimized. Russian potentialities for serious political dislocation have been sadly shaken. Hence the balance sheet of Bolshevism, so far as Europe is concerned, is not a cheering exhibit at the present writing.

Internal dissension in the Communist Party at home, with possible revolt, is matched by persistent failure abroad. Unhappily, this failure—whether in China, where the Nationalists, like the Turks under Kemal Pasha, used the Bolos so long as they were useful and then sacked them, or in Vienna, where the June riots were Moscow-inspired—is always disturbing. It will continue to disrupt until there is an entire new deal among the powers that rule the Russian roost.

There is no doubt that British recognition of Moscow in 1924 prolonged the life of the red autocracy. By the same token, the British break this year, following the raid on Arcos House, gave it a death blow. Though this episode will be fully dealt with in the article on England, it must have a passing mention now. For one thing, it inspired the revival of terrorism which expressed itself in the killing of a score or more of innocent czarist prisoners charged with "intrigue with the British." This carnival of crime—for such it was—has a definite significance.

If you study the history of ruthless oligarchies, you find that, in the main, the final recourse of despair is in indiscriminate executions. When the blood mongers of the French Revolution saw that well-known handwriting on the wall, the rumble of the victim-laden tumbrils through the streets of Paris to the guillotine was almost continuous.

You find the parallel today in the actions of the Bolshevik government. The red régime is doomed, but it would be foolish optimism to forecast the immediate fall.

Meanwhile Bolshevism is giving every symptom of ineptitude and failure. Bluff and bluster are the unfailing signs of a losing cause. Following the British repudiation of Moscow, a "defense week" which mobilized all the resources of the Soviet Republic, including the women, was staged throughout the country. When the Bolshevik envoy Voikoff was killed at Warsaw the war fever rose again and there was talk of an offensive against Poland. Both these movements expended themselves in sound and fury.

Trade and Recognition

The split in the Communist Party is of peculiar interest to Europe. Trotzky and Zinoviev have been threatened with expulsion from the inner councils. The curious feature is that they have been branded undesirable citizens because of the violence of their utterances. The little opposition that formerly existed in Moscow leaned toward the Right. Now it emanates from the extreme Left. Stalin, who is consolidating his dictatorship, has been wise enough to clutch at a near-capitalism as the final straw to hold the structure of his authority together. Hence the drive to stimulate foreign concessions, which do everything but concede.

What most people in the United States do not appreciate is that German support has done more to maintain Bolshevism than almost any other agency. It is economic rather than political. During the past seven years the Germans have given $200,000,000 in credits to the Russian Government. With the proceeds of these credits the Russians have filled their propaganda chests and financed their movements in China and elsewhere.

The Germans justify their procedure by saying that the Russian market is the only one open to them. They point to trade prohibitions in France and England and the tariff in the United States and contend that, in self-defense, they must ally themselves economically with the Bolos. There is more in this maneuver than shows on the surface. In the event of trouble with Poland, Germany knows that Russia would be her ally, whether active or passive. Besides, Russia is the one best highway to the Orient to capture the Chinese markets, where Britain once reigned supreme.

The British break with Moscow serves to emphasize an important point which has a direct bearing upon the United States. For years our half-baked parlor pinks have advocated American recognition of Moscow, asserting that it would be commercially advantageous to us if for no other reason. The plain truth, as the experience of England, France and Germany conclusively shows, is that recognition impairs rather than accelerates business. Without committing the supreme folly of recognizing Russia, the United States did more business with her in 1924 and 1925 than did either England or Germany. Practically the same ratio has been maintained ever since.

A Striking Contrast

In a speech made early in July at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor of London to the financial leaders of the City, Winston Churchill made interesting comment on the point that I have just made. Among other things, he said:

"I have long thought that the Government of the United States have set an excellent example to the whole world in their dealings with the Soviet Republic. They have done a great deal of trade with Russia—more, in fact, than almost any other country—and yet they have never seemed to compromise the integrity of the principles upon which the American social system is founded. What a contrast is presented by comparing the conditions of Russia and the United States! Here are two vast communities, each numbering far more than a hundred million, each in possession of a mighty continent containing every form of natural wealth and inexhaustible resources. On the one hand you see a community sinking back into the hideous self-torture of the communist delusion, the other striving forward, year after year, into a prosperity, for all classes of the people, without parallel or precedent. It is an object lesson which should serve its purpose throughout the world, and it is a contrast that will deepen in character and increase in scale with every year that the present conditions of the two immense republics continue."

In the last analysis, the one certain by-product of recognition of Russia everywhere has been an official subsidy of sedition. Moreover, to establish diplomatic relations with Moscow is to strengthen the soviet hand and give it renewed prestige with which to spread the poison of Bolshevism. Throughout the world the principal luggage the Bolo diplomats carry is propaganda.

Undeniably a powerful European coalition against Bolshevism is shaping. The British precedent in breaking off relations with Moscow is likely to be followed by France. On the day I write this paragraph the French ambassador at Moscow informed Chicherin, Soviet Minister of Foreign Affairs, that unless red propaganda in France ceased, official relations would end.

During my stay in France there were evidences that a definite movement to infect the French army and navy with communism was under way. Numerous cases of insubordination, especially among the young military reservists, were traced directly to agents operating under the direction of the Russian Embassy in Paris. The postal service is also honeycombed with red agitators.

Moscow frankly admitted that its representatives were at work in France, but made the claim that they were envoys of the Third International and as such were "independent of the Soviet Government."

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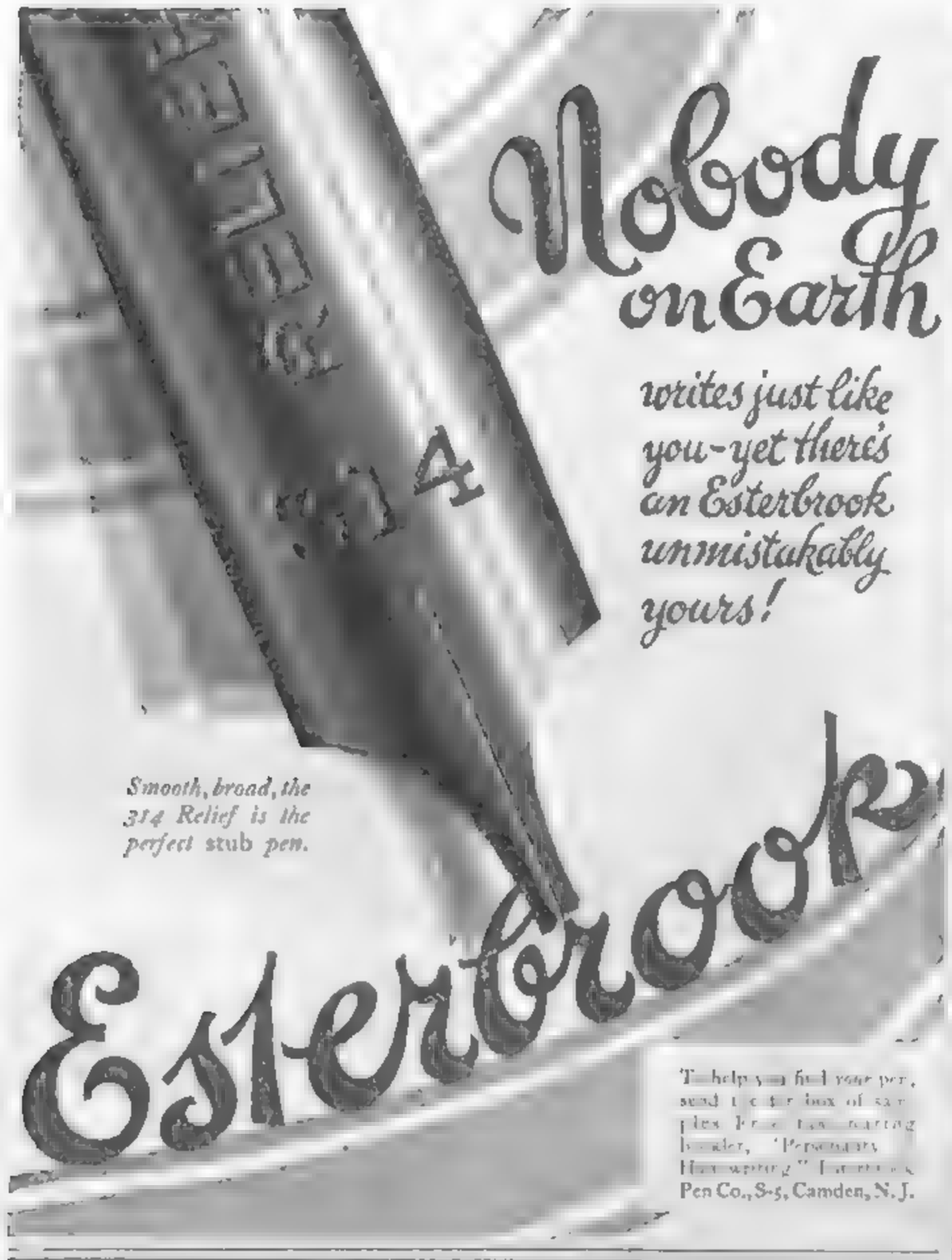
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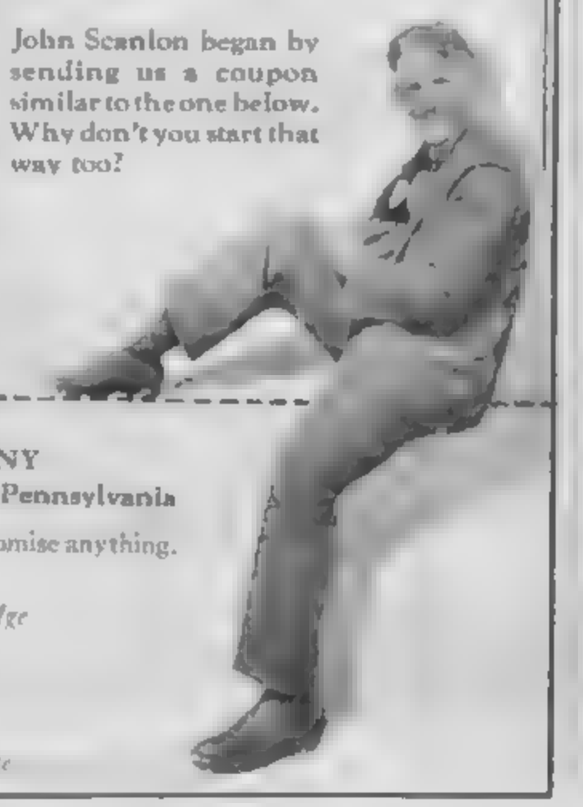


THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
987 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like to look over your plan, though I don't promise anything.

Name ..... *Age*

Street .....

City *State*

Communist Party, which, in turn, rules Russia.

If France joins England in the drive against Bolshevik intrigue it will mean just another nail in the red coffin. The French seem determined to stop soviet interference with their affairs. The two leading communists of France, Marcel Cachin and the Deputy Jacques Dorio, are under arrest and will be tried for sedition. The French Federation of Labor has refused to coöperate with the communist labor organization known as the C. G. T. U. The latter body fomented the strike in the Paris automobile factory of André Citroen, the French Henry Ford, last spring. It ended in complete disaster for the strikers.

Italy is soviet-proof and will continue to be invulnerable so long as Mussolini has his say and day. It is interesting to remark, in passing, that the Italian dictator told me his successor is not yet born. Hence Moscow must continue to keep Italy out of her calculations. Austria and Greece have taken a firm hand against Bolshevik activities and a break between these countries and Moscow, is not unlikely. Even Germany, with her huge financial stake in Russia, is losing patience with red penetration and, like France, has sent a sharp warning to Moscow.

Thus a far-reaching alliance against the red régime is in the making. Needless to say, the stamping out of soviet mischief-making will go a long way toward stabilizing the political comeback of Europe.

There are lesser political evils that will bear careful watching. The riots in Vienna, the tension between Hungary and Rumania and the possible disruption in Rumania following the death of King Ferdinand show that Central Europe has not lost its volcanic characteristics. France and Italy are drifting farther apart because of French sympathy with Jugo-Slavia. Real naval disarmament, as the Geneva Conference proved, continues an altruistic hope. In the matter of limitation in shipbuilding, as with many other things, talk of concession is cheap and fluent until the time comes to concede. Then everybody wants the other fellow to make the sacrifice.

So much for what might be called the outline of politics as it affects the larger European economic structure. Obviously, the Locarno spirit has lost something of its pep. Distrust still hampers complete accord.

If the Locarno political spirit is discolored, as Mussolini phrased it in his apt way during our talk in Rome, the Locarno industrial spirit is going strong. In close-knit community of interests lies the formula for European self-preservation, and likewise the sole hope of meeting American competition in the markets of the world. An economic United States of Europe is still among the possibilities.

A Loss of Customers

Let us have a swift look at the big facts, because they will disclose the provocation for the almost feverish movement to amalgamate. That hectic trust era of ours when New Jersey became the mother of combines had nothing on what is going on across the Atlantic now. To a greater degree than last year, Europe is merger-mad.

First, however, the status of world trade and its European angle. The Armistice Day accounting made last November by the National Foreign Trade Council—and it still holds good—estimated that foreign trade has not filled the gap by half between the normal extent to which it would have satisfied increasing human needs had there been no war. The accumulated shortages of the thirteen years since the conflagration started reaches the imposing total of $210,000,000,000, computed at 1925 gold values, or more than ten times our national debt. Let me interpolate here that the economic dislocation thus wrought is far greater than the ravages of actual war.

While European production has increased 5 per cent since 1913, her international trade is only 89 per cent of the prewar volume. As Europe has shrunk as an export continent, the United States has increased by nearly 40 per cent; Latin America and the West Indies by 52 per cent. Despite the turmoil in China, Asia has registered the largest advance, with an increase of 52 per cent. The big trade shifts have been in the Pacific, which will doubtless be the future theater of vast economic change.

Only Europe has lagged in the international trade procession. The reason is not difficult to find. The economic isolation of Russia is, of course, a factor. You cannot take more than one hundred million consumers out of the fabric of trade without derangement. But there are other vital causes which bear directly upon the theme of this article.

While world population generally has increased 5 per cent since 1913, the population of Europe has increased only 1 per cent. On the other hand, that of North America has expanded more than 20 per cent. This failure to keep pace with world population has contributed to the European commercial setback.

The Lack of Balance

We can now return for a moment to European production since 1913 and see just what it has been. It is largest in iron, steel, shipbuilding and the chemical trades, all of which were artificially expanded to meet war needs. Yet motors and artificial silk, which come under the luxury head—especially the latter—have also increased. An example of the lack of adjustment is the fact that while mercantile tonnage in Europe has increased by 38 per cent, the volume of goods transported shows scarcely any advance at all.

What have been the chief contributory causes? They include depreciated currencies, makeshift budgets, diminished savings, shortage of capital and artificial trade barriers raised by blind nationalism to bring about unwarranted economic independence and self-sufficiency. You will hear more about trade barriers later on.

Other causes are deeper and perhaps more remote. Once upon a time the colonies and the dependencies of powerful European nations shipped raw materials to be manufactured into finished products at home. Today the United States, Canada, South Africa, Australia, Asia and India have become production centers. Furthermore, Europe's inability to supply her old customers during the war gave the United States and Japan the opportunity to take her place. Because of high overhead cost of production on the one hand and lack of salesmanship craft on the other, she has not won back the lost markets. There is nothing new about this, but it is part and parcel of the approach to the new European economic deal.

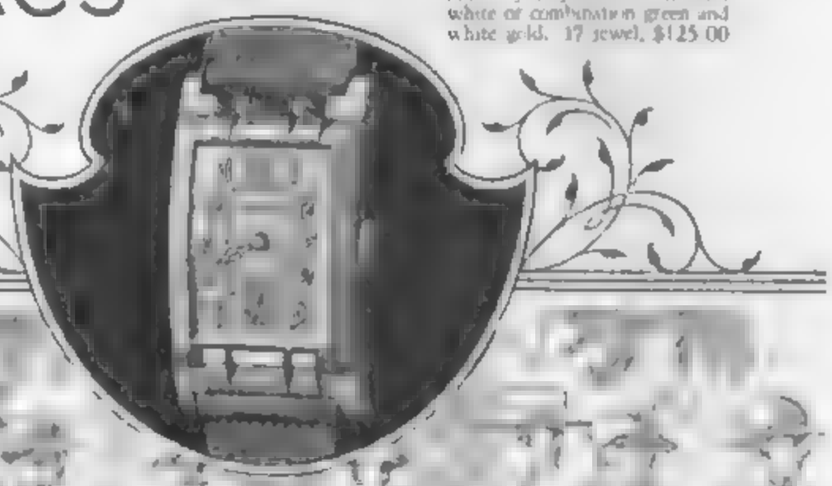
A factor which has shaped, or rather hampered, the distribution of European industry, and thereby affected commercial policy, is a reduction in the currents of emigration. This has led to congested populations and wide unemployment. Still another is the back fire of production ills upon world agriculture, which is becoming more industrial in its methods and processes all the time.

The chief fact to be emphasized is the lack of balance between European production and European exports. We now reach the heart of the whole matter. Ever since the war, mass output—the phrase borrowed from America—has been a European fetish. To achieve it the myriad of national and international cartels came into being.

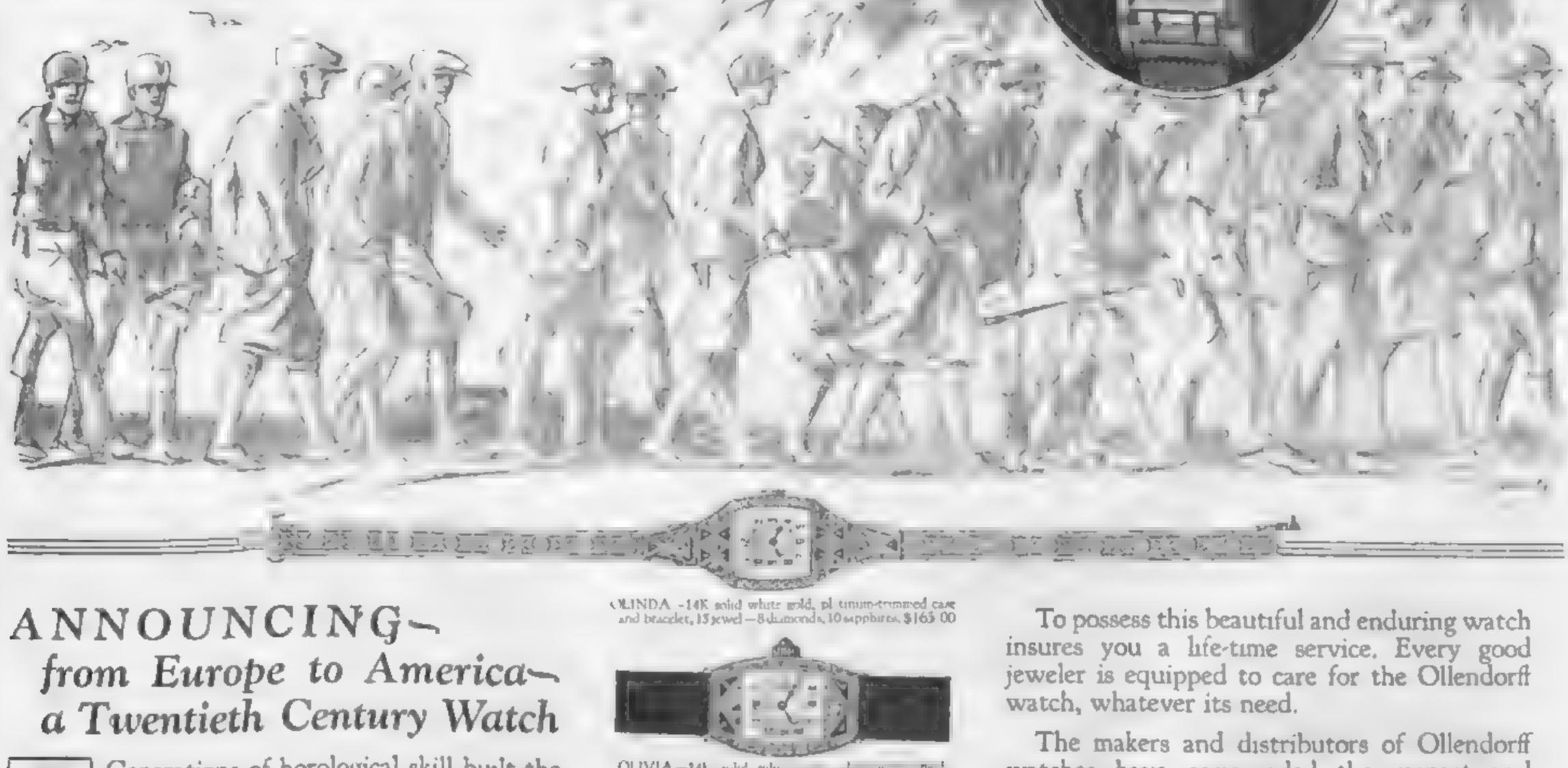
But mass production is only profitable when there is mass selling. In the frenzied desire to bring about quantity of product, the machinery of distribution has been neglected. In a word, Europe has been passing through a crisis of underconsumption due to failure to stimulate purchasing power within European confines. The will-o'-the-wisp of the alien customer blinded sight to the possibilities of trade

(Continued on Page 221)

Ollendorff Watches



OCEANA
A sturdy strap watch in 14K solid white or combination green and white gold. 17 jewel, $125.00



ANNOUNCING— *from Europe to America— a Twentieth Century Watch*

Generations of horological skill built the Ollendorff for America. Here is a watch that supremely portrays in design, dependability and beauty, the spirit of the twentieth century. And the finest watch-craftsmanship in Europe contributed to its making.

The Ollendorff is a specialized watch. A wondrous piece of motor-mechanism, designed and tested to meet the movement of the wrist under every condition of work and play. A true wrist-watch, not a miniature edition of a pocket watch, Ollendorff watches are made at Chaux de Fond, up in the Jura mountains. Their pedigree is historic—generations of world-famed watchmakers have demonstrated their skill in these small but dependable movements.

ORLINDA—14K solid white gold, platinum-trimmed case and bracelet, 15 jewel—8 diamonds, 10 sapphires, $165.00

OLIVIA—14K solid white gold, 15 jewel, 2 diamonds, 4 sapphires, $50.00

OPHELIA — 14K solid white gold, 15 jewel $50.00
ILLIAD — 14K white gold-filled 15 jewel $37.50

OPHIR — 14K [illegible] $40.00
INDUS — 14K [illegible] $35.00

OLDORP—14K solid gold, 15 jewel $50.00
ISDORE—14K [illegible] $28.50

To possess this beautiful and enduring watch insures you a life-time service. Every good jeweler is equipped to care for the Ollendorff watch, whatever its need.

The makers and distributors of Ollendorff watches have commanded the respect and confidence of the trade for sixty years. This is your watch insurance.

Ollendorff watches are adjusted to heat, cold and different positions to insure accuracy under any climatic condition and regardless of the position in which they are worn. The movements are protectively fitted in a variety of cases of the finest American workmanship. There are superb designs, platinum-carved or jewel-encrusted, also in solid gold and gold-filled. The prices range from $28.50 to $3500.00. Whatever you wish to pay, your jeweler will be proud to show you *your* Ollendorff.

I. Ollendorff Co. Inc.

[illegible] 219 6th St — 20 West 47th Street New York — Factory Chaux de Fond

Fine Watches Since 1868

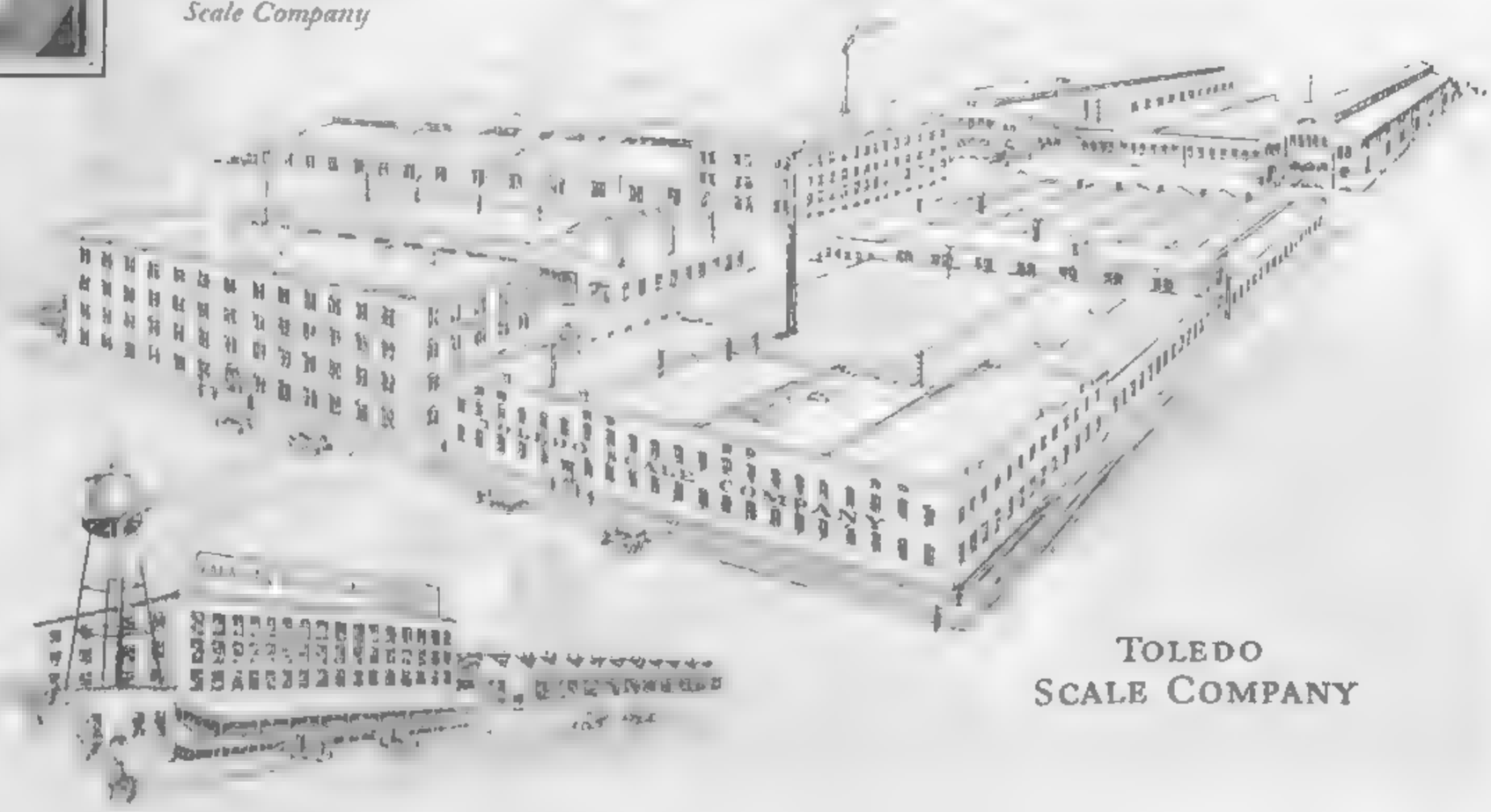
OLYMPIA—14K solid white, or green and white gold. 17 jewel, $75.00

ISSOTA—14K white, or green and white gold filled. 15 jewel, $50.00

O. N. TEALL
Foreman of Final Inspectors
26 years with Toledo Scale Company

J. D. RITTENHOUSE
Foreman Enameling Department for 27 years responsible for the fine finish of Toledo Scales

TOLEDO
Leadership



TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY

"Toledo—No Springs—Honest Weight" is a familiar guaranty to the housewife as she trades in the retail store.

And in factories and warehouses tens of thousands of Toledo industrial scales are automatically weighing, measuring or counting every article you use—linens, woolens, silk, steel, glass, paper, milk, paints, leather, automobile parts—materials from 1/1000 ounce to 60,000 pounds, liquid or solid.

As the steel of ancient Toledo bespoke the skill of its artisans, so Toledo Scales today are outstanding examples of conscientious workmanship. They are evidence that Toledo leadership rests upon the skill and permanency of its craftsmen. It is the integrity of Toledo workmen which makes this company's slogan a reality.

In addition to the two veterans pictured above, there are 552 "key men" whose service with the Toledo Scale Company totals 5372 years (human civilization is not much older), and back of them are hundreds of other workers learning to carry on their fine tradition of craftsmanship, so conspicuous in this age of mass production.

Combined with the fine character of its citizenship, Toledo also offers many other advantages, such as:

The third largest railroad center in the United States.

One of the few natural harbors on the Great Lakes.

Closeness to center of population.

A nationally recognized school system.

A municipal university of first rank.

A greater percentage of home-owners than any other city of like size.

An art museum endowed with more than ten million dollars.

Moderate climate the year 'round.

Stores, churches, manufacturing sites and facilities—a comprehensive, fully rounded and intensively developed, progressive community of more than three hundred thousand people.

The Industrial Department of the Chamber of Commerce is prepared to furnish complete facts and information about Toledo, and offers assistance to businesses both large and small. Give it the opportunity to explain Toledo in terms of benefit to you. Your inquiry will be held in strict confidence if desired. Address The Toledo Chamber of Commerce, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Toledo Chamber of Commerce

This is the fifth of a series of advertisements on Toledo Leadership. The preceding ones featured.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Champion Spark Plugs

THE DEVILBISS COMPANY
Atomizers, Perfumizers, and Spray Painting Equipment

THE ELECTRIC AUTO LITE COMPANY
Automobile Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND COMPANY
Willys-Knight and Whippet Automobiles

(Continued from Page 218)

contacts at home. It has been a costly case of self-hypnotism, because mere production records—something to brag about—have given a false security to general business.

The case of Germany will illustrate. She is mistress of an industrial cunning not approached by any other European country, although high wages, soaring taxes and the eight-hour day have put a crimp in her style. While she has led Europe in production methods, she has really lacked highly organized merchandising technic. That much-vaunted prewar overseas trade supremacy, under whose ægis she marched to her one-time place in the sun, was not such a great feat, measured by present-day standards. German merchandise prior to 1913 was almost self-selling, because there was practically no big competition. Uncle Sam had not caught his world-trade stride and the Yankee overseas go-getter was not on the job. Our foreign trade was then a luxury. Today it is not only a necessity but one of the bulwarks of our astounding prosperity.

What is the secret of our success in the foreign-trade field? Simply this: When American sales managers go to Berlin or Hamburg, for instance, they are not immediately obsessed with the idea of expanding output. Their main job is to speed up selling, because they know they can get all the goods they want. They organize flying squadrons of sales agents, establish attractive branch offices or sales rooms and advertise their wares.

The Germans are heeding this example and beginning to learn the lesson of big salesmanship. A tremendous drive to develop the home market through intensive advertising and selling campaigns along American lines is under way.

Linked with this is another new movement with big potentialities. One of the most significant European economic developments of the past twelve months is the so-called rationalization of German industry. This means a regrouping of production agencies to bring about the largest results with the least overhead. Costs are being cut and new processes and plants set up. Waste is being attacked from every angle. Foreign trade is being boosted with guaranties, loans, subsidies and export credit insurance. Interest in the fatherland is being revived in overseas German colonies through a chain of chambers of commerce.

Developing Self-Sufficiency

England has also taken the cue, and with her Made in Britain campaign is doing her utmost to develop home consumption of home goods. Unfortunately, she started off on the wrong foot, because she unwisely picked films to initiate the crusade. John Bull prefers the American article to the British.

In consequence the bill to establish a quota system on foreign pictures died in the last Parliament. The seed has been sown, however. The so-called British Commonwealth of Nations which replaces the British Empire was devised to tighten imperial economic as well as political bonds.

France has joined the campaign for a degree of self-sufficiency. Her tendency, however, is on the raw-materials side, because she is seeking to exploit the resources of her African possessions. She has doubled the output of peanuts and palm nuts and increased the output of colonial woods fifty fold. All these products enter into the industrial life of the republic. From palm oil and peanuts, edible oils and soaps are manufactured.

Italy is seeking to emancipate herself so far as possible from her heavy import burdens. Mussolini's characteristic "battle of the grain" has as its chief objective an intensive wheat production at home, while his kindred "battle of exports" is to plant the Italian product everywhere.

The foregoing explanation of the European crisis of underconsumption is merely an interlude in a larger drama of evolution. We now arrive at the all-important matter of production and its relation to the economic and political future.

Ordinarily the mechanical output of a country or a group of countries affords no occasion for alarming deduction. But when this output assumes the character of an international force with immense political and other potentialities it becomes interesting. This is precisely what has happened with French, German and to a lesser extent British industry. It has become internationalized on a basis that would have been deemed impossible ten years ago.

There have been three definite reasons for this internationalization. The first was set forth by the late Walter Leaf, chairman of the Westminster Bank of London and an economic statesman of the first rank. At the last annual meeting of the bank over which he presided he said:

"A conviction is rapidly growing that it is possible to find a way out by international agreements, within great industries as a whole, whereby production may be unified on a large basis; whereby inefficient businesses may be absorbed into efficient wholes and the partition of production be agreed between the countries concerned in such a way that each district shall be employed solely in the production of that for which it is best suited."

The International Cartel

The second was the need of economic self-preservation growing out of the repartitioning of Europe following the World War. To illustrate: With the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, the Germans lost a yearly steel production capacity of 6,000,000 tons. France, in turn, required coke from the Ruhr to stoke her furnaces. Again, France acquired the rich potash areas of Alsace, but she needed skilled German labor to refine the product and the long-established German distribution machine to market it throughout the world. An adjustment of both the materials and the machinery for output was imperative. The first real postwar accord between France and Germany emerged from this acute economic need.

The third reason is nothing more or less than fear of the United States. What is fast developing into a Pan-European economic union has grown out of an unwarranted apprehension over our trade penetration, upon which the sun never sets. Hence the new economic unity which expresses itself in an increasing number of international cartels and combines of some sort.

These mergers differ from the American trust, as we used to know it, in that they include the nationals of various countries and there is no Sherman Antitrust Law to prevent excesses. The sky—or rather the earth—is the limit.

Now the cartel, whether national or international, is no fresh manifestation of industrial progress. It existed a quarter of a century before the World War. The plight in which Europe found herself after the Armistice gave it renewed stimulus. An international cartel is built out of national cartels. Here you find the reason for Germany's new industrial leadership of Europe. Before the war she had approximately 600 cartels. Today they number 3000. As a result, price competition in the domestic market is restricted.

As more than one observer has pointed out, there is a sharp distinction between the prewar and the postwar European combine. Before the world plunged into confusion in 1914, the international cartels were for offensive purposes—that is, to expand business and profits. Now they are defensive and designed to regulate production, fix prices, allocate markets and prevent ruinous competition.

No one can deny that the international cartel has helped to stabilize Europe. But these cartels, like trade unions, lend themselves to abuse of power. One of the chief indictments is in the lack of price flexibility. In other words, they do not usually

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A Guarantee of
Caster Quality
Down through the years your furniture glides with ease on Faultless Casters.
At a touch—silently—with well-bred consideration for your fine floors and rugs, they carry your heaviest loads. Your furniture grows old gracefully.
Look for the Faultless Label on the furniture you buy. It is a guarantee of lighter loads and easier housework.
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TRUCK CASTERS
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FAULTLESS CASTERS
Manufacturers of Furniture Casters and Ornamental Furniture Trimmings

Would YOU sell a day for $12.00?

"I wrote you for your offer because I thought I could make a little 'side money' during my vacation," writes Shirl H. Stewart of Montana.

"I do not know yet what my best day's profit will be (he had bonus still to come when he wrote) but I think it will amount to between $12 and $15. Perhaps I will do better with more experience."

IF you have a few spare hours that you would exchange for CASH, let us outline the Curtis subscription agency plan for you. Is there any reason why you should not do as well as Mr. Stewart? Experience not necessary.

Mail the handy messenger below today

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
984 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Send me your spare-time cash offer. I'll look it over.

Name ..... Age
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street
City State

You will see Sanymetal

In the Finest Buildings

SANYMETAL Toilet and Shower Partitions are equally suited to every type of commercial, industrial, institutional or public building. Built of high-grade furniture steel and finished in impervious baked enamel. Sanitary, substantial, moderate-priced, good-looking. Standard sectional units fit any space.

Sanymetal Office and Factory Partitions meet every interior sub-dividing requirement. Drawn steel sections, fire-safe, easily wired, movable for re-arrangement—a style and price for every need. Unique finishes and rich color effects original with Sanymetal craftsmen.

Our service is complete from plan to erection. Submit your partition problems, of whatever nature, to us. Our suggestions obligate you not at all.

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The SANYMETAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
1720 Urbana Road, Cleveland, Ohio - Partition Builders since 1915
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Sanymetal OFFICE AND TOILET PARTITIONS T M REG

NEW AMAZING Mansfield Slip-On MOTOR CLOCK

No cutting of dash needed to attach this remarkable clock—not even a single screw hole to mar the instrument board. No drilling or cutting whatever. Ready for instant attachment to any car, and the car owner can do it himself.

$5.00 Complete

Heavy clamp insures rigidity and tightening screw bites under instrument board. Runs 30 hours at a winding, has radium dial and is guaranteed for the life of the car. Finished in bright nickel.

J. F. MANSFIELD 15 Maiden Lane, New York

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

[illegible] Maiden Lane, New York
[illegible] SLIP ON [illegible]
Name
Address
City State

SEND NO MONEY

Fits the Pocket

A tiny thing to carry, in vest pocket or handbag—a big help when you need it. The handy pocket manicure cleans, trims and files nails quickly and easily, anywhere, used by either hand. Ask your dealer. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c.

THE H. C. COOK CO., Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers NAIL Gem 50c

Before Winter Hits Your Roof

[illegible] your roof [illegible] every hole [illegible]

TRY IT FOUR MONTHS
Before you Pay a Cent

We will [illegible] the roof [illegible] no special tools needed. Let the bad weather test it for you for four months. Seal-Tite is a tried and proven material. We sell millions of gallons to building owners, including some of the largest firms in the United States. [illegible] your roof fixed before winter hits it.

THE MONARCH PAINT CO.
Established 1905
Dept. E-2, Cleveland, Ohio

SEAL-TITE TRADE MARK REG.

Clark's Famous Cruises

By CUNARD-ANCHOR LINE'S new oil burners. Rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees.

125 days, $1250 to $3000
Round the World
s s "Caledonia," sailing Jan. 16

8th cruise; 19 days Japan-China, option 17 days India Palestine and Greece; also includes Havana, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, Manila, Java, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, the Riviera, Havre (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-overs.

65 days, $600 to $1700
Mediterranean
s s "Transylvania," sailing Jan. 25

24th cruise; Spain (Madrid-Cordova-Granada), 15 days Palestine and Egypt; also includes Madeira, Lisbon, Tunis, Carthage, Athens, Constantinople, Italy, the Riviera, Havre, (Paris), Glasgow. Europe stop-overs.

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

adapt themselves to market fluctuations. The same fundamental applies to any organized agency, especially governmental, that tinkers with the law of demand and supply. The Stevenson Rubber Restriction Act is a conspicuous example. Release of rubber depends upon the price, but there can be no release save at the beginning of each quarter year, although the price may have changed materially one day after the beginning of a new quarter. Practically the same criticism applies to the great European steel trust. A flexible and free competition is almost impossible under some cartel conditions.

The international cartel may also work injury through its arbitrary control of raw materials. The Franco-German potash trust, for example, has an ironclad monopoly on practically the whole world supply of an absolute essential to agriculture. Because of its price maneuvering, it came under the ban of American Federal authorities this year.

A year ago I dealt with the European trust movement in these columns. At that time the two outstanding combines were the steel cartel, which includes France, Germany, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Saar, and the potash merger between France and Germany. Since that time the movement has grown by leaps and bounds, until nearly every major industry is cartelized.

The steel interests of Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary and Austria are now united. The European Rail Manufacturers Association—the so-called ERMA—links up the rail production of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Luxemburg and Germany.

There is a merger of incandescent-lamp makers which includes Germany, Holland, France, Scandinavia, Great Britain, Italy and Japan; an iron-pipe combine embracing Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Belgium and Poland; a rolled-wire union of German and Belgian producers; an enamel trust recruited from Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland; a benzine cartel, with Germany, England, France and Belgium as the leading members; and an aluminum group drawn from Germany, England, France, Switzerland, Austria and Norway. Other similar amalgamations are in pig iron, bottle making, copper and glue. The British and German steamship lines have an understanding, largely to prevent costly competition.

The Amalgamation Craze

A striking fact in connection with this expanding cartelization is that Germany is a member of every combine already set up or in process of organization. Moreover, in practically every instance she has taken the initiative. There could be no more emphatic evidence of her economic vitality.

One of the most significant European deals in process of formation at the time I write is between the British and German chemical industries. To a larger degree than any other kindred enterprise, save only the vast steel trust, it expresses the scurry of European producers toward cohesion to stave off destructive competition.

On the British side, the merger of interests is represented by the new Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., with an authorized capitalization of £65,000,000. It is a combination of four great units, Nobel Industries, Ltd.; Brunner Mond & Co., Ltd.; British Dye Stuffs, Ltd.; and the United Alkali Co., Ltd. These concerns control chemicals in the United Kingdom.

The German member is the Interessen Gesellschaft—usually known as the I. G.—the famous German chemical combine and perhaps the most powerful industrial aggregation in the Reich. Among other things, it controls the commercially proved processes for the manufacture of synthetic gasoline. One reason why the British want to effect this combination is their desire to get in on what may eventually revolutionize the whole oil industry.

The proposed Anglo-German chemical understanding is significant of the growing economic *rapprochement* between Britain and Germany. It really began on the day the Armistice was signed. Since that time the British have moved heaven and earth to effect an alliance with their principal Continental competitors. It is not only projected through individual industries but groups of industries as well. Last July a conference was held at Berlin between representatives of the Federation of British Industries and the German Federation of Industry to discuss close coöperation.

Thus the whole tendency of European production is toward amalgamation. Each succeeding trust seems to be more powerful than its predecessor. If this sort of procedure continues, an international Sherman Antitrust Law may be in order.

All this consolidation and reconsolidation betoken a widespread determination to bring production back to normalcy and then some. But many barriers have intervened and continue to impede complete functioning of the highly organized economic machine. They embrace cumbersome and antiquated customs restrictions, passport difficulties, short-lived commercial agreements, arbitrary control of raw materials and delay in the movement of merchandise due to sectional prejudices. Chief among them, however, are the walls reared by excessive and in many instances unnecessary tariffs.

Mental Trade Barriers

These tariffs grew out of the recasting of the map of Europe. With the break-up of political units, traditional markets vanished. Fresh frontiers disrupt free passage along the old trade routes. The crazy quilt of new states bristles with difficulties for both traveler and trader. Generally speaking, the tariffs are all more numerous and more complex than before the war. They combine to make business conditions less stable. In a word, Europe's curse of political self-determination has largely meant economic extermination.

A bird's-eye view of the new economic geography will show some of the handicaps laid on commerce. Before the war, Europe had twenty-six autonomous states. Today there are thirty-five. Prior to 1913, there were thirteen state currencies. These have grown to twenty-eight. Where formerly twenty-six territories imposed tariffs, you now have thirty-eight, with varying degrees of customs. In the territory comprising Belgium and the old Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia, four currencies were in circulation in 1914. At the present time eleven are in use.

Still another impediment to the free interchange of goods has helped to bring about the crisis of underconsumption which I have described. It lay in what might be called mental barriers. The dissolution of the old political units evoked racial animosities that have crucified trade and well-nigh paralyzed the commercial impulse.

Perhaps the best summing up of the mental barriers was made by Sir Alan Anderson, acting president of the International Chamber of Commerce, in the report on trade barriers made for the Stockholm conference of the chamber. He said:

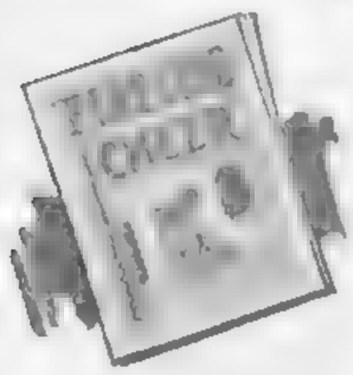
"So long as national units believe that foreign trade is something to be regarded with suspicion instead of as the first necessity of their national life; that they can continue to sell their productions abroad without buying from abroad; that the ruin of their neighbor is an element in their own prosperity instead of the reverse being the case; that they can in any way impede the free flow of commerce internationally without their actions recoiling upon their own heads; that particular sections of national communities are entitled to benefit at the expense of the general trade of the nations—attempts to remove the evil effects which spring from this state of mind will be unavailing."

Sane and forward-looking business men in Europe appreciated these follies. Like that well-known story about the weather,

(Continued on Page 225)

ALLEN'S *Parlor Furnace* TRADE MARK REGISTERED

An Above the Floor Furnace
With Old time Fireside Cheer



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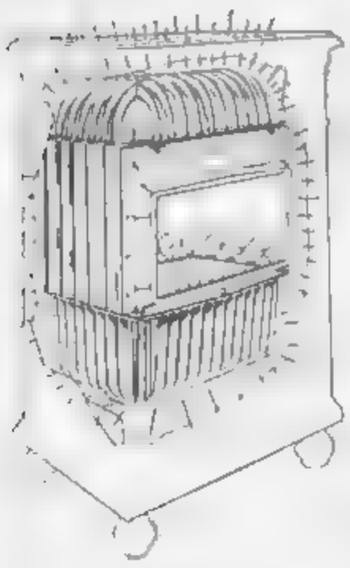
ALLEN—pioneer and originator of new ideas in heating—has again achieved a tremendous success with this improved ALLEN'S PARLOR FURNACE.

ALLEN'S Heat Radiating Fins



An increase of 100% in heating surface is obtained by this new construction. These heat radiating fins double the warming surface, strengthen the castings, and save fuel. The advantages of this great improvement may be had only in the ALLEN Parlor Furnace.

Heats the whole house by circulating large volumes of moist, warm air. Closely resembles a piece of beautiful period furniture. The porcelain Allenamel finish faithfully reproduces the natural effect of walnut grain and color and is easily dusted. Thousands in use from Alaska to Florida. Sold by reliable dealers. If you do not know the address of one nearby, write direct to us.

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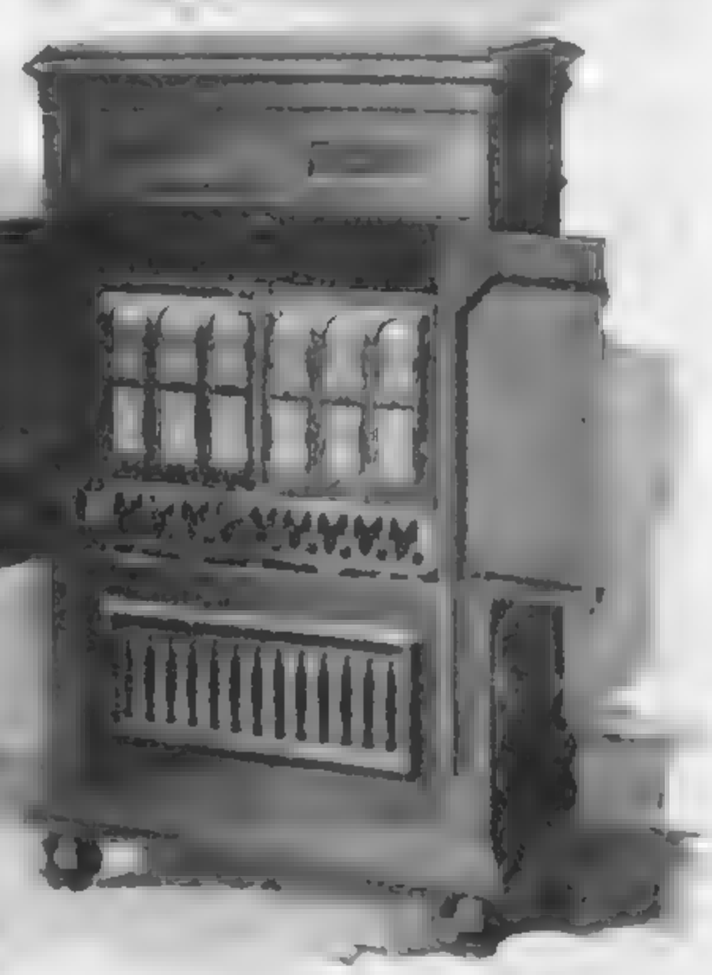


Patent numbers 69,731; 1,604,869
Trade Mark number 202,578

Oldtime Fireside Cheer

(A Patented ALLEN Feature)

How our Mothers and Fathers enjoyed their cheerful firesides! A world of sweet memories are recalled at the glimpse of burning logs or glowing coals.

There is a spirit of joy and restfulness associated with the hearth that should not be denied your family circle.

ALLEN'S Parlor Furnace combines the radiance of the open fireplace with the efficiency of a modern heating system.

TESTED—

how many millions of times each year!

SERVICE STATION

ÉVERY day and night of the year, *millions* of automobile owners subject the Auto-Lite system to practical service tests.

The manner in which Auto-Lite stands up under these tests accounts for its general recognition as the standard in starting, lighting and ignition equipment.

Auto-Lite is always found in association with the leaders—of motor cars and of accessory equipment. An Auto-Lite system on the car you buy is an index of quality materials used throughout.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY .... OFFICE AND WORKS: TOLEDO, OHIO

Also Makers of DéJon

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

(Continued from Page 222)

everybody talked about them but nobody did anything to bring about a remedy.

The first definite and concerted movement to overcome obstacles to trade was the Economic Conference held at Geneva last May.

The conference was attended by representatives from more than fifty countries throughout the globe. The United States had a distinguished delegation composed of Henry M. Robinson, who was a member of the Dawes Commission; Norman H. Davis, former Undersecretary of State; John W. O'Leary, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Dr. Alonzo Taylor, director of the Food Research Institute of Stanford University; and Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce. Coöperating with them were Roland W. Boyden, former American observer on the Reparations Commission; Basil Miles, American administrative commissioner at the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris; and a host of technical experts. Not only were the Americans very much present but their suggestions helped to dominate the proceedings. They represented solvency and sanity.

Peculiar significance attached to the presence of a group of Bolsheviks, because it was their first participation in an international conference since the Lausanne gathering. During a session of the subcommittee on liberty of trading, over which Mr. Boyden presided, a soviet delegate kept intervening to explain that in Russia there was a new and different economic system from that of the rest of the world. After he had repeated this several times, the chairman said to him:

"The members of this committee realize perfectly that you are experimenting with a new economic system in Russia. I know that I speak for all my colleagues as well as myself when I say that I am very glad that you are conducting the experiment on your own country." The Bolshevik saw the humor of the remark and subsided.

The Mark of a New Era

As one American representative aptly put it: "The Economic Conference was a giant extension of the Dawes Plan of consultation by qualified specialists, but in this case the patient was the world and not a single country." The very fact that nearly 200 delegates of every shade of economic belief could get together and agree on the essential points is in itself a cheering sign of that dawning coöperation which is the hope of European recovery.

The work came under three main divisions—namely, commerce, industry and agriculture. The principal recommendations, summed up, were for simple and lower tariffs, longer commercial treaties, a standard tariff and customs nomenclature, elimination of all import and export prohibition, rationalization of methods in industry, aid to farmers by coöperative producers and consumers' associations, equality of internal taxes as applied to nationals and foreigners, free movement of raw materials and a general removal of all the artificial handicaps resulting from the war.

That these suggestions have been driven home is shown by the spontaneous but informal ratification throughout Europe. Within a week after the sessions closed the Belgian Government officially declared its entire adhesion to the recommendations and its readiness to come to an understanding with other governments on the lines laid down by the conference. This was followed by similar expressions in Austria, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. No less emphatic have been the identical assurances given by England and Holland. I might add that the entire program enunciated at Geneva was unanimously indorsed by the annual meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce held in July at Stockholm. To make the new deal a reality every individual government must confirm it.

I know of no better way, perhaps, of epitomizing the work of the conference than to reproduce a paragraph from the special report made by the American group. It reads:

"In spite of the variety of the questions raised, the diversity of theories and the legitimate national sentiments of all those who took part in the discussions, one important and extremely encouraging fact has emerged; and having emerged, became increasingly manifest as the work advanced. This fact is the unanimous desire of the members of the conference to make sure that this conference shall, in some way, mark the beginning of a new era, during which international commerce will successively overcome all obstacles in its path that unduly hamper it, and resume that general upward movement which is at once a sign of the world's economic health and the necessary condition for the development of civilization."

A Crisis of Confidence

There is no doubt that the Economic Conference set up the framework of an economic Locarno that is bound to affect the international future. It recognized that there can be no permanent political peace without stable prosperity. Furthermore, it showed that a new and constructive business spirit has begun to supersede selfish nationalistic politics.

Such is the picture of Europe, still in transition but headed at last toward real recovery. One further factor is essential to ultimate stabilization. It is the element of good faith, which continues more or less elusive.

Participation by Germany made the original Locarno political pact possible. Germany likewise holds the balance of economic power. It is interesting therefore to ascertain, in conclusion, her point of view on what is happening.

I got it from Doctor Stresemann in the old Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. Within its walls and in the adjacent Chancellor's Palace, where Bismarck ruled so long, were formulated the policies that made imperial Germany great. Here, too, were made the fateful decisions that led to her undoing.

After Mussolini, the German Minister for Foreign Affairs is perhaps the outstanding statesman of Europe. Almost brutally aggressive in temperament and technic, he has been a compelling force these past momentous years.

Doctor Stresemann looks the typical Prussian and has a certain Rooseveltian manner in that his gestures are forceful and his speech dynamic. Like Lloyd George and Poincaré, he is the lawyer turned to politics.

I asked him to sum up the European situation and he said:

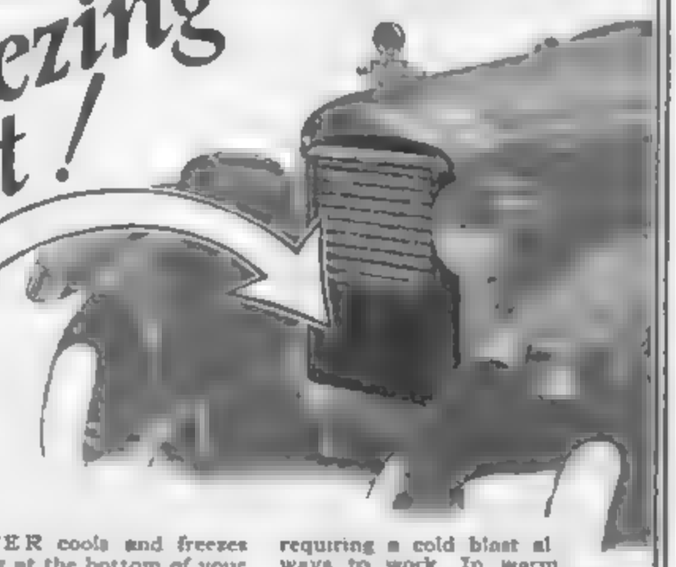
"What Europe needs, and what Germany wants more than anything else, is genuine coöperation. I had great difficulty in getting approval for the Locarno plan through the Reichstag. Once in effect, it must be respected by all the nations involved.

"Recent developments, notably what seems to be a new arrangement between England and France, are not entirely in accord with the Locarno spirit, because it may be an understanding against Germany. We must be careful to see that the spirit of Locarno may not become the ghost of Locarno. In a word, Europe today is passing through a crisis of confidence."

In this last sentence Stresemann puts his finger on the crux of the situation. If the European nations really mean what they say about accord, then the long-awaited new era, first heralded by Locarno and later emphasized by the Economic Conference, will become more than a phrase. Upon confidence and coöperation can be reared the structure of a peaceful and prosperous Europe.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with Europe. The next will be devoted to England.

Protect the vital freezing point!



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Moto-Gard's handsome, nickeled screw-type control is mounted on the dash—right at your finger tips. It regulates leaf adjustment as closely as 1/32 inch movement. Indicates exact position of leaves at all times

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The cuisine transcends perfection. The labyrinth of public rooms, the galleries, promenades and approaches are colorful and vivacious, without the noisy clamor so often associated with large hotels.

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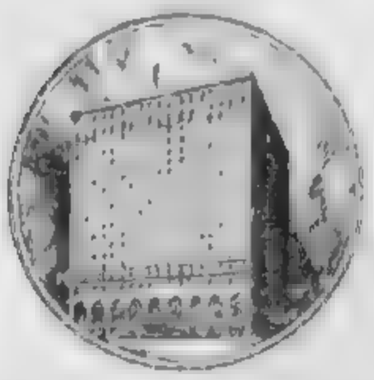

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85% are priced from $3.00 to $5.00

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Direction Continental Leland Corporation

Largest Sample Rooms from $5.00 to $8.00 per day

MY LIFE

(Continued from Page 45)

need for food is so moderate, he eats so little, that he finishes in an incredibly short time. I have sometimes heard complaints that guests at the imperial table did not always get enough to eat. It is a story that crops up in several memoirs. When His Majesty had finished a course, which, in most cases, he barely touched, the lackeys, it seems, immediately took away all plates and served the next course. When His Majesty rose the dinner was at an end. The guests, we are told, went away hungry. If this be so it was never brought to the Emperor's attention. He would never intentionally deprive a guest of his fill. In Doorn our guests are offered a second helping, even if the Emperor's plate remains empty.

After breakfast, which never lasts more than thirty minutes, the Emperor works for three hours in the park. He cuts wood, he saws, and, in summer, he waters his rhododendrons, growing in magnificent profusion. I have already related how on some days the Emperor and his assistants pour out as many as eight hundred pails, each containing ten liters of water. I also enumerated the large number of stems of pine and oak sawed by the Kaiser in Amerongen and in Doorn. He acted as chief forester for one of our neighbors, a Dutch gentleman, Mr. Blydenstein, who is grateful to the Emperor for thinning out his woods. This work is conducted in accordance with scientific principles of modern forestry, to which Germany owes the preservation of her timber. Last winter the Kaiser devoted his attention as a woodsman to the estate of Count Bentinck in Amerongen.

The Emperor devotes his special attention to the rose garden of the late Empress, and to the garden created by him in my honor, named the Hermo-Garden. The Hermo-Garden is the gift of neighbors and friends. At a loss what wedding presents to give us, they conceived the idea of presenting us with rare rhododendrons and other plants. No gift could have been more pleasing to the Emperor and to myself.

"Whenever I pass through the garden," the Emperor says, "I love to touch the bushes and to think of those who gave them to us. It makes me almost feel as if I were shaking the donor's hand."

Planting Happiness

It is fortunate that the Emperor's mental exertions are balanced by his physical exploits. Before the war he took long rides every morning. During the war he covered fifty thousand kilometers in his automobile. Today he no longer rides, but he is a champion walker. It would be too expensive to keep a horse and a groom. With elastic step, he covers hundreds of miles every month within the confines of Park Doorn and of the adjoining country. His three hours of physical toil in the garden leave him unexhausted. He does not merely engage in physical culture. His work is directed toward a creative end, to make Doorn more beautiful.

The Kaiser has planted several thousand trees with his own hand. Every year he contrives some new effect in shrubbery and in plants. This is not mere sport. It is a manifestation of the same creative impulse which made him devise new means of beautifying the Tiergarten, the famous park of Berlin.

Faust, the hero of Goethe's sublime maturity, is the super-German. Faust finds his ultimate happiness in cultivating the soil he wrests from the sea, in building and reconstruction. The satisfaction of his creative instinct prompts him to apostrophize the fleeting moment to tarry. "*Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!*" he exclaims, although, according to his compact with Mephistopheles, he thereby forfeits his soul to the Prince of Darkness. However, eternal justice intervenes. Redeemed by his own creative yearning and endeavor, Faust enters heaven. The Emperor, a true German like Faust, finds genuine happiness in digging and in planting; he delights in his own cabbages and in his roses.

On his return from his work in the garden, after a glass of port and a sandwich the Emperor receives reports and examines the world's news, gleaned from many sources.

Our meals are frugal. The Kaiser maintains in exile the modest menus to which he had accustomed himself during the war. He dislikes caviar, *pâté de foie gras*, oysters and highly seasoned foods. He loves fruit—especially cherries, apples, strawberries, peaches and oranges. Pineapple does not agree with him.

I have already mentioned the Kaiser's favorite drink—a red sparkling Burgundy of German origin, Assmannshäuser, mixed with water. He indulges in this only on festive occasions, just as during the war champagne was served at the imperial table only after momentous victories. As a daily drink, the Kaiser prefers orangeade, fruit lemonade and grape juice. Prohibition would impose no hardship upon him. He detests whisky. Neither Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Carnegie—in fact, no American—has been able to tempt him with cocktails. Unlike most Americans, whose meals seem to float on oceans of water, rendered unfit for consumption by its artificially lowered temperature, which chills the processes of digestion, the Emperor is not a teetotaler. Like the Emperor, I could dispense with alcohol altogether. Nevertheless, we believe that mildly alcoholic beverages are part of a civilized diet.

A German Colony

Luncheon or dinner at Doorn rarely consists of more than one warm dish of meat. Now and then fish or an omelet takes the place of meat. The Emperor is fond of pilau—a dish of fowl, raisins and rice, much in vogue in Turkey. Our dessert consists of a simple pudding, cheese or fruit, occasionally varied by ice cream. On Sundays we have no warm dinner at all, but enjoy cold cuts, such as ham, fowl, tongue or a piece of venison. We omit the Sunday dinner to allow the cook a day out.

The Emperor rests after the midday meal. The nap is followed by work, interrupted for a few minutes while tea is brought in on a tray, until eight o'clock, when dinner is served. It was at tea that the Emperor proposed to me. After dinner the Emperor reads or talks. The Emperor eats very lightly at night, being satisfied generally with a little cold meat. Sometimes he does not touch meat at all but makes a meal of vegetables. He eschews beef and dark meats. When he is invited to dinner parties he eats, or feigns to eat, a little of every course set before him so as not to disappoint his hostess.

His simple regimen, combined with hard physical work, enables the Emperor to resist corpulency, the bane of his uncle, King Edward VII. I understand that the Prince of Wales makes incredible efforts to keep his figure. The Emperor weighs today approximately one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. This was his weight exactly in the middle 80's, when he was a colonel of the Hussars of the Guard.

Our menus are written out in longhand on plain paper cards. The same card, reversed, serves its purpose a second time. We do not believe in waste, even in small things.

It is not easy to describe life in Doorn. The Emperor is the nucleus of a harmonious little German colony. All our employes are German. Many have served the imperial family in the past. We try to make their life in exile as pleasant as possible. Some have married Dutch wives. From time to time there are dances and festivals in the village and elsewhere in the neighborhood

(Continued on Page 229)

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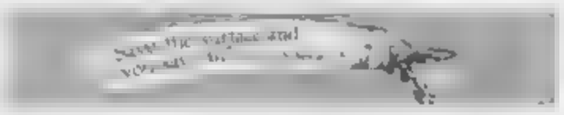

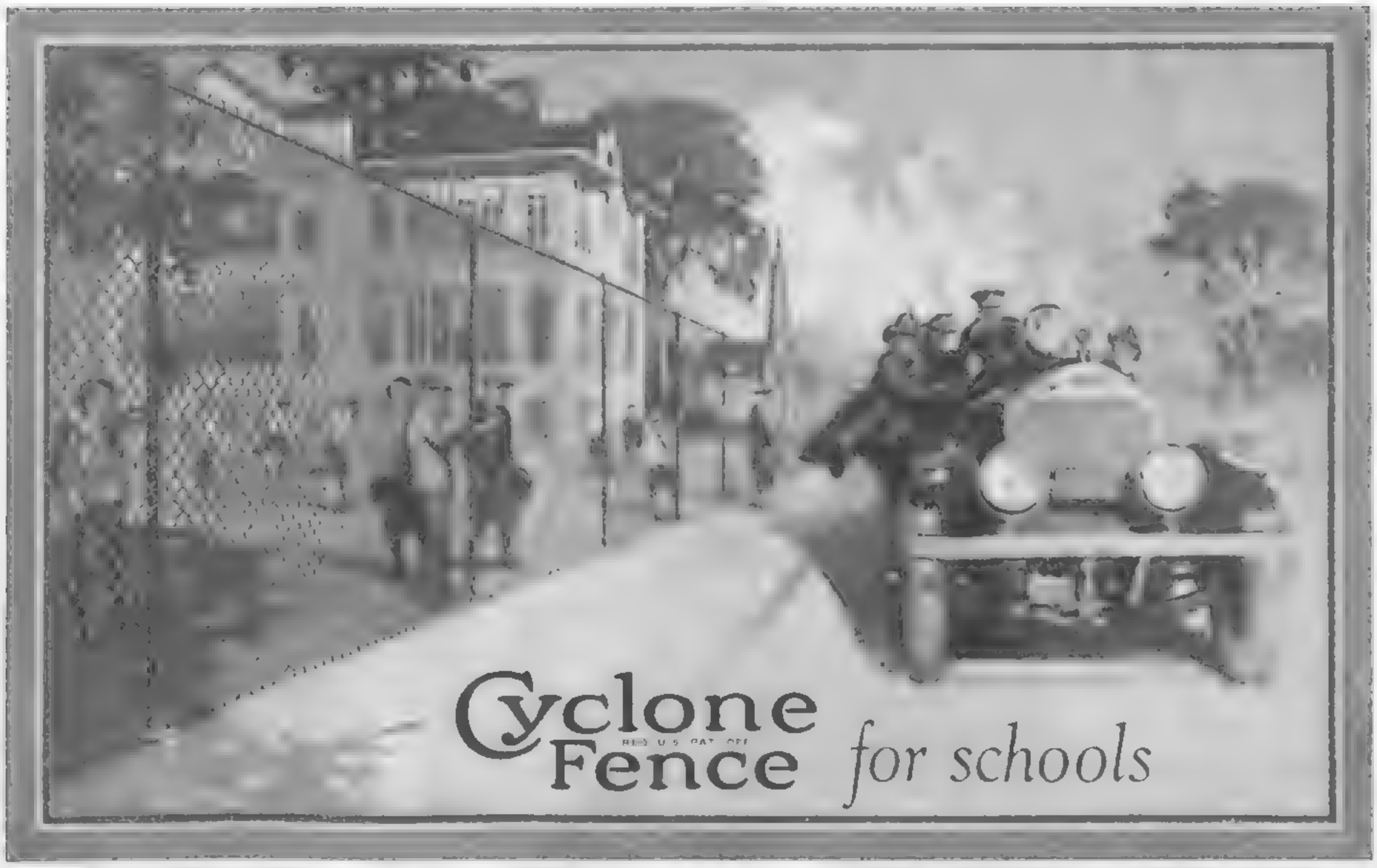

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For Athletic Fields

Cyclone Invincible Fence; Chain Link fabric, tubular steel posts and framework

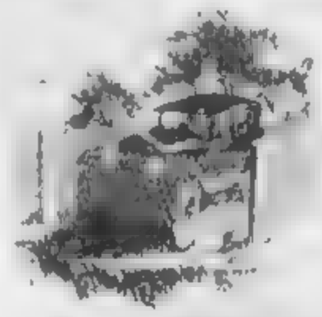
The Mark of Dependable Property Protection

The siren shrieks, the fire truck thunders by. Danger threatens—but even greater danger lies in the path of regular traffic. Speeding cars, reckless drivers often approach without warning. A child dashes out of the unfenced school ground into the street—another accident!

But school boards have the power to prevent these traffic accidents—to make school grounds safe. Hundreds of school boards throughout America have set the example by enclosing the schools under their jurisdiction with Cyclone Fence.

If you are a parent, consult your school authorities—propose that the school your child attends be fence-enclosed to protect children from constantly increasing traffic dangers. Parents share with school authorities the responsibility of making education safe.

To school authorities: Cyclone Chain Link Fence is the recognized standard for enclosing school grounds. *We erect fence anywhere.*



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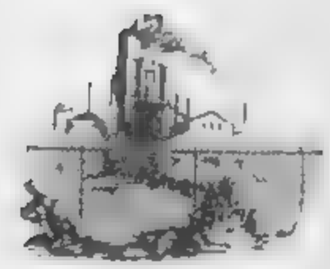
Cyclone Road-Guard, a giant yielding net that protects cars at dangerous curves, culvert approaches, steep embankments



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For Country Homes and Estates

Cyclone Chain Link Fence, tubular steel posts and framework—all copper-bearing steel.

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The only chain link fence made entirely of copper-bearing materials—for maximum endurance

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Holland Vaporized Warm Air Circulating Systems supply the kind of air that protects the health of the whole family. Those who really mean "health first" know how important it is that the air should be continuously circulated, evenly warmed and tempered with moisture as is done by the Holland System. Any physician will tell you how important these features are.

The Holland Humidifier—an exclusive patented Holland feature—automatically vaporizes sufficient moisture and tempers and cleanses the air as it circulates. The Holland System itself is installed by the trained Holland men who operate the 522 Holland Factory Branches according to the standards established by this company.

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To make doubly sure of your satisfaction, every Holland Heating System is directly guaranteed by the Holland Furnace Company. That is why our business doubled every second year until we became the Largest Installers of Furnaces in the World and are now growing faster than ever before. Plan with a Holland man for your home heating system. Phone the nearest branch or mail the coupon for our book on home heating. We have a special proposition for contractors and builders. Write today.

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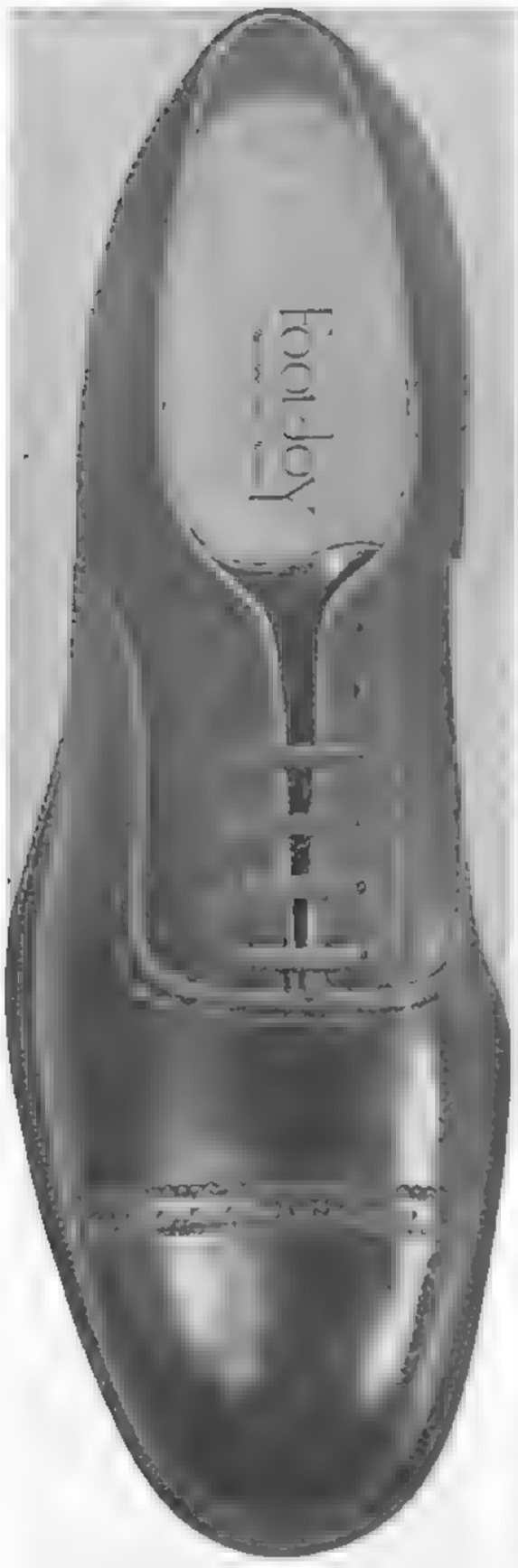

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The entire weight of a man's body is on the bottom of his feet. FOOT-JOY shoes are constructed with the proper foundation to carry this weight in comfort and keep the muscles and nerves in a natural condition. This, in spite of the unyielding surfaces of cement, concrete or tile on which practically all walking today is done.

It is not necessary to wear ugly looking shoes in order to get comfort and the proper support. Send for catalogue showing smart styles in FOOT-JOY, "The Shoe that's Different."

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

The above statement is just as true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 226

in which they partake. Our people mingle freely and pleasantly with the native population.

At intervals, not too far apart, films are shown at House Doorn. On such occasions our entire little colony is invited. Dukes and lackeys, princesses and housemaids forgather under the same roof. When a distinguished artist gives a concert for the Kaiser, His Majesty insists upon permitting the entire household to share in his enjoyment. Now and then a professor from a German or from a Dutch university gives a lecture in our salon. Here, too, whosoever desires, irrespective of rank, is invited. It is the only way in which we can acknowledge the fidelity of those who share our exile.

The children of our servants play with my children. We share joy and sorrow. In that respect life in Doorn reminds me of my own life at my father's residence, Greiz, where the wives of the peasants and the wives of our gardeners intrusted their family secrets to me. When Easter comes all the children in House Doorn jointly look for the colored Easter eggs which I hide for them with a knowledge born of long experience as the mother of five.

A German Renaissance

All christenings take place in our dining room, which is converted for the purpose into a chapel. At these baptismal rites a clergyman summoned especially from The Hague for the occasion officiates. We also provide a social room, where a phonograph plays merry tunes. We have no radio to convey transatlantic jazz tunes to Doorn. For those who are studiously inclined, a library is provided. Cheerful pictures beckon from the walls. The total number of heads in our little colony, including the members of our family, the master of the household, the office force and the servants, with their wives and their children, is thirty.

The office of the master of the household rotates. General von Dommes, Count Delev von Moltke, Colonel Niemann, Admiral von Rebeur-Paschwitz, Count von Schmettow, Count Finkenstein, Baron von Kleist, and one or two others alternately serve in this capacity. The doctors, too, picked from the most faithful regiments, serve in rotation. Captain von Ilsemann is with us permanently as the Emperor's aide-de-camp. An alternate to relieve him is selected from a number of loyal former officers of the guard or of the navy. Court Councilor Kogge presides over the office and the registry, assisted by the Kaiser's secretary and by my secretary. Kogge has grown gray in the service of the imperial family. He won his first experience when he was attached in a similar capacity to my husband's grandmother, the late Empress Augusta. Court Councilor Nietz, who is always traveling between Berlin and Doorn, acts as liaison official. Occasionally Von Berg, the Emperor's legal representative, arrives for consultation. Recently illness compelled him to give up his position.

I have already dwelt on the fact that the previous amounts received out of His Majesty's private funds are practically wiped out by the drop of the mark, except for the sum invested in the purchase of Doorn. The Kaiser, I repeat, receives no benefice from the state treasury. He merely succeeded in obtaining a fraction of his personal wealth. The amount received is hardly adequate to maintain the large family solely dependent upon him, and to defray the expenses of House Doorn, even with the most rigid economies. Though both training and circumstances make it practically impossible for members of the royal family to earn their own living, it will be different, presumably, with their children. The children of the royal princes receive practical training that will enable them to stand on their own feet. My own children will be equally independent.

The gentlemen around the Emperor serve nearly without compensation. They consider it an honor to minister to their master in his misfortune. The fact that they alternate frequently constantly renews our contacts with home. My own four months in Germany enable me to gather every year honey from many combs. When I am in Germany I keep in touch with artists and authors. In Doorn I refresh my mind by their works. Literature is my dominant passion. Like my mother, I read three languages, German, English and French, with ease

Unlike many critics, I sense a renaissance of literature in Germany since the war. Out of defeat rise a new strength and a new art. I have always been an omnivorous reader. The catholicity of my tastes horrifies my friends. I try to understand the driving power behind the manifestations of modern art. A wise Frenchwoman said to understand all is to forgive all. I try to understand and to forgive all. But forgiveness does not necessarily imply liking. I do not like all the books I read. One need not adopt an author's point of view, even if one admires his style. I may appreciate his philosophy but refuse to acknowledge his premises. However, no human being should go through life with a bandage over his eyes. We must try to face life as it is. We have no right to refrain from gazing at its reflection or even at its most fantastic contortions in the mirror of modern art.

I have no favorite author. Life's immediate reflection—biography and memoirs—interests me most of all. I am fascinated by psychological novels. But I am equally attracted by descriptions of countries and peoples. Geography intrigues me. Now that I am unable to travel much, I dote on reading about the travels of others. My favorite book remains Rudolf Schott's Italian Voyage. Whenever I am tired or annoyed I delve into its pages. This immediately restores my equanimity. Perhaps the book pleases me because it reminds me of happy Italian days when I first caught a glimpse of eternal beauty. It is no affectation to say that I prefer records of travel and discovery to fiction.

Leisure for Reading

Reading enables me to keep in close contact with the world, even if my wings are clipped by my exile. Reading is the only avenue of escape of the Emperor from his confinement in Doorn. The Emperor reads with me new publications in every field of human endeavor. During his reign lack of time necessarily limited his leisure for reading. The heartbeat of a nation pulsates in literature. I am happy that in literature, too, the interests of the Emperor and mine are similar. It is delightful to exchange thoughts with him, to read and to debate with him. His mind illuminates every book in some unexpected manner. Like a magic glass, it reveals what is hidden between the lines. The Emperor is impressed by the theory recently advanced that every author has a distinctive prose rhythm, susceptible of being measured by physical or mathematical means.

I have already referred to Rudolf Herzog, a great German novelist and poet; to Rudolf Presber, a satirist blessed with the gift to make us laugh without wounding our susceptibilities; and to Borris, Baron von Munchhausen, our great writer of ballads. These men were our guests at Doorn.

I recently met Ludwig Fulda, who combines classic elegance of expression with the modern spirit. At one time this distinguished poet dramatist was at odds with the Kaiser. Fulda misjudged the Kaiser. His Majesty, no doubt, misjudged the playwright, or he would not have withheld his consent from bestowing the Schiller prize upon Fulda for his brilliant satire, The Talisman. The Kaiser would have liked Fulda immensely. The Kaiser always respects genuine achievements. In addition to that, he has keen appreciation of wit, and Fulda's conversation is even more sparkling than his dialogue.

Hanns Heinz Ewers appeals to me less as a writer of exotic fiction than as a poet. Certain of his war poems, especially the one

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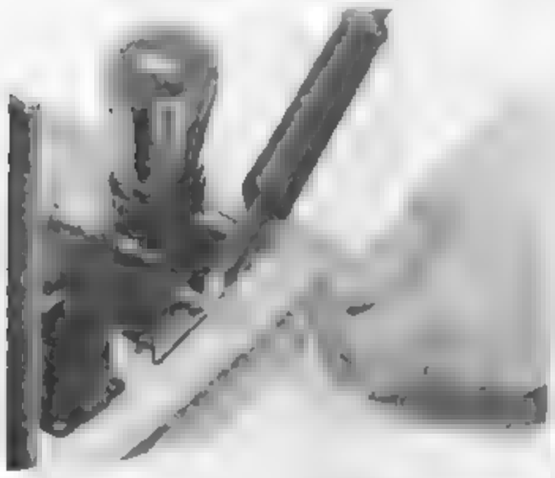

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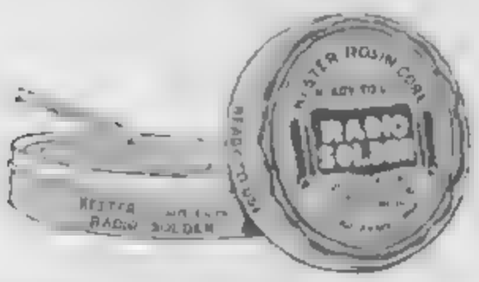

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described his eighty-year-old mother's vigil in a hospital, deserve to rank as classics. Hans Grimm's People Without Room is an extraordinary performance profound in its philosophy and dazzling in its style. Modern German literature is so varied, so rich, that it is impossible to indicate in a few lines even its main currents.

I am intensely interested in psychology. Without accepting all Freud's doctrines, I recognize in him a great force, setting the human mind free from the accumulated rubbish of past taboo. It seems to me that every mother should have at least a bowing acquaintance with psychoanalysis. It is not necessary to stray too long in the mazes of the Freudian system. But if we are lost in some psychic labyrinth, if some Minotaur within ourselves threatens to destroy us, Freud's psychology, Ariadne-like, supplies the thread to safety and to freedom.

My knowledge of Scandinavian literature and of the Russian is derived from translations. The Germans are marvelous translators. Germany is the logical intermediary, both economically and culturally, between Russia and Western civilization. Russia, with its semi-Asiatic mysticism and its esoteric undercurrents, would be completely unintelligible if she did not speak through novelists and poets who, being somewhat under Western influences, employ a language comprehensible to us. Much in the Russian psychology still remains inexplicable.

I enjoy Krasnow, Naschiwin, Leonid Leonow, Schmelljow. I was puzzled by Dostoyevsky until I read the diary of his wife. Through this diary I was able to approach the elusive personality of the great novelist. The woman who was so close to him gave me the key to his psychology and to his heart. I confess that I was never able to achieve the proper perspective toward Tolstoy. Romain Rolland's biography of Tolstoy appeals to me more than any work by Tolstoy himself. Tolstoy may be the greater artist; to me, Romain Rolland seems infinitely finer. Like every literary criticism, my opinion of Tolstoy may only be a statement of my own limitations.

French literature, especially since the war, is far less superficial than French journalism. Some French writers seek the depths. Truth and justice are by no means lacking in their vision.

Mark Twain and the Kaiser

Among English poets, Lord Byron is my favorite. I know that it is the fashion in England to belittle the author of Childe Harold and Don Juan. To me Byron seems one of the immortals. The figure of this great poet is slowly emerging even in England out of the shadow of captious criticism and literary snobbishness. Wilde, another great English poet of the type of Byron, has won in Germany more complete recognition than in his own country. We are concerned solely with his mastery as an artist, not with his personal idiosyncrasies. If I am not mistaken, Bernard Shaw, too, is inadequately recognized in England. Sweden recently gave him the Nobel Prize. Germany looks upon him as one of the torchbearers of the race—a literary demiurge, with a supreme message for mankind, hiding his divinity under his cap and bells. Perhaps it may seem boastful to recollect in this connection that Shakspere's plays are produced more frequently in Germany than in all English-speaking countries combined.

My tastes in English fiction are varied. I like immensely Somerset Maugham, Robert Hichens, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Joseph Conrad and John Galsworthy. I by no means despise Hall Caine or Michael Arlen. I confess that I have read Elinor Glyn on occasion with pleasure.

Of the older American writers, I am most interested in Poe and in Mark Twain. The Kaiser does not care for Poe. Verse is not his forte. Perhaps his educators drilled poetry too strenuously into him. That paralyzed his lyric propensities. He shares, however, Mr. Wilson's fondness for limericks and quaint folk verse—probably the only trait the two men have in common. His sense of humor is keen.

The Kaiser loves Mark Twain. Many years ago Mr. Clemens was a guest in Potsdam. Perhaps the spontaneity of the great humorist was paralyzed by tales of the rigors of etiquette. He shut up like a clam at the imperial table. Perhaps he was not in the mood to say anything funny, preferring to absorb and observe. Genius has the right to be eccentric. It need not be on tap at luncheons, even at royal command. The Kaiser confesses that he was a little disappointed at first by the almost saturnine silence of the king of humorists. Later, when he understood the situation, he had a good laugh to himself. He regretted that this meeting, arranged by a relative of Mr. Clemens', who had married one of the Kaiser's aides, remained their only encounter.

We recently had the pleasure of meeting Mark Twain's delightful daughter, with her gifted husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Mrs. Gabrilowitsch has inherited something of her father's humor.

Into the Future

As I unravel the web of the past I sometimes wonder if it is possible to look into the future. Could anyone have foretold how the thread of my fate was interwoven with the destiny of William II? Can anyone foretell now the plan after which the future will pattern my life? Everybody, no matter how little he may incline to superstition, knows of some prediction that has come true, some prophecy that has been startlingly fulfilled.

I remember a fair at my father's residence, Greiz, when I was about ten or eleven. The town was gayly bedecked. There were music and dancing, and, if I am not mistaken, a circus tent. As we children were walking across the market place, accompanied by a governess, I ran a little ahead of the others. Suddenly I was stopped by an old gypsy. I was too flabbergasted by the encounter to make a move. I merely stared at her eyes—eyes glowing like coals of fire, eyes like will-o'-the-wisps in the dark of night. I remember the shrewd old face, the strands of gray hair struggling from under the multicolored shawl covering her head and the pipe she laid aside to take hold of my hand. The whole incident happened so quickly that the governess was unable to gasp her protest. After scrutinizing the lines of my hand earnestly for a few moments, the old gypsy made two predictions in the singsong peculiar to her tribe. "You will have five children," she said, "and you will be married twice." I was excited and anxious to hear more, but the governess would not permit the gypsy to go on. Flushed and giggling, we children then continued our sight-seeing expedition, and so the gypsy and her predictions were temporarily obliterated by the music proceeding from the merry-go-round.

Who knows what the gypsy might have told me if the stream of her prophecy had not been so rudely interrupted? This was my first experience with a soothsayer; it was also my last. My upbringing was too sober to encourage dallying with the occult. Evidently the high gods do not want man to peer into the future. Nevertheless, sometimes chance or intuition may lift the veil ever so little. At any rate, the two prophecies made by the gypsy woman have come true. I have five children and I was married twice!

Editor's Note—In the preparation and translation of these reminiscences the author has had the collaboration of a writer from the United States. This is the eighth and concluding installment

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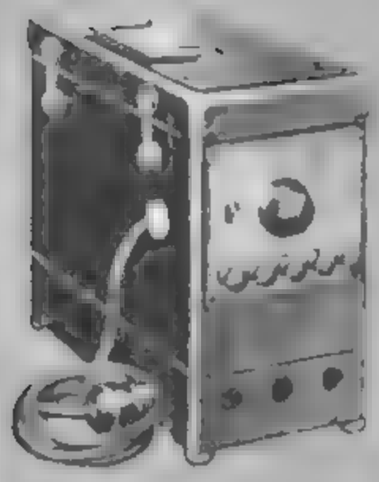

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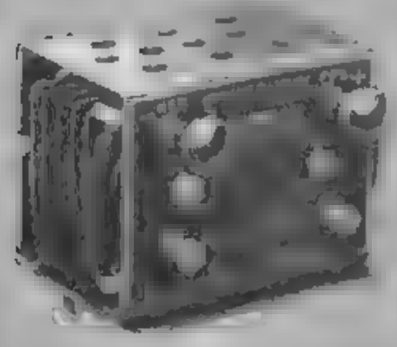

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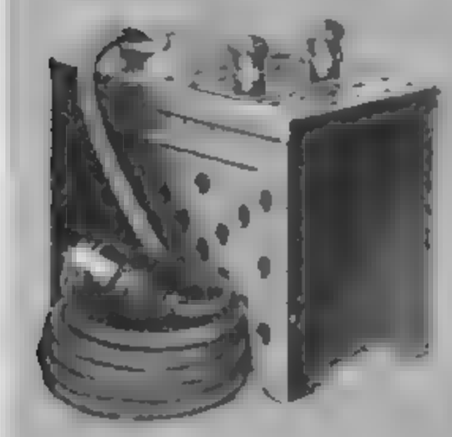

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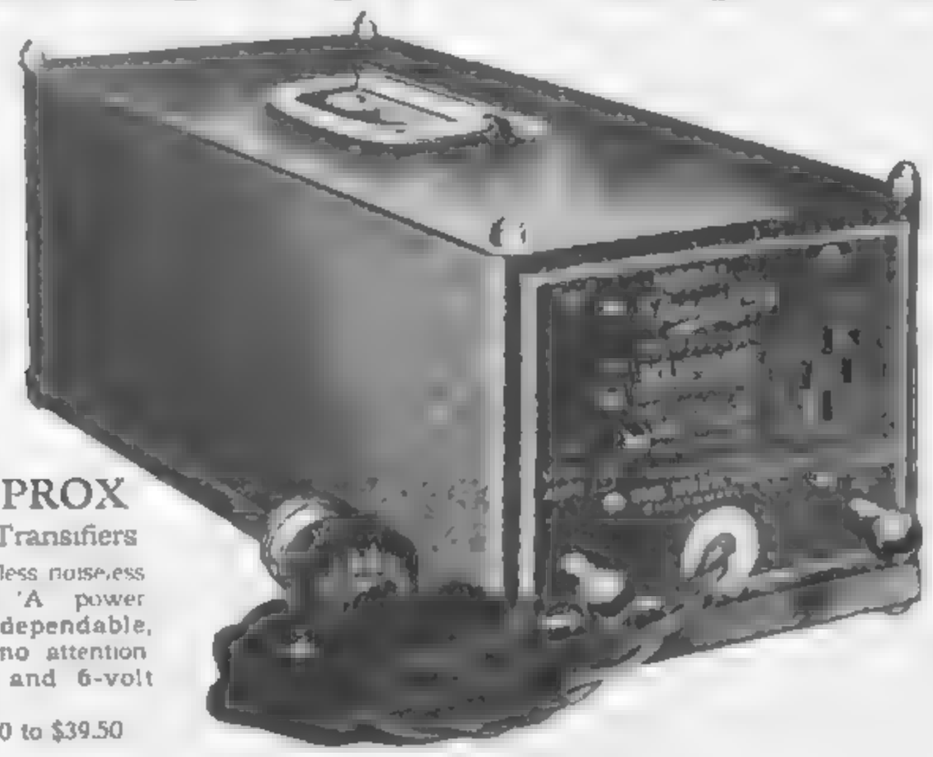

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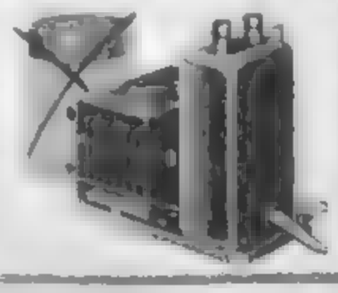

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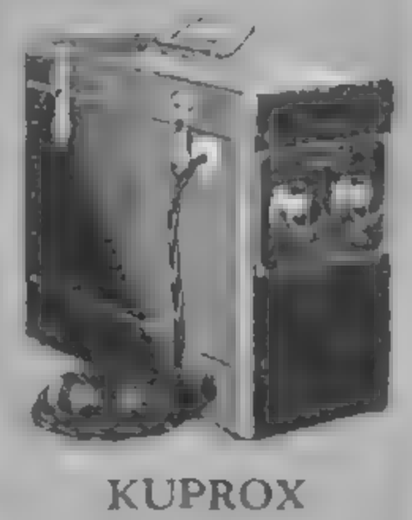

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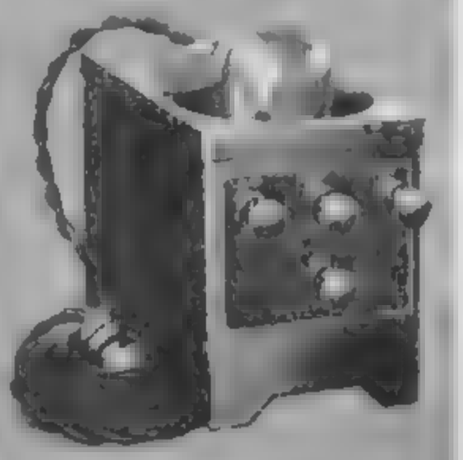

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Getting On in the World

The Art of Getting a Job

MARK TWAIN advised a friend who had been looking for a job, but had been unsuccessful in finding one: "Why, it's perfectly simple! Go to the concern you want to work for, say you're tired of being idle, require nothing in return—merely want the refreshment of work. No wages at all."

The first time he recommended this method, it worked. His friend persuaded a foreman in a Western mine, after the foreman had insisted he didn't need any more men, to hire him on the terms suggested. Encouraged by the success of his idea, when another friend wanted a job on a St. Louis newspaper, the humorist instructed him: "Go to the paper, say you don't care for wages, will sweep out the editorial rooms, keep the inkstands full, run errands—anything. Never ask for wages. Sooner or later an offer of wages will come from somewhere." Again the scheme worked; and yet a third time, in the case of a nephew, also seeking newspaper work, and who had come to him for guidance. The result was that Mark Twain insisted he could furnish an infallible rule, when everything else had failed, for landing a job.

The Mark Twain rule may have had, of course, some slight chance for success in the old days when foremen did the hiring and firing, and the whole personnel problem of an industry was met pretty much by rule of thumb. And it was easy enough, no doubt, to break into the force on a city newspaper through such procedure, when newspapers were still run, from an organization standpoint, in a thoroughly chaotic manner. But in a modern highly systematized concern, with its employment department and employment manager, the artless suggestion coming from an applicant that he will work without pay—and it sometimes does—has little weight. If a business organization of today is willing to place a man on its force, it is willing to pay him, and insists on doing so from the first day of his employment.

Nevertheless, from my experience as employment executive with concerns employing many thousands, I am convinced there is always a job for a man, if he knows how to get it, except, of course, in times of widespread unemployment, and even then there are far more potential jobs in every concern of any size than many people suspect.

Getting a job is an art. Instruction in the art might with advantage be included in the curriculums of some of our higher schools of business administration, though knowledge of its rudiments at least is needed even more, perhaps, by the man unable to avail himself of such training.

The Telephone Call

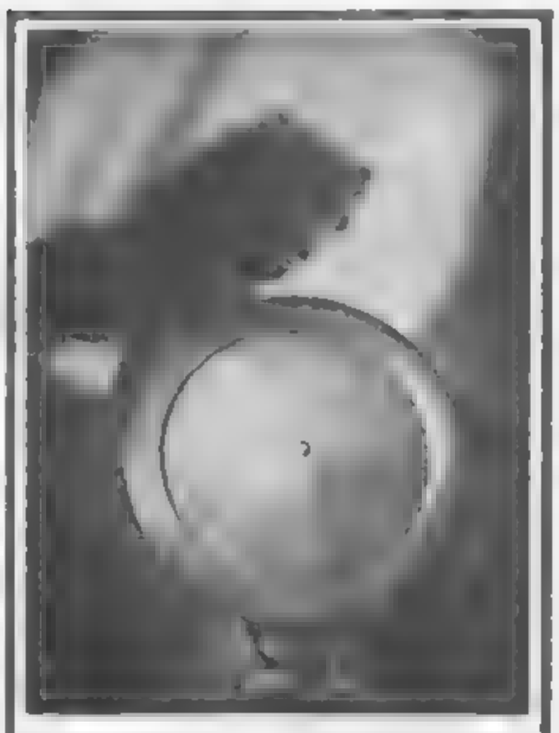
A person who calls an employment manager or any other busy executive on the telephone and wishes to discuss, sometimes at length, a position he has seen advertised or heard was open—to ask for an appointment over the telephone is an entirely different matter—has not yet learned the first principles of how to proceed. I have had a young man—one of countless—call up breezily, with no introduction, "Well, anything doing?" And on my inquiring as to the speaker's identity, "Why, don't you know me? I'm Wilkins—Charlie Wilkins—applied for a job with you folks three or four months ago. You talked to me yourself." Mr. Wilkins had failed to realize, apparently, that in the course of the three or four months since he had called I had talked to hundreds of applicants. Again I have frequently listened through the receiver to the impatient inquiry—from a young woman this time—"Well, how much does it pay anyway? I don't want to go all the way down there to see you unless I know." What the speaker, in this case, should have known, if she had had as much as a year's business experience or any business acumen, is that pay, except for factory jobs, or for the simplest routine office positions, is subject to negotiation. While most jobs have a definite starting rate attached to them, yet different applicants may, from the beginning, due to differences in their previous experience, education, skill, personality, and so on, have different values even at the start. This is a matter usually, and properly, for some investigation and deliberation on the part of the employer.

The voice and certain personal qualities may, I admit, be determined over the telephone, but at best any conversation of the sort can only be preliminary to a personal interview, and the most unfortunate thing about this manner of scouting for work is that it is characteristic of a certain unenterprising, unreliable type of person; therefore, if, as occasionally happens, someone who would make a valuable employe adopts this method, he is instinctively classed with the undesirables; is likely to be told, "Sorry, but we have no openings," and often forfeits his opportunity for the further consideration he might have had, had he presented himself in person or through the medium of a letter.

An Oasis in the Morning's Mail

The letters that pour into the employment department of any large company in the country would furnish in themselves a text for a business sermon. Here, too, the original impression counts heavily. It may seem too trivial a matter to mention, but when a man applies for a job on stationery—obviously borrowed—that is tinted, monogrammed, and even perfumed—and not a few do—there is a definite significance in this fact to the reader; just as there is significance to the interviewer in an applicant's chewing gum without cessation throughout an interview. Trifles of this sort may prove pivotal.

In the main, since schools and correspondence courses have been giving no little attention to the subject, letters of application follow a standardized set-up: Age, nationality, religion, education, previous business experience, and what not, all neatly tabulated and with marginal headings. Unquestionably there is an advantage in having the main facts about an applicant systematically set forth, but in their cut-and-dried, repetitious character, letters of this sort come in time to affect the reader—regardless of the fact that he is, or ought to be, constantly on the alert for likely new personnel for his concern—with something the same feeling of weariness that comes over a business executive as he glances at and casts aside the nineteenth questionnaire that has appeared in his morning's mail. It is like an oasis in the desert to come across a letter of application that may perhaps be a bit crude, but that exhibits some originality and gives evidence of having emanated from a human being, instead of from a duplicating machine. Among thousands of letters of application I have read and that have passed into oblivion, I recall, among others, one from a boy of nineteen—a high school graduate, clerking in a village drug store. He wrote two pages of foolscap, explaining his reasons for wanting a broader opportunity. The letter was not set up in the usual style; it exhibited no remarkable intelligence; nor was the handwriting exceptionally good. But it was clear, straightforward, sensible. In reply, without promising employment, I suggested that the writer should make the hundred-mile trip to the city at his earliest convenience. When he appeared in the course of a few weeks, he struck us in the employment department as being such a manly wide-awake, self-reliant lad, though at the same time modest and dignified in his bearing, that while there was no place really vacant, we took special pains to have



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one made for him. Today he occupies a most responsible post. Though I do not claim that letters are perfect criteria to their authors' characters, yet the importance of a letter's tone, so far as an applicant's receiving further consideration is concerned, can hardly be overestimated.

Of the stereotyped variety, a species far too common is the "I want to sell myself to you" letter, bearing signs of having been produced, often printed, for widespread distribution, and with a picture of the gentleman for sale heading a list of virtues that, taken together, make him a quality product. I have no data on the extent to which this type of letter gets over, but my feeling is that an applicant intent on breaking down sales resistance in an employer, had better resort to almost any other device for doing so. Speaking for myself, I do not remember ever having encouraged a man who used this particular method of exploiting himself. I do not mean to say that such an applicant might not fill capably some of the many jobs which the average large concern has listed on its occupational index. But a campaign to sell himself in this fashion indicates little interest in minor jobs. Unfortunately, it indicates also a lack of imagination, humor and common sense, to say nothing of good taste, all of which are attributes looked for in men who, it is hoped, may be developed for major jobs.

If an applicant is convinced he is possessed of more than ordinary ability, he has always the recourse of giving references to acquaintances who can, with better grace, make statements to this effect on his behalf; though all such statements, it must be admitted, are subjected to careful scrutiny by the careful employer, acquainted with the fact, as he is, that many otherwise responsible persons will at times stretch the truth in their good-natured desire to bolster up a lame duck.

On the applicant's side, he can very profitably devote some serious study to the selection of proper names to give as references; for among people who know any of us equally well, and are equally disposed in our favor, there are always certain ones who can state the case for us more persuasively than others.

Bit by the Executive Bug

Oddly enough—and without intending the statement as a jest—some of the best letters of application I have ever read came from penitentiaries. It is well known that prisoners are permitted, in fact advised, to write such letters to various firms, shortly prior to the expiration of their respective sentences. Without a superfluous syllable, these letters tell exactly what an employer wishes to know initially about an applicant, including, in this case, the offense for which the applicant has been punished, together with any extenuating circumstances. Perhaps they are not so good as they seem, but it is only that they shine forth in refreshing contrast to the innumerable selling letters. Here is a class of applicants who habitually refrain from mentioning that they possess magnetic personalities, or that they are only interested in openings that lead to executive positions.

The worst blunder an applicant can make—at all events, the worst a business beginner or novice can make—is to mention an executive position. I am not the discoverer of this fact, nor the first to proclaim it, but it cannot be proclaimed too often. Though a man may serve business profitably, to himself as well as to business, throughout his whole business career, without ever having been what may be properly termed an executive, many youthful aspirants, filled with the distorted idea that the only thing worthy of their efforts is an executive position, and with the vision of themselves as executives, entirely lose sight of the road they almost certainly will have to follow before they can reach such a point, if indeed they are qualified ever to do so. Let it be said again that it is no shame to a man not to be of executive caliber. It takes many sorts of special aptitudes, dovetailing one another, to get the work of the business world accomplished. But it is impossible to picture in too strong colors the disgust of the average business executive—who has taken, in all probability, many a hard knock before he has reached executive stature—when a youngster who has not yet cut his business teeth begins to talk about an executive position for himself. It has as callow a ring in the ears of the older man as if he said: "I can't consider the job you have open, unless you can assure me it will lead to the presidency of the company." By assuming, before he has given any proof of it, that he is capable of being intrusted with executive responsibility, the young man creates an immediate prejudice against himself. This is such a common occurrence among recent college graduates of both sexes—in spite of all that has been said and written on the subject—as to have placed a certain stigma upon the whole class as business possibilities. Of course, if the applicant indulges in talk in this vein while he is being interviewed by the employment manager, he will probably not be passed on for further consideration. Employment managers are more and more wary of inexperienced young men and women who have been noticeably bitten by the executive bug.

That Weakness in the Knees

But when every warning has been sounded against a technic, when it comes to selling himself, that is too presumptuous, too bumptious, or too vulgar to impress a business house of any dignity, a warning equally strong needs to be given against the applicant's putting forth his claims to consideration too modestly. If ever there was a place where the golden mean was desirable it is where a man or a woman undertakes to dispose of his individual services. An applicant frequently appears reluctant to admit he can do this or that incident to the job under consideration, when he is only afraid he may appear conceited and thereby injure his prospects. Women applicants, especially well-bred women, no longer in their first youth, often show great hesitancy to state that they know they can fill a given job satisfactorily; yet there is no question but that a person who seems quietly certain of his own ability "to pull things off," and who betrays not the least panic in the face of a suggestion that he tackle something new, conveys some of this feeling of cool confidence in himself to the person interviewing him for employment, whether it be an employment manager or any other interested executive. Undoubtedly, if an applicant is to inspire faith in others, he must give evidence of some faith in himself. There is a good deal of leeway, in point of fact, for a man "to crack himself up" when he may study his interlocutor's face, somewhat as the interlocutor is studying his own, and may temper the claims he is putting forth with a smile, a laugh, or some jesting remark, than when he is setting down his personal qualifications in cold type.

One of the things the job seeker almost invariably suffers from is marked nervousness in his manner. This is true not alone of the young man or woman starting out to find a first job. Strange as it may seem, men who have been earning salaries of from five to ten thousand a year, and have not lost their jobs, but for some reason are considering a change, will show trembling lips and shaking hands while being interviewed in regard to a job. Every shift in business is fraught with serious consequences of one sort or another, and, conscious of this fact, it is difficult for the applicant, whatever business experience lies behind him, to appear entirely calm.

It is provoking to the job hunter, nevertheless, to realize he is showing signs of agitation at the very moment, of all others, he wishes to appear self-possessed. While he will usually receive a courteous reception from the employment manager, and be made to feel as much at ease as is possible

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under the circumstances, the lamentable fact remains that some old-fashioned concerns still retain employment managers, or, lacking employment managers, delegate other executives to do their hiring, who, in either case, are anything but cordial. It is well for the applicant to keep steadily in mind when he runs afoul of one of this species, that excellent business opportunities are just as likely to lurk in the offing at such places as in those where he is received with a measure of hospitality. His own politeness can often break through the employment manager's indifference or crust, seldom as hard to penetrate as it seems at first glance. There are executives, to be sure, sometimes of high rank, who consider it good sport to spring on an applicant, already almost dumb with fright, some irrelevant and disconcerting question, such as "What's the longitude and latitude of Timbuktu?" or "What's the population of Cochabamba?" I knew one executive of this type—otherwise a humane individual—who banked a good deal on the applicant's reaction to this sort of trial by fire and was sure to hire one who came through alive or not too badly singed. He was especially pleased with a certain young fellow who answered, quick as a flash, but in a respectful tone and with perfect good humor, "Well, sir, if you can tell me ——" and he put a question to the executive as farfetched as his own.

Fear is a fiend we all have to fight, but the applicant who feels a sinking at the pit of his stomach and his heart beating uncomfortably, just as he is about to be ushered into the office of a business man of more or less importance, can at least steady himself with the thought that very few business men would wish to produce any such effect on him, or are more than vaguely, if at all, aware that they are doing so.

Another vital, if quite different, point for the applicant to keep in mind is that there is nothing more discouraging to the person who is trying to size him up and sincerely wishes to place him, than vagueness on the part of the applicant himself as to what he wants, or might be able, to do.

The Inventory System

If an applicant doesn't know much about business, at least he should know something about himself. Before he starts to look for a job—whether his first or his fifth—he can make no better investment than in some hours spent in taking stock of himself. An employment manager, if sufficiently keen and persevering, may be able to discover all the applicant's past experience that has bearing on the job—his tastes, aptitudes, and limitations—but there is always a possibility, as in the case of the physician, of his making a wrong diagnosis through lack of a piece of information which the patient himself, or, in this instance, the applicant should have supplied. A woman, for example, suddenly thrown on her own resources, neglecting to mention, when she looks for work, that she has a liking for cooking, skill in it and a rather extensive knowledge of foods, is put at filing or advised to take a course in stenography. Through failing to take an inventory of themselves, men and women constantly throw away their best business cards.

I recall the case of a young woman, reared in luxury, who was left a widow at thirty, with herself and two little girls to support, her husband's estate having proved insolvent, and her father having likewise lost his fortune.

Seeing no opportunity in the small place where she was living, she came to New York and looked me up, as I had known her earlier, hoping I could help her to an office position.

"But why," I asked, "do you consider work you've never tried and haven't had a day's training for, when you have three things already developed that business can use—taste in dress, social experience and a gracious manner. By all means, cash in on your assets! Make the rounds of the smart shops dealing in women's apparel, and convince some manager that you can please the class of customers he caters to, and thereby increase his business. It will pay you much better from the start, because you have much more to offer a shop than an office."

In this case, it needed only a hint. Instead of running a typewriter today, and making what would probably have been an indifferent office helper at best, this woman is now managing her own business—a specialty shop in Chicago.

Few people are so devoid of imagination that they cannot discover something in their own past experience or make-up that should prove of real commercial value. They need to let the full light of their imaginations play upon the subject before they start in quest of a job. More is incumbent upon the job seeker than merely presenting himself at an employment department or agency.

The Face That Smiles

Even though an applicant may have an erroneous idea of the kind of job he is best fitted for, the fact that he has any ideas at all on the subject gives him decided advantage over the many applicants who are apparently completely at sea so far as their own possibilities are concerned. The applicant must jog himself out of this state if he expects encouragement. As a matter of fact, if I were limited to one bit of counsel I should say: "Be definite!" If allowed to elaborate, I should continue: "Decide in advance, and ask for a certain kind of work. Say you want to be a correspondent, a statistical clerk, a salesman, cashier, matron, are interested in credits and collections, wish to do publicity work, act as receptionist, wash windows—anything at all, so it's clean cut, or anything except that you want, before you've had any business experience, an executive position! If there is nothing open in the line asked for, and no prospect of such an opening, then be ready to consider whatever offers, making it clear you have only stated a preference. It's the man or woman who doesn't know what he wants to do, even after several things have been suggested, that is the despair of the employment department."

In all large business organizations, and in most small ones, there is a good deal of elasticity when it comes to taking on new people. The person in search of a job should never forget that, "Sorry, but we have no openings," has again and again given way before the right touch.

Even when a concern has reached what it considers the saturation point in employment, if the concern is on its toes and an applicant comes along who makes an unusually good impression, a place will frequently be found—in fact, created for him. It may not be a permanent place, but it will be one where he can be held in storage, so to speak, till something more suitable offers.

A ready smile, instead of the solemn, sad, and even sour looks that many job hunters—capable persons, too—carry around with them, has been known to work like a charm as an opening wedge into a business organization. It is coming to be generally recognized that there are definite places in business for the face that smiles as well as for the voice that smiles. But if the applicant gets nothing else as the result of his visit to an employment department, he has overlooked one of his best opportunities if he has failed to ask for suggestions from the person who has interviewed him. It remains for him to run down every lead he has gathered in this or any other way. There is never any knowing where a good job may be hidden.

And after all, there is no magic, black or white, about the art of getting a job. Some imagination applied to its problems helps—helps immensely. But when all the rules and don'ts have been laid down, the tips confided, its successful practice rests—as does the practice of most arts—largely on persistence and pluck.

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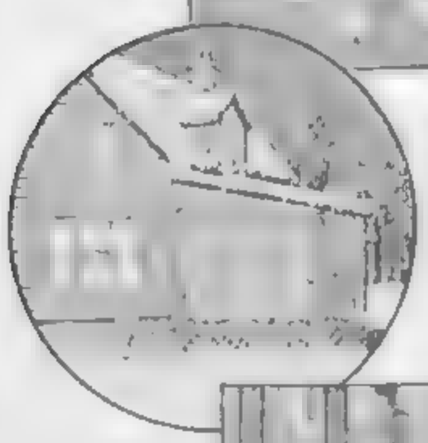

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. PAT. APRIL 13, 1926

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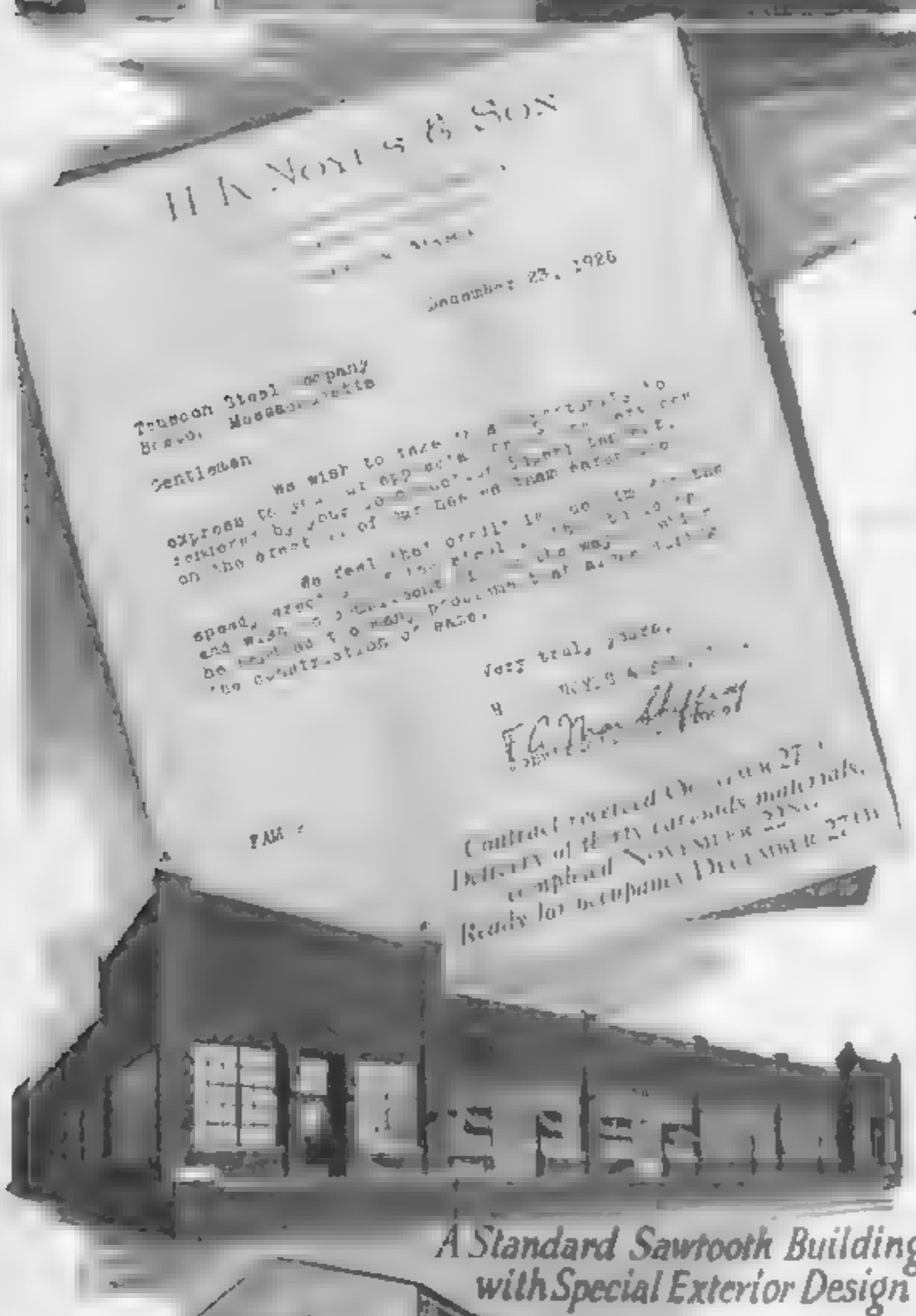
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS

Complete from Standardized Units-for Immediate DELIVERY

Flat or Pitched Roof Types
Monitors or Sawtooths

An 180'x 560' Automobile Warehouse completed in 60 days for H K Noyes & Son, Inc. Waltham, Mass.



A Standard Sawtooth Building with Special Exterior Design

Stucco and Tile Walls

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In Keeping with Modern Railroad Developments

Be *Under Roof* Before Cold Weather

ORDER your Truscon Building now and you can occupy it before cold weather. You add to profits by being in production more quickly. *You obtain* a building exactly adapted to your needs; modern, firesafe, permanent, well daylighted and ventilated, at the most economical cost for the money invested. You secure a complete building from one source—one contract covers all—no divided responsibility—no inconvenience—no delays.

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A choice of all steel windows, brick, concrete, tile, stucco or any desired combination.

Suggestions, estimates and full information sent on request. Write for our new book for business executives, "Buildings by Truscon".

Steeldeck Roofs

Superior roofs of patented design for all buildings; light in weight, permanent, fireproof, insulated to any degree and waterproofed with standard roofing.

Truscon Steel Company, Youngstown, Ohio, U. S. A.
ESTABLISHED 1903

Manufacturers of a Complete Line of Permanent Building Products. Warehouses and Offices in all Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere. Foreign Trade Division: New York. The Truscon Laboratories, Detroit. Truscon Concrete Steel Co. of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario.

and READY

for OCCUPANCY

and PROFIT

TRUSCON

Truscon Steel Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Please send me ☐ "Buildings by Truscon" ☐ "Steeldeck Roofs." We are interested in a building

for _____ approximate size _____ Length _____ Width _____ Height

Type as checked below

SERIES "A" Pitched Roof Types

☐ Type 1 ☐ Type 2 ☐ Type 3 ☐ Type 3-M ☐ Type 4 ☐ Sawtooth Type

SERIES "B"—Flat Roof Types

☐ Type 1 ☐ Type 2 ☐ Type 3 ☐ Type 3-M ☐ Type 4 ☐ Type 4-M

Mail without obligation, literature and information on items checked below

☐ Steel Windows
☐ Metal Lath
☐ Steel Joists
☐ Steel Doors
☐ Fireproof Construction
☐ Steeldeck Roofs
☐ Reinforcing Pavements
☐ Steel Poles
☐ Boxes and Platforms
☐ Foundry Flasks
☐ Waterproofing and Paints
☐ Cement Roofing Tile

Firm Name _____

Individual _____

Address _____ S-E-P 9-10-27

The whole world welcomes

FACES that are FIT

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams!"

SOME MEN, wherever they go, get the same cheerful greeting: "Hello, John, you're looking great." Ruddy-cheeked, clear-eyed—those men know the value of a well-conditioned skin.

And it's no trouble these days to keep your face fit. The morning shave with Williams, for instance, is more than a quick, clean shave. It's as beneficial as a daily massage. For Williams lather—pure, mild, absolutely free from coloring matter—leaves your skin buoyantly, youthfully fit.

It took 87 years of specialized study to perfect Williams. It takes but one shave to convince men of its value.

Even the drug clerk will tell you: "Oh, yes—sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say **Williams Shaving Cream** *please!*

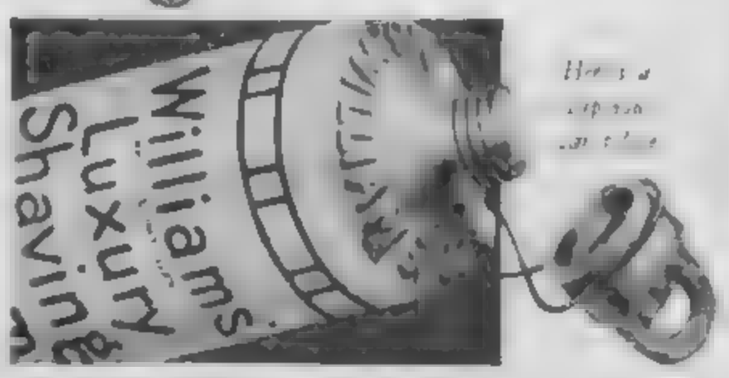
FREE TRIAL SIZE

Write "Shaving Cream" on a postal and address

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 49A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

(Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

If you don't like to bother with samples, buy from your nearest drug store, two sizes, 35c and 50c.



Afterwards, a dash of Aqua Velva. FREE sample of this, too, if you say so on your postal.

AMERICANA

(Continued from Page 58)

cleaning offices. The older boy is a member of Boy Scout Troop 264, at Public School 64.

Revised version of Hey Rube! discovered in Billboard:

The Cook & Cole three-ring circus, which left Omaha in May, as neat a fifteen-car show as ever was seen anywhere, stranded in Fairmont, Minnesota, last week after a run of bad weather and bad luck. Money was raised among the townfolk to help feed the performers and crew until a local committee of five business men could arrange two benefit performances on Monday. Charging a dollar admission, $1200 was taken in and distributed among the two hundred victims.

Hard-boiled conduct of eminent Wall Street banker as reported in a Cambridge, Massachusetts, dispatch to the New York Times:

"Two $1,000,000 gifts to the Harvard Graduate Business School were announced today by President Lowell at the dedication of the new business school buildings erected under the George F. Baker Foundation. Mr. Baker, who in 1924 gave $5,000,000 for the erection of the buildings dedicated today, is giving a $1,000,000 endowment. William Ziegler, Jr., of New York, gave the other $1,000,000 for a memorial endowment in memory of his father, to finance teaching and research in international relations. Mr. Baker broke down and sobbed as he finished speaking and was assisted back to his seat.

Conspiracy of the go-getters among the former haunts of the buffalo and coyote, transcribed from a Wellington, Kansas, telegram in the Kansas City Star:

"Seventy-one business men here have organized the Wellington Development Company. When 100 enroll the charter will become effective. The purpose is to establish a fund, the interest on which will be used to build up and beautify Wellington parks, playgrounds and boulevards, provide paintings and other works of art for public buildings, promote education and build and maintain a college."

Unchristianlike example of an Episcopalian bishop as published from Portland, Maine, by the Associated Press:

"Bishop Brewster thinks a $1200 automobile is a rich man's car and he refused today to accept such an expensive machine from the diocesan convention. He agreed to take one costing not more than $450."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

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LEE *of Conshohocken*

Shoulderbilt Balloon
The Lee "Heavy Duty" line. Made from start to finish up to Lee standards by Lee master craftsmen.
An incomparable line of tires.

VACATIONS are about over. Back home to the familiar place, friends, your own bed, the old job; and thankful for them all.

If you started out on Lee tires, you'll come home on them; they're "both way" tires.

Somewhere near your home is a man who sells Lee tires; a mighty good man to know. It will pay to find out *now* where he is. This Lee man will fit tires to your rims and he'll fit tires to your needs. He'll recommend the kind of a tire your car and your uses require.

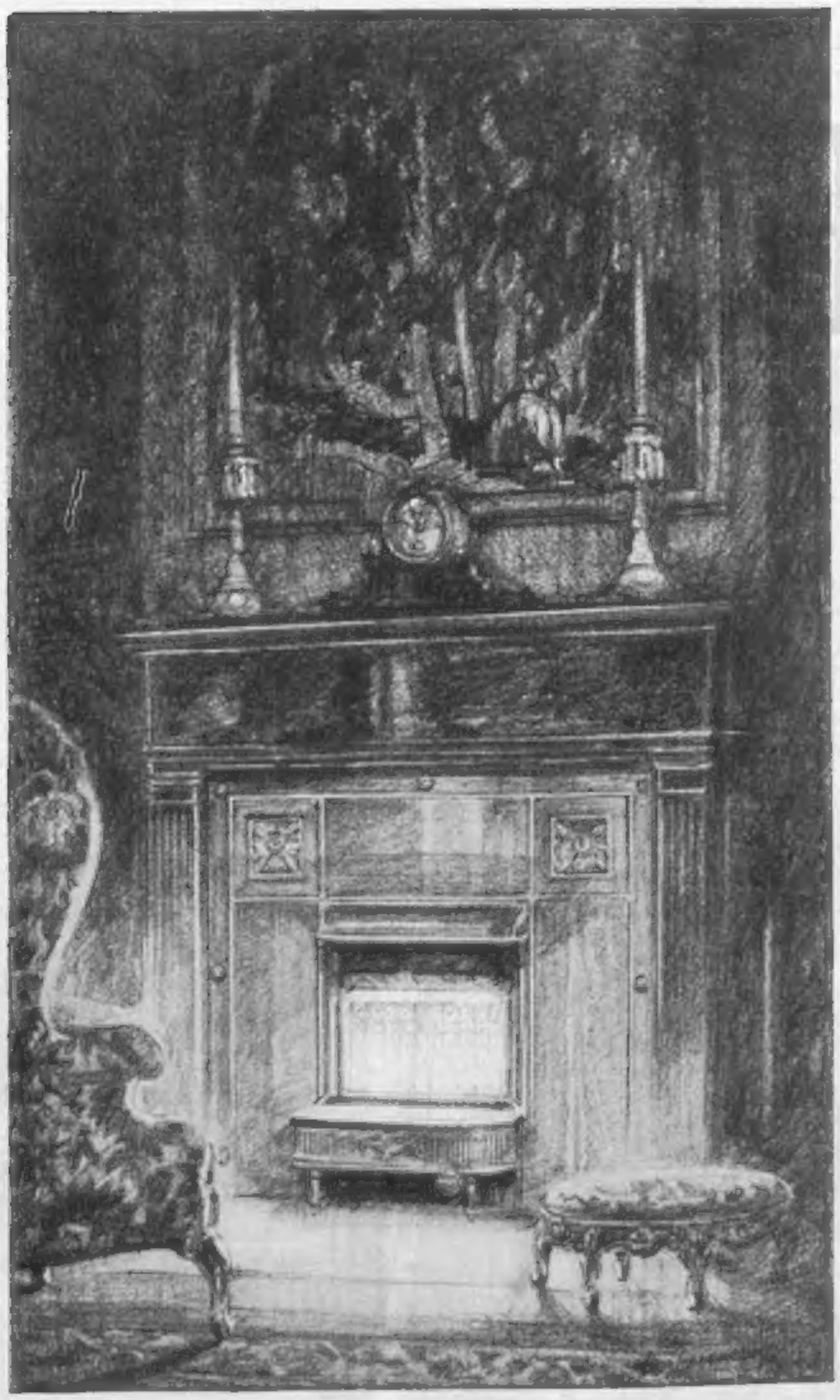
There are Lee tires for every sized rim and every purpose; light or heavy cars, rough or smooth roads, heavily loaded passenger cars; for the "hard driver" or the careful, conservative owner.

Some tires are strong and thick—Heavy Duty. Some are lighter—real balloon resiliency. All Lee tires, from the Ford sizes to the big truck Staghounds, are as carefully made as Lee craftsmanship and Lee tradition demand.

We still intend that the distinguishing merit of tires by LEE of Conshohocken shall mean, not an occasional good one that startles you by marvelous mileage, but that every tire, whatever its size or weight, shall give a performance above your expectations.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ FAR LESS TO RUN



Millions will welcome this new fireplace of GENUINE STAINLESS STEEL

NOW you can have a real fireplace in the home built without one—right in those rooms where you thought no fireplace ever could be.

And this is no ordinary fireplace—but one designed in charming taste. The Humphrey Radiantfire, paneling, hood, and fender are of *genuine* Stainless Steel with an armour-bright finish that looks like finely chased silver—a finish that will always stay beautiful, for you already know how easily Stainless Steel is kept clean, spotless, and free from tarnish. The wooden mantel, which encloses it, is designed to give absolute safety and is of the finest cabinet work, furnished either in a white or a mahogany finish. This new Stainless Steel Fireplace creates an atmosphere of dignity and charm, yet it can be installed in your home at a fraction of the cost of an ordinary fireplace—and with no inconvenience.

And for homes which now have fireplaces that are antiquated, drafty, and useless, this Humphrey Stainless Steel Radiantfire is made without mantel in an insert model that will fit practically any fireplace opening up to 31 inches square.

Write for full information and descriptive folder.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY · KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

The HUMPHREY

STAINLESS STEEL

Radiantfire STAINLESS Fireplace

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

for Puddings

Pies

and Custards

The creamy consistency and the "melt in your mouth" texture will delight you. . . . You'll like the rich "cream and butter" flavor

PET MILK will give your puddings, pies, and custards a perfection that nothing else will give.

Because the homogenization process has made every drop equally smooth and rich, Pet Milk gives a perfect consistency and fine texture.

Because the cream is kept in the milk—because every drop is very rich in cream—Pet Milk gives the unusually fine flavor, yet enables you to save on the butter and eggs that are needed with ordinary milk.

These same qualities recommend Pet Milk for every cream and milk use. This pure milk, concentrated, kept fresh and sweet by sterilization, is rich enough to use in place of cream—and costs less than half as much as cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need—and costs less than ordinary milk.

Chocolate Cream Pie

1 cup Pet Milk	**4 level tablespoons flour**	**1 square chocolate**
1 cup water		**¼ teaspoon salt**
2 eggs	**6 tablespoons sugar**	**1 teaspoon vanilla**

Mix flour, sugar, salt and grated chocolate with a little of the diluted milk; then add yolks of eggs well beaten. Scald remainder of diluted milk, pour slowly on to egg mixture, and cook in double boiler until it thickens, stirring constantly. Cool, flavor and pour into the pie shell, previously baked. Cover with stiffly beaten whites of eggs to which 2 tablespoons of confectioners' sugar have been added. Brown slightly in oven.

Our cookbook and our leaflets—sent free on request—will enable you to discover for yourself the convenience and economy of Pet Milk. It gives you food that tastes better—and is better.

PET MILK COMPANY
(*Originators of Evaporated Milk*)
821 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

"Now I am *always* sure that my baking will turn out right"

This *"Kitchen-tested"* flour eliminates 50% of the cause of baking failures

One view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you.

Chocolate Devil's Food Cake—Perfected in the Gold Medal Kitchen—Now the favorite chocolate cake in thousands of homes.

A recent discovery of cooking experts

"I have found from experience that Gold Medal is the *safest* flour to use. I do all my own baking, and when I used other brands I never knew what the results would be. But with Gold Medal 'Kitchen-tested' Flour I am *always* sure that everything will turn out right."

Mrs. Irving Tuttrup
Fenwood, Wisconsin

Whether you are a successful cook or one less fortunate, we believe that you will be interested in this new discovery which actually doubles your chances of perfect baking results.

Only recently, chemists and cooking experts, working together, found that flour is 50% of the cause of baking failures.

They discovered that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the *same brand* of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely different in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time.

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-test" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled.

This means *one* flour for *all* your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

Money Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words "Kitchen-tested" are stamped on the sack. We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

Special Offer
"Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen.

We shall be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only $1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer only good if you live in U. S.)

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we shall be glad to send you selected samples, including Chocolate Devil's Food Cake—FREE. *Check* and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.

Betty Crocker

Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you.

MISS BETTY CROCKER,
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.,
Dept. 331, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes *free.*)

☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

20 miles to go! "I intend to go 20 miles to get a barrel of Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour so that I will not be out when roads break up, for we live 11 miles from the highway."
Mrs. Laura Bremmer, Shannon, Ill.

Everything a success! "I was so discouraged with my pie crusts. But the first one I made out of Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour was so flaky and tender, and everything I have made has been a success."
Mrs. L. T. Reynolds, Bellevue, Ohio

I got the credit! "Everyone who has ever been at my house for a dinner has always given me credit for lovely bread and pastry since I used Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour."
Mrs. G. F. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS

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Kitchen-tested

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